



Apud Salvirum Unsinum in Marmore.

Gregorius Sculp.



Apud Salvirium Ursinum in Marmore.

Gregorius Sculp.

76d4

THE
IDYLLIUMS
OF
THEOCRITUS. *K*

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

WITH
NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY
BY FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.

Τὸν Βουκόλιον, πάλιν ἀλεγείαν τῶν ἀγέων, ἡ Οὐρανία ἐκτίθησεν.
LORGINUS.

L O N D O N:
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NOTES
ON
THE
CITY
OF
NEW
YORK
BY
J. D. L. J. U. M.

TO THE

HONOURABLE

CHARLES YORKE,

SIR,

THE complaint which Theocritus makes in one of his Idylliums, of the neglect shown to his Muse, naturally reminded me of my own necessity. The utmost ambition of my wishes could not have aspired after a more illustrious Patron than Mr. YORKE; I was not kept long in suspense, having through a worthy friend, received permission to inscribe to you the subsequent sheets; and the favour was granted in a manner so peculiarly polite, that I esteemed the obligation more than doubled.

DEDICATION.

It was customary among the antient Romans, for the Plebeians to chuse out of the body of the Patricians protectors or patrons, whose care it was to assist their clients with their interest, and defend them from the oppression of the Great; to advise them in points of law, to manage their suits, and secure their peace and happiness: what a powerful advocate in this respect you would prove, let the pleadings at the Bar, the decisions in Westminster-hall, and the debates in the Senate determine. But the friend I seek at present, must be eminent for his enlivened genius, the delicacy of his taste in literature, his classical learning, and his generous protection of the Muses: and where can I find these shining abilities, and these benevolent virtues so happily combined, as in that eminent Patron who does me the honour to countenance the following work? You, Sir, are not only *Musis amicus*, but

DEDICATION.

—*Musarumq; comes, cui carmina semper
Et citharæ cordi.*

You have long since sacrificed to the Muses with success, and had not the tenor of your studies, warmed by the example, and improved by the knowledge and experience of your admirable Father, formed you to shine with so much lustre in a more active and exalted sphere, you had been ranked with the most celebrated authors in polite learning. But I cease to wonder, that you should have attained qualifications like these, in the early culture of your talents, when I consider your zeal to vindicate the privilege of your predecessors; for the great lawgivers of antiquity were generally poets: THEMIS and the MUSES are nearly joined in affinity; both derived from heaven; they both distribute concord, harmony and good-will among the inhabitants of the earth.

DEDICATION.

To whom then can I present these Arcadian scenes with so much propriety, as to the friend of antient eloquence and antient poetry; one whom I know to have been an intelligent reader and admirer of Theocritus? Let me congratulate myself on my good fortune, in having, by this performance, found more distinguished favour from Mr. YORKE, than Theocritus experienced at the court of Hiero.

That the honours and reputation you have so deservedly acquired may increase more and more; that you may live long and happily, for the encouragement of the liberal sciences, and the service of your country, is the earnest wish of,

S I R,

Your most obliged,

and obedient Servant,

Orpington,
January 10, 1767.

FRANCIS FAWKES.

P R E F A C E.

WHEN I had formed a resolution of publishing a translation of this inimitable Greek poet, I intended to have availed myself of every elegant and faithful version of any particular Idyllium that fell in my way; and then have endeavoured, to the best of my ability, to make up the deficiency. With this view, I carefully examined Mr. Dryden, who has left translations of four Idylliums, the 3d, the 18th, the 23d, and the 27th. There are many beautiful lines in the third, but take it altogether and it is a tedious paraphrase; for the original contains only 54 verses, which he has multiplied into no fewer than 127; particularly there are three lines, beginning at the 18th.

Ω το καλον ποδοζωσα το παρ λιθος η κυανοφρυ

Νυμφα. κ. τ. λ.

Sweet black-ey'd maid, &c.

Which he has expanded into twelve. Now though English heroic verse consists of no more than ten syl-

lables, and the Greek hexameter sometimes rises to seventeen, but if upon an average we say fifteen, then two Greek verses is equal in point of syllables to three of English: but if a translator is so extravagantly licentious, he must lose sight of his original, and by introducing new thoughts of his own, disguise his author so that nobody can know him again. But Mr. Dryden has a far greater foible than this, which effectually prevents me from inserting any of his translations in this volume, which is, that whenever he meets with any sentiment in an author which has the least tendency to indecency, he always renders it worse; nay, even in these Idylliums where the original has given him no handle at all, he has warpt the simple meaning of Theocritus into obscenity. *Sed vitiiis nemo sine nascitur*; no man had more excellencies as a poet than Mr. Dryden, therefore the hand of candour should draw a veil over constitutional blemishes.

In Dryden's Miscellany Poems there are seven or eight translations of other Idylliums, viz. the 2d, 10th, 14th, and 20th by W. Bowles; the 11th by Duke, and the 1st and some others by different hands; but none of these, I found, would suit my purpose: there are so many wild deviations from the original, such gross mistakes, and so many incorrect and empty lines, that they will sound very harshly in the polished ears of the present age. Fully satisfied with this inquiry, I then determined to undertake the whole

work myself; considering that every translation from an antient author, as well as every original work, is generally most agreeable to the reader which is finished by the same hand: because in this case, there is kept up a certain uniformity of stile, an idiomatical propriety of diction, which is infinitely more pleasing than if some different, though more able hand, had here and there interlarded it with a shining version, than if *Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus & alter*

Affuitur pannus.

I have been informed by some venerable critics, that Creech's translation of Theocritus was well done, and a book of reputation; that he thoroughly understood the classics, and had a peculiar facility in unfolding their beauties, and that if there was published a new edition of his translation, there would be no necessity for its being superseded by another. I beg leave to dissent entirely from these gentlemen, who probably having read Creech when they were young, and having no ear for poetical numbers, are better pleased with the rough music of the last age, than the refined harmony of this; and will not easily be persuaded, that modern improvements can produce any thing superior. However Creech may have improved himself in Lucretius, or Manilius, I shall venture to pronounce his translation of Theocritus very bald and hard, and more rustic than any of the

rustics in the Sicilian bard : he himself modestly entitles his book, *The Idylliums of Theocritus done into English*: and they are done as well as can be expected from Creech, who had neither an ear for numbers, nor the least delicacy of expression.

It will be incumbent upon me to make good this bold assertion, which I can easily do by producing a few examples. In the first Idyllium, he calls that noble pastoral Cup, *a fine two banded pot*; and the *αἶψα*, the *tendrils* or *claspers* with which scandent plants use to sustain themselves in climbing, he transforms into *kids*;—‘where *kids* do seem to brouze.’ In the description of the fisherman, ver. 43, he has these lines, The nerves in’s neck are swoln, look firm and strong, Altho’ he’s *old*, and fit for one that’s *young*.

Ver. 112. He makes Daphnis say to Venus,

Go now stout Diomed, go soon pursue,
Go *nose* him now, and boast, my arts o’erthrew :
Young Daphnis, fight, for I’m a match for you. }

Εἰλας *εἶος* and *σῆμα Λυκαονιδας*, he renders, *Helick’s cliff*, and *Licon’s tomb*.—A little further on, and likewise in the 5th Idyllium, he turns nightingales into *thrushes*.

Idyllium III. Where Olpis is looking out for *tunnies*, he makes him stand, To snare his *trouts*.—The girl Erithacis he calls *tawny Bess*—and Alphesibœa’s mother, *Alphis’s mother*.

Idyllium V. ver. 11. He translates *Crocylus* into *Dick*, and Idyllium XIV. *Argivus*, *Apis* and *Cleuniscus*, into *Tom*, *Will* and *Dick*. Near the end of the 5th, *Lacon* says;

I love *Eumedes* much, I gave my *pipe*,
How sweet a kiss he gave; ah charming *lip*!

Then come successively the following delicate rhymes,
strains, *swans*; *shame*, *lamb*; *piece*, *fees*; *joy*, *sky*: afterwards he makes *Comates* say;

I'll *toot* at *Lacon*, I have won the *lamb*,
Go foolish shepherd, pine, and dye for *shame*.

Idyllium VII. ver. 120. He renders *arvix* *parsley*, thinking it the same as *apium*, whereas it signifies a *pear*.

Idyllium XI. He makes *Polyphemus* say of himself;
Sure I am somewhat, they my worth can see,
And I myself will now grow proud of Me.

He says of *Cynisca*, Idyl. XIV. 23.
That you might light a candle at her *nose*.

Idyllium XV. One of the gossips says to a stranger,
————— You are a sawcy friend,
I'me ne'er beholding t'ye, and there's an end.

And so there's an end of my animadversions upon Mr. Creech; were I to quote all his dull insipid lines, I should quote above half his book: thus much was

proper for me to say in my own vindication; and to add more might to some people seem invidious.

It has been hinted to me by more ingenious judges, that if Theocritus was translated in the language of Spenser, he would appear to great advantage, as such an antique stile would be a proper succedaneum to the the Doric idiom. There appeared to me at first something plausible in this scheme; but happening to find part of Moschus's first Idyllium, which is a *Hue and Cry after Cupid*, paraphrastically translated by Spenser himself, I had reason to alter my opinion. I shall transcribe the passage, that the reader may judge whether such a version would be more agreeable than one in modern language.

It fortun'd, fair Venus having lost
Her little son, the winged god of love,
Who for some light displeasure, which him crost,
Was from her fled, as flit as any dove,
And left her blissful bower of joy above;
(So from her often he had fled away,
When she for aught him sharply did reprove,
And wander'd in the world in strange array,
Disguis'd in thousand shapes, that none might him bewray:)

Him for to seek, she left her heavenly house,
And searched every way, thro' which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect:

She promis'd kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
Unto the man that of him tidings to her brings.

Fairy Queen, B. 3. ch. 6.

From this specimen I could not be persuaded to think, that a translation of Theocritus, even in the purest language of Spenser, would afford any pleasure to an English reader: and therefore I have given him the dress which I apprehend would best become him. How I have executed this work, I leave to the decision of the candid and impartial, desiring they will allow me all the indulgence which the translator of so various and difficult an author can reasonably require; an author on whom there are but few Greek scholia published, only to the 17th Idyllium inclusive, and these often extremely puerile; an author on whom fewer notes have been written than upon any other equally excellent. Scaliger, Casaubon, Heinsius and Meursius frequently leave the most difficult passages untouched; their observations are sometimes trifling and unsatisfactory, often repugnant to each other, and now and then learnedly obscure: amidst these disadvantages I have endeavoured to conduct myself with the utmost caution; and if I may be allowed to speak of the following sheets, I will briefly explain what I have attempted to accomplish. First then as to the translation; I have neither followed my author too closely, nor abandoned him too wantonly, but have endeavoured to keep the

original in view, without too essentially deviating from the sense : no literal translation can be just ; as to this point, Horace gives us an excellent caution ;

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres.

Nor word for word too faithfully translate.

A too faithful interpretation, Mr. Dryden says, must be a pedantic one : an admirable precept to this purpose is contained in the compliment Sir John Denham pays Sir Richard Fanshawe on his version of the *Pastor Fido* ;

That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line ;
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations, and translators too ;
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

And as I have not endeavoured to give a verbal translation, so neither have I indulged myself in a rash paraphrase, which always loses the spirit of an antient, by degenerating into the modern manners of expression ; and to the best of my recollection, I have taken no liberties but those which are necessary for exhibiting the graces of my author, transfusing the spirit of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation. This is the plan, and these are the rules by which every translator should conduct himself :

how I have acquitted myself in these points, must be left to the determination of superior judges. As to the notes, which I found the most laborious part of my task, they are intended either to illustrate the most difficult, and exemplify the beautiful passages; or else to exhibit the various imitations of authors, which I look upon as an agreeable comment, for they not only show the manner in which the antients copied each other's excellencies, but likewise often help to elucidate the passages that are quoted. Upon a review of my notes, I am afraid I have instanced too many passages from Virgil as imitations of Theocritus: what I have to say in my defence is, they appeared to me at the time to be similar, if they do not appear in the same light to the reader, they are easily overlooked: if I have in this respect committed a fault, this acknowledgment will plead in mitigation of it.

Besides these errors and mistakes, I am conscious of many more, though I hope not very material ones; those the learned and judicious, who are sensible of the difficulty of this undertaking, will readily excuse. This work has already met with the approbation of the best critics of the age, therefore what the worst may think or say of it, will give me no concern. I must acknowledge a fault or two *quas incuria fudit*: there are I believe two or three proper names falsely accented: I have also mistaken the sense of my author in the first Idyllium, ver. 31,

*

This goat with twins I'll give, &c.

It should have been translated, *I will give you three milkings of this goat; ἢ τρεῖς ἀγάλας, that you may milk her three times; not the goat herself and twins, which would have been a most extravagant present from a poor goatherd, in return for a song. The reader therefore may correct the passage thus,*

Thrice shall you milk this goat; she never fails
Two kids to suckle, though she fills two pails;
To this I'll add, &c.

This mistake was imparted to me by the ingenious and learned Dr. Jortin, together with the following emendation; see page 85, note on ver. 57, "for *χεῖρωνα* you read, with Pierſon, *Κεῖρωσι*; which, as to the ſenſe, ſeems to be right. But, as the Ionic dialect is not often uſed in a Doric ſong, I ſhould prefer the adjective *Κεῖρωνα*, which is alſo a ſmaller alteration. As from *χεῖρως* comes *χεῖρωτος*, ſo from *Κεῖρωσις*, *Κεῖρωσιος*." I am much obliged to the ſame gentleman for the following ſhort, but full account

OF THE BUCOLIC MEASURE.

"Whoſeever ſhall carefully examine in Theocritus the compoſition of his verſes, may perceive that, in his opinion, the nature of bucolic, or paſtoral metre requires that the fourth foot of the verſe be a dactyl,

and that the last syllable of this dactyl be the end of a word, which must not run into the next foot. The first foot also should rather be a dactyl than a spondee, and the *caesura* is here likewise to be shunned. If after the fourth foot, there be a pause, of a comma at least, the verse will be still more elegant; as

Ἀρχὴν | Βυβλίου, Μῦσαι φίλαι, | ἀρχὴν αὐδαί.

Thus the verses will abound with dactyls, which, together with the broad Doric dialect, gives a certain rustic vivacity and lightness to the poetry. But yet the above-mentioned rules, if they were constantly observed, would displease by a tiresome uniformity, and confine the poet too much; and therefore a variety is better, as in the line,

Ἀμφὶς, ποταμὸς, ἐπὶ γλῶσση | ποῖο ποταμοῦ.

And it is sufficient if the other structure predominate. These rules Virgil hath quite neglected; except in those verses of his eighth Eclogue, which are called *versus intercalares*:

Incipe Menaeus mecum, mea | tibia, versus,

And

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, | ducite Daphnim.

For a further account of this matter, the curious reader is referred to the *Memoires de L'Acad.* Tom. vi. p. 238."

AN ACCOUNT OF SOME MSS. AND CURIOUS
EDITIONS OF THEOCRITUS.

It may be asked, why I have not acted the part of a verbal critic in this performance? My reason was, that far more able men had considered Theocritus in that light. The late Mr. D'Orville, the author of the *Critica Vannus*, and *Sicula*, during his travels in Italy and Sicily, collated upwards of forty MSS. of Theocritus: his collation is now at Amsterdam. Mr. St. Amand, a few years ago, left to the University of Oxford a large collection of collations, which Mr. Thomas Warton, who has prepared a noble edition of this author, has the use of. Mr. Taylor, late Greek professor of Cambridge, left likewise a Theocritus almost ready for the press. In the public library at Cambridge there are some notes on Theocritus by Isaac Casaubon, written in the margin of Henry Stephens's *Poeta Græci*; likewise manuscript notes in the edition of Commelin printed in quarto; and also some notes by Thomas Stanley, the author of the *Lives of the Philosophers*: all these, and likewise a MS. Theocritus are in the public library at Cambridge. There is also a MS. of the first eight Idylliums in Emanuel college library. Mr. Hoblyn, late member for the city of Bristol, left behind him many notes and observations for an edition of Theocri-

tus. Besides these, there are great materials for illustrating this author in private libraries.

As to the editions of Theocritus, which are very numerous, I think proper to say something; as we have but an imperfect account of them in Fabricius and Maittaire. Reiske, in the preface to his late edition of this Greek poet, has given us an account of the various editions, but this account is far from being satisfactory. The first edition of Theocritus was printed at Milan in the year 1493, the letter is the same with the Isocrates of the same place and date: see the catalogue of the Leyden library, page 251. The second edition was printed by Aldus Manutius at Venice in the year 1495; this is the only edition Aldus ever printed; there are some leaves cancelled in it, which is the reason why Reiske and others have imagined that Aldus printed two editions: Mr. Maittaire in the first volume of his *Annales Typographici*, page 244, has given us an account of these differences. In the year 1515, we have an edition by Philip Junta at Florence; and another in 1516, by Zachary Caliergus at Rome.

These are all the editions that came out before the year 1520. Besides these, and those mentioned by Reiske, which I have seen, there are some curious editions, viz. that of Florence by Benedict Junta, printed in the year 1540; the Basil edition of 1558,

and the Paris edition of 1627, printed by John Libert. I have purposely omitted mentioning the others, as they are already taken notice of, either by Fabricius, Maittaire, or Reiske.

I cannot conclude this preface without paying my acknowledgments to those gentlemen who have kindly assisted me in this undertaking. Dr. Pearce, the present Lord Bishop of Rochester, many years eminent for his critical disquisitions, has in the friendliness of conversation furnished me with several useful rules for conducting my translation. Dr. Jortin, has favoured me with a concise but full account of the old bucolic measure; and a few valuable notes. The celebrated Mr. Samuel Johnson has corrected part of this work, and furnished me with some judicious remarks. In a short conversation with the ingenious Mr. Joseph Warton, I gathered several observations, particularly in regard to the superiority of Theocritus to Virgil in Pastoral, which are interspersed amongst the notes. The learned Dr. Plumtre, Archdeacon of Ely, has, with great candour and accuracy, done me the honour to peruse and amend every sheet as it came from the press. Dr. Askew, so eminently distinguished in his profession, as well as for a large and most curious collection of the classics, and an intimate knowledge of them, with the sincerity of an old acquaintance and a friend, gave me many various readings,

showed me every valuable edition of Theocritus that is extant, and furnished me with the account of some MSS. and scarce editions of my author, which were never taken notice of by former editors. Swithin Adeë, M. D. and the Rev. Mr. John Duncombe of Canterbury, have at my own request, sent me several notes and strictures upon my performance, which are candid, and valuable. Mr. Burnaby Greene, author of Juvenal paraphrastically imitated, very obligingly supplied the Essay on Pastoral, and some ingenious observations: and Dr. William Watson lent me his friendly assistance in the botanical part. I could mention other eminent names of gentlemen who have corrected and improved this work,

— — — Each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame, and something to commend.

The list I have given, I am apprehensive, will appear ostentatious — however, I had rather be convicted of the foible of Vanity, than thought guilty of the sin of Ingratitude.

2

SOME
A C C O U N T
OF THE
L I F E A N D W R I T I N G S
O F
T H E O C R I T U S.

AS the life of Theocritus has been several times written in English, I flattered myself that I might single out the account I liked best, and save myself the trouble of compiling it afresh: I depended a good deal upon Kennet, but when I came to peruse his account of Theocritus, I found it unsatisfactory, and no ways answerable to my purpose: he seems more solicitous, in an affected quaintness of stile, to exhibit a display of his own learning, than studious, by the investigation of truth, to give information to his readers: his thoughts lie loose and unconnected, and therefore, are generally tedious and perplexing.

The account of our author in the Biographical Dictionary, published in twelve volumes octavo, is nothing

but a servile epitome of Kennet, and, where the conscientiousness of it will allow, expressed in his very words. Thus dissatisfied with the moderns, I had recourse to the ancients: in the life generally prefixed to his works by Suidas, we are told, *That Theocritus was a Chian, a rhetorician: but that there was another Theocritus, the son of Praxagoras and Philina, though some say of Simichidas, a Syracusan; others say, he was born at Cos, but lived at Syracuse;* now this was the case of Epicharmus, and might easily occasion the mistake. See the note on Epigram XVII.

In another Greek account in the front of his works, we are told, that *Theocritus the Bucolic poet was born at Syracuse, and that his father's name was Simichidas.* Gyrardus says, *some have thought him of Cos, some of Chios.* From such a confused jumble of relations, what can with certainty be made out?

Then take him to develop, if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.

There are but few memorials left of this poet; those that I produce, I shall endeavour to establish on good authority, and whenever an opportunity offers, which is but very reasonable, will let him speak for himself.

Theocritus was a Sicilian, as is evident from many testimonies: Virgil invokes the Sicilian Muses, because Theocritus, whom he professedly imitates, was of that

country; *Sicilides Musa, paulo majora canamus*. Ecl. 4. 1. and, *Extremum hunc, Aretbusa, mihi concede laborem*. Ecl. 10. 1. He is called a Sicilian poet by the Emperor Julian in one of his epistles; and by Terentianus Maurus, in his book *de Metris*, ver. 407, *Siculæ telluris alumnus*: by Manilius, B. 2. ver. 40, he is said to be *Siculæ tellure creatus*, which fixes his birth on that island: and that he was born at Syracuse, Virgil seems to intimate when he says, *Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu*. Ecl. 6. 1. But in one of his own Epigrams, which generally stands in the front of his works, probably according to his own original intention, he assures us he was born at Syracuse, and gives us the names of his parents:

Ἄλλος ἢ Χίος' εἶμι δὲ Θεοκρίτος ὅς τ' αὖ γράφα,

Ἐς οὖν τῶν πολλῶν εἰμὶ Πραξαγόρας,

Τίος Πραξαγόρας, Πριουσίτης τε Φιλίης'

Μῶσας δ' ὀδύνην ἀπὸτ' ἐφίλευσάμεν.

A Syracusian born, no right I claim

To Chios, and Theocritus my name:

Praxagoras' and fam'd Philina's son;

My laurels from unborrow'd verse are won.

After this plain declaration, it is amazing that the old grammarians will not rest satisfied, but endeavour to rob him both of his parents and his country. The chief view which the poet had in writing this epigram, though perhaps it may not appear at first sight, seems to be this; he had a namesake of Chios, a rhe-

torician, and pretender to poetry, who according to Plutarch, suffered an ignominious death, for some crime committed against king Antigonus; and therefore Theocritus the poet, by this epigram, took all possible precaution to be distinguished from his namesake the rhetorician. *The other Theocritus, says he, is of Chios; I that am the author of these poems am a Syracusan, the son of Praxagoras and the celebrated Philina: I never borrowed other people's numbers.* The last sentence is an honest declaration, that the poet had not been a plagiarist, like many of his predecessors and contemporaries.

Theocritus is said to have been the scholar of Philletas, and Asclepiades, or Sicelidas: Philletas was an elegiac poet of the island of Cos, had the honour to be preceptor to Ptolemy Philadelphus, and is celebrated by Ovid and Propertius: Sicelidas was a Samian, a writer of epigrams: he mentions both these with honour in his seventh Idyllium, see ver. 53.

As to the age in which he flourished, it seems indubitably to be ascertained by two Idylliums that remain, one is addressed to Hiero king of Syracuse, and the other to Ptolemy Philadelphus, the Egyptian monarch. Hiero began his reign, as Casaubon asserts in his observations on Polybius, in the second year of the 126th Olympiad, or about 275 years before Christ; and Ptolemy in the fourth year of the 123d Olympiad.

Though the exploits of Hiero are recorded greatly to his advantage by Polybius, in the first book of his history; though he had many virtues, had frequently signalized his courage and conduct, and distinguished himself by several achievements in war; yet he seems, at least in the early part of his reign, to have expressed no great affection for learning or men of letters: and this is supposed to have given occasion to the 16th Idyllium, inscribed with the name of Hiero; where the poet asserts the dignity of his profession, complains that it met with neither favour nor protection, and in a very artful manner touches upon some of the virtues of this prince, and insinuates what an illustrious figure he would have made in poetry, had he been as noble a patron, as he was an argument for the Muses.

His not meeting with the encouragement he expected in his own country, was in all probability the reason that induced Theocritus to leave Syracuse for the more friendly climate of Alexandria, where Ptolemy Philadelphus then reigned in unrivalled splendor, the great encourager of arts and sciences, and the patron of learned men. In his voyage to Egypt he touched at Cos, an island in the Archipelago not far from Rhodes, where he was honourably entertained by Phrasidamus and Antigenes, who invited him into the country to celebrate the festival of Ceres, as appears by the seventh Idyllium.

We have all the reason in the world to imagine that he met with a more favourable reception at Alexandria, than he had experienced at Syracuse, from his encomium on Ptolemy, contained in the 17th Idyllium; where he rises above his pastoral stile, and shows that he could upon occasion (as Virgil did afterwards) exalt his Sicilian Muse to a sublimer strain, *paulo majora*: he derives the race of Ptolemy from Hercules; he enumerates his many cities, he describes his great power and immense riches, but above all he commemorates his royal munificence to the sons of the Muses. Towards the conclusion of the 14th Idyllium, there is a short, but very noble panegyric on Ptolemy: in the 15th Idyllium he celebrates Berenice, the mother, and Arsinoë, the wife of Ptolemy.

I do not recollect any more memorials of this poet's life, which can be gathered from his works, except his friendship with Aratus, the famous author of the *Phænomena*; to whom he addresses his sixth Idyllium, and whose amours he describes in the seventh.

There is one circumstance more in regard to Theocritus, which is so improbable, that I should not have thought it worth while to have troubled the reader with it, if it had not been mentioned by all his biographers; viz. that he lies under the suspicion of having suffered an ignominious death: this takes its rise from a distich of Ovid in his *Ibis*,

Utque Syracosio præstrictâ fauce poetæ,

Sic animæ laqueo sit via clausa tuæ.

But it does not appear, that by the Syracusan poet Ovid means Theocritus; more probably, as some commentators on the passage have supposed, Empedocles, who was a poet and philosopher of Sicily, is the person pointed at: others think that Ovid by a small mistake or slip of his memory might confound Theocritus the rhetorician of Chios, who was executed by order of king Antigonus, with Theocritus the poet of Syracuse; and the epigram quoted above very strongly indicates how apprehensive our poet was of being confounded with that person: it seems indeed, as I hinted before, composed on purpose to manifest the distinction.

After this short account of our author, it will be proper to say something of his works; for to write the life of a poet without speaking of his compositions, would be as absurd as to pretend to publish the memoirs of a hero, and omit the relation of his most material exploits.

All the writings of Theocritus that now remain are his Idylliums, and Epigrams; in regard to the word Idylliums, D. Heinsius tells us, that the grammarians termed all those smaller compositions *Eidn.* (a species of poetry) which could not be defined from their subjects, which were various: thus the *Sylve* of Statius,

had they been written in Greek, would have been called Εἰδη and Εἰδυλλία; even the Roman poets make use of this term; thus Ausonius styles one of his books of poems on various subjects *Edyllia*: this antient title then may serve to express the smallness and variety of their natures; they would now perhaps be called *Poems on Several Occasions*. Though in deference to so great an authority, I shall take the liberty to make a conjecture: Heinsius tells us, that originally there were different titles or inscriptions prefixed to the poems of Theocritus; first of all his Bucolicks, were separated and distinguished by the title of Επη Βουκολικα; and were called by the grammarians Εἰδυλλια Βουκολικα; but might it not at first have been written Ετυλλια, which signifies *Poems* or *Verses*, and by an easy mistake of the transcriber altered into Εἰδυλλια? this reading delivers us at once from the embarrassment attending the derivation of the word *Idylliums*, and Ετυλλια, the same as *Versiculi*, very naturally flows from the word Επη, the plural of Επος, *Carmen*; thus we have Επη χρυσεια: it is to be observed that Aristophanes uses the word three times, see his *Ranæ*, ver. 973, *Ac barnenses*, ver. 397; and in his *Pax*, ver. 531, he has ετυλλια Euripida, *versiculorum Euripidis*: this however is only conjecture. Under the second title, every poem that was ascribed to Theocritus, though the character and argument were very different, was inserted. Under the third were contained a collection of bucolic poems, whether

written by Theocritus, Moschus, Bion or others, and the name of Theocritus prefixed to the whole; on which occasion there is an Epigram in the Anthologia, ascribed to Artemidorus;

Βουκόλιναι Μῦσαι σποράδην ποικα, οὐκ ἄμα πᾶσαι

ἔστι μὲν μανθράς, ἔστι μὲν ἀγέλας.

Wild rov'd the pastoral Muses o'er the plains,

But now one fold the single flock contains.

Besides the Idylliums that we now have, Theocritus is said by Suidas to have written Προϊτιδας, Ἐλπίδας, Ὕμνους, Ἡρώιδας, Ἐπικηθία μίλη, Ἐργυίας, καὶ Ἰαμβους; that is, PROETIDES, HOPES, HYMNS, HEROINES, DIRGES, ELEGIES, and IAMBICS; the Præetides were the daughters of Præetus, king of the Argives, who preferring themselves to Juno; went mad, and imagined themselves turned into cows, but were cured by Melampus; the Idyllium in praise of Castor and Pollux is supposed to be one of the *Hymns*, and there are five verses remaining of a poem, in praise of Berenice, which may be classed among the *Heroines*.

It is to be observed that Theocritus generally wrote in the modern Doric, sometimes indeed he used the Ionic; the Doric dialect was of two sorts, the *old* and the *new*; the *old* sounded harsh and rough, but the *new* was much softer and smoother; this, as Mr. Pope justly observes, in the time of Theocritus had its beauty and propriety, was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest

persons. It has been thought by some that the Dorian phrase in which he wrote, has a great share in his honours; but exclusive of this advantage, he can produce other ample claims to secure his rural crown from the boldest competitor. A proof of this, I think, will appear from this circumstance; that Virgil, who is the great rival of the Sicilian, has few images in his Eclogues but what are borrowed from Theocritus; nay he not only continually imitates, but frequently translates several lines together, and often in these very passages falls short of his master, as will appear in the notes.

Though Theocritus is generally esteemed only a Pastoral poet, yet he is manifestly robbed of a great part of his fame, if his other pieces have not their proper laurels. At the same time his Pastorals are, without doubt, to be considered as the foundation of his credit; upon this claim he will be admitted for the happy finisher, as well as the inventor of his art; and will be acknowledged to have excelled all his imitators, as much as originals usually do their copies. He has the same advantage in bucolic, as Homer had in epic poetry, which is to make the critics turn his practice into eternal rules, and to measure nature herself by his accomplished model: therefore, as to enumerate the glories of heroic poetry, is the same thing as to sum up the praises of Homer, so to exhibit the beauties of pastoral verse, is only an indirect

way of making panegyrics on Theocritus. Indeed the Sicilian has in this respect been somewhat more fortunate than Homer, as Virgil's Eclogues are reckoned more unequal imitations of his Idylliums, than the *Æneis* of the *Iliad*.

I think I cannot conclude this account of Theocritus with more propriety than by collecting the sentiments not only of the antients, but likewise of the moderns, in regard to the character of our author. Longinus says, (see the motto) *Theocritus has shown the happiest vein imaginable for pastorals, excepting those in which he has deviated from the country; or perhaps it may more properly be rendered, as Fabricius understands it, excepting in those few pieces that are of another argument.* Quintilian says, *Admirabilis in suo genere Theocritus, sed Musa illa rustica & pastoralis non forum modo verum etiam urbem reformidat: Theocritus is admirable in his way, but his rustic and pastoral Muse is not only afraid of appearing in the forum, but even in the city:* by which he means, that the language and thoughts of Theocritus' shepherds ought not to be imitated in public speaking, nor in any polite composition; yet for all this, *he was admirable in his way.* Manilius in the second book of his *Astronomicon* gives a just character of our poet *;

Quinetiam pecorum ritus, & Pana sonantem

In calamos, Siculâ memorat tellure creatus:

* Instead of *pecorum ritus*, Dr. Bentley reads, *ritus pastorum.*

Nec sylvis sylvestre canit: perque horrida motus
Rura ferit dulces: Musamque inducit in auras.

The sweet Theocritus, with softest strains,
Makes piping Pan delight Sicilian swains;
Through his smooth reed no rustic numbers move,
But all is tenderness, and all is love;
As if the Muses sat in every vale,
Inspir'd the song, and told the melting tale.

CREECH.

One would imagine these authorities were sufficient to establish, or at least to fix the reputation of Theocritus, on a very respectable footing: and yet Dr. John Martyn, who has translated Virgil's Eclogues and Georgicks into prose, with many learned notes, seems to be of a different persuasion. In the latter end of his preface to the Eclogues, after observing that Virgil, in almost every Eclogue, entertains the reader with a rural scene, a sort of fine landscape, and enumerating these scenes, he says, *and having now seen this excellence in Virgil, we may venture to affirm, that there is something more required in a good pastoral, than the affectation of using coarse, rude, or obsolete expressions; or a mere nothingness, without either thought or design, under a false notion of rural simplicity.* That he here means Theocritus, or else he means nothing, is plain from his mention of him immediately after: in regard to the charge of his *affectedly using coarse, rude and obsolete expressions*, I imagine he alludes to the fifth

Idyllium, which indeed must be allowed to be too rustic and abusive: but we must remember that Theocritus intended this poem as a specimen of the original old bucolic Idyllium which was very rude, and often obscene; as the learned Heinſius has more than once observed; his words are, *multum a reliquis differant quæ aiwvwa sunt, in quibus major est incivilitas, ut in quinto apparet, quod Idyllium ſingulare eſt, & in ſuo genere exemplum, antiquæ nimirum ſemelius, ubi nunquam fere ſine obſceno ſenſu rixatur caprarius.* And in another place; *verè ſemelius exemplum in quinto Theocriti, in Virgilio tertio habemus.* Therefore inſtead of condemning Theocritus, we ought to think ourſelves much obliged to him for leaving us one example of the ancient, ruſtic Bucolic; Virgil certainly thought ſo, otherwiſe he would not have imitated that very piece. As to the ſcenery with which the Eclogues are embellished, all the Idylliums, or at leaſt the greateſt part of them, are ornamented in the ſame manner, which will appear ſo evident to every reader, that it would be impertinent to point it out. As to the other part of the Doctor's obſervation, *a mere nothingneſs, without thought or deſign,* it is ſuch a deſpicable falſity that it is not worth notice.

Throughout his whole preface and liſe of Virgil the Doctor, is very ſingular in giving Virgil the preference to Theocritus upon every occaſion: particularly he

declaims against the cup in the first Idyllium, says the description of it is long and tedious, and far exceeded by Virgil in the third Eclogue; notwithstanding the Doctor's assertion, some gentlemen whose critical disquisitions have deservedly announced them the best judges of polite literature, think that the images in Theocritus' Cup, viz. *the beautiful woman and two lovers, the striking figure of the fisherman labouring to throw his net, the rock, the vineyard, the foxes, and the boy sitting carelessly and framing traps for grasshoppers*, are charming embellishments, and far more pastoral and natural than Virgil's Orpheaque in medio posuit, sylvasque sequentes, Orpheus in the middle, and the woods following him. In regard to the length of the description, it is observed that the Cup of Theocritus was very large and capacious; he calls it *βαθὺ ποτήριον*, a deep pastoral cup; and Casaubon says it was *amplissimi vasis pastoritii genus; capacitatem ejus licet colligere ex calaturæ multiplici argumento*: and I am informed, that when Mr. Thomas Warton's long-expected edition of Theocritus appears, it will be evidently proved, perhaps from some old scholia not yet printed, that this *ποτήριον* was of an extraordinary size, very deep and wide, and therefore capable of being adorned with such a variety of figures in the sculpture; it was not intended for the use of drinking out of, or mixing any pastoral beverage, but chiefly for

ornament: and therefore the vessel being so capacious and remarkable, the poet will be cleared from the charge of being thought tedious in the description of it.

In the preface above mentioned the Doctor says, *It is not a little surprizing, that many of our modern poets and critics should be of opinion, that the rusticity of Theocritus is to be imitated rather than the rural delicacy of Virgil.* How can it be thought surprizing that Theocritus should be imitated rather than Virgil? the reason is manifest, because the generality of poets and critics prefer the Sicilian far before the Roman, as a pastoral writer. I should not have troubled myself about Dr. Martyn's opinion, but only as it is prefixed to Virgil, I thought perhaps it might possibly mislead the unwary young scholar into a wrong judgment, and induce him to prefer Virgil without first considering the more original beauties of Theocritus. As a contrast to the Doctor's strange and singular decision, who acknowledges himself to be *no poet*, and therefore cannot be deemed a competent judge of poetical writings, I shall conclude this account with the sentiments of several of the finest writers, both as critics and poets, of the last and present age, in regard to the matter in question; two of them are translators of Virgil, and therefore cannot be supposed to be partial to Theocritus.

I shall begin with Mr. Dryden; "That which distinguishes Theocritus, says he, from all other poets, both Greek and Latin, and which raises him even above Virgil in his Eclogues, is the inimitable tenderness of his passions, and the natural expression of them in words so becoming of a Pastoral. A simplicity shines throughout all he writes. He shows his art and learning by disguising both. His shepherds never rise above their country education in their complaints of love. There is the same difference between him and Virgil, as there is between Tasso's Aminta, and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. Virgil's shepherds are too well read in the philosophy of Epicurus and Plato; and Guarini's seem to have been bred in courts. But Theocritus and Tasso have taken theirs from cottages and plains. It was said of Tasso, in relation to his similitudes, that *he never departed from the woods*; that is, all his comparisons were taken from the country: the same may be said of Theocritus. He is softer than Ovid; he touches the passions more delicately, and performs all this out of his own fund, without diving into the arts and sciences for a supply. Even his Doric dialect has an incomparable sweetness in its clownishness, like a fair shepherdess, in her country ruffet, talking in a Yorkshire tone. This was impossible for Virgil to imitate, because the severity of the Roman language denied him that advantage.

Spenser has endeavoured it in his Shepherd's Calendar, but it can never succeed in English." Thus far Mr. Dryden in the preface to his Translations; in another place he says, "Theocritus may justly be preferred as the original, without injury to Virgil, who modestly contents himself with the second place, and glories only in being the first who transplanted Pastoral into his own country."

Dr. Felton observes, "The Idylliums of Theocritus have something so inimitably sweet in the verse and thoughts, such a native simplicity, and are so genuine, so natural a result of the rural life, that I must in my judgment, allow him the honour of the Pastoral."

Mr. Blackwall upon the Classics, says, "Theocritus is another bright instance of the happy abilities and various accomplishments of the ancients. He has writ in several sorts of poetry, and succeeded in them all. It seems unnecessary to praise the native simplicity and easy freedom of his Pastorals, when Virgil himself sometimes invokes the Muse of Syracuse; when he imitates him through all his own poems of that kind, and in several passages translates him. In many of his other poems he shows such strength of reason and politeness, as would qualify him to plead among the orators, and make him acceptable in the Courts of Princes. In his smaller poems of *Cupid stung*, *Adonis*

killed by the Boar, and others, you have the vigour and delicacy of Anacreon; in his *Hylas*, and Combat of *Pollux* and *Amycus*, he is much more pathetical, clear and pleasant, than Apollonius on the same, or any other subject. In his conversation of *Alcmena* and *Tiresias*, of *Hercules* and the old servant of *Augeas*, in *Cynisca* and *Thyonichus*, and the women going to the ceremonies of *Adonis*, there is all the easiness and engaging familiarity of humour and dialogue which reign in the *Odyssey*; and in *Hercules* destroying the Lyon of *Nemea*, the spirit and majesty of the *Iliad*. The Panegyric upon King *Ptolemy* is justly esteemed an original and model of perfection in that way of writing. Both in that excellent poem, and the noble Hymn upon *Castor* and *Pollux*, he has praised his gods and his hero with that delicacy and dexterity of address, with those sublime and graceful expressions of devotion and respect, that in politeness, smoothness of turn, and refined art of praising without offence, or appearance of flattery, he has equalled Callimachus; and in loftiness and flight of thought, scarce yields to Pindar or Homer."

The Author of the Guardian, No. 28, observes, "The softness of the Doric dialect, which Theocritus is said to have improved beyond any who came before him, is what the antient Roman writers owned their language could not approach. But, besides this beauty, he seems to me to have had a soul more softly and

tenderly inclined to this way of writing than Virgil, whose genius led him naturally to sublimity."

Mr. Pope briefly remarks, that "Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity: that the subjects of his Idylliums are purely Pastoral: that other Pastoral writers have learnt their excellencies from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain."

Lord Lyttleton beautifully says,

From Love Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains.

Ecl. 2.

Mr. Warton, the worthy master of Winchester-school, gives us his sentiments on this subject in his prefatory dedication of Virgil to Lord Lyttleton; "There are few images and sentiments in the Eclogues of Virgil, but what are drawn from the Idylliums of Theocritus: in whom there is a rural, romantic wildness of thought, heightened by the Doric dialect; with such lively pictures of the passions, and of simple unadorned nature, as are infinitely pleasing to such lovers and judges of true poetry as yourself. Theocritus is indeed the great store-house of Pastoral description; and every succeeding painter of rural beauty (except Thomson in his Seasons) hath copied his images from him, without ever looking abroad upon the face of nature themselves." To the same purpose, in his dissertation on Pastoral

poetry, he says; "If I might venture to speak of the merits of the several Pastoral writers, I would say, that in Theocritus we are charmed with a certain sweetness, a romantic rusticity and wildness, heightened by the Doric dialect, that are almost inimitable. Several of his pieces indicate a genius of a higher class, far superior to Pastoral; and equal to the sublimest species of poetry: such are particularly his Panegyric on *Ptolemy*, the fight between *Amrys* and *Pollux*, the Epithalamium of *Helen*, the young *Hercules*, the grief of *Hercules* for *Hylas*, the death of *Pentheus*, and the killing of the *Nemean Lion*."

A N
E S S A Y
O N
P A S T O R A L P O E T R Y.

BY EDWARD BURNABY GREENE, ESQ.

Gaudentes rure Camænæ.

Hor.

THE precise time when the Pastoral muse made her appearance in the world, history seems to have left uncertain. Conjectures have been hazarded, and * presumptions multiplied, yet her origin is still unravelled; and the less inquisitive genius sits down contented with ascertaining her first perfection in the writings of Theocritus.

Indeed researches of this nature are rather curious, than interesting; for though we may perhaps meet with some plausible accounts, we can trace none that

* See what may be called the Prolegomena to the *Θαιριεργα* *αριστομενα* cum Græcis Scholiis, printed at London 1743, *περί τῶν καὶ πάλαι κρητὸν τὰ βουκόλικα*, where the reputed invention of Pastoral poetry has neither the air of probability nor ingenuity.

carry conviction. The * very few writers, handed down to us from Greece and Rome in that species of composition, are but insufficient guides to the rise of the art itself.

As it is more entertaining, it is likewise more to the honour of Pastoral to observe, that it must necessarily have existed in the earlier ages of the world; existed; not indeed in the set form and elegance of numbers, but in the genuine sentiments of the heart, which nature alone inspired.

For the mind being on all sides surrounded with rural objects, those objects would not fail to make an impression; and whether the patriarchs of old with our parents in Milton piously broke out into the praise of their Creator, or reflected in silent admiration on the beauties of the earth, their hymns, or their meditations must have been purely Pastoral.

It has been remarked by a laborious commentator on the Eclogues of Virgil, that the lives of our earliest forefathers were spent in husbandry, and the feeding of cattle. And indeed it could not have been otherwise. At a period, when the numbers of mankind

* Moschus, and Bion, with Theocritus, among the Greeks, and Virgil among the Romans, are the only standard writers of Pastoral, mentioned by Warton in the dissertation prefixed to his edition of Virgil; that editor, with the critic † Rapin, seeming to explode all other ancient authors in that branch of poetry.

† Rapin's critical works, vol. 2. remarks on Pastoral poetry.

were comparatively insignificant, and their thoughts engaged in procuring subsistence, while luxury and ambition were yet unknown, it is inconsistent to suppose, but that the sons of earth were all in a manner the sons of agriculture.

When the world however encreased, and its inhabitants dispersed into various regions, when societies were formed, and laws established, and when (the natural consequence of such expansion) the plagues of war and contention arose, different orders, and conditions were settled for the regulation of kingdoms; rustic awkwardness received the polish of civil life, and the plough-share was converted into instruments of destruction. Thus by degrees from an honourable situation husbandry became the employment of those alone, who had the least ambition, and the greatest probity.

But in those climates, whither emigrations being less fashionable, the people retained their primitive simplicity, it is no wonder, if in process of time considerable advance was made, and regularity introduced into Pastoral reflections; that the dictates of unrefined nature were improved by the harmony of numbers.

We may accordingly observe, that in the countries which suffered the least variation from their original form, Pastoral was most esteemed; there the thoughts were still allured, and the imagination feasted with

rural scenes unimproved, or more properly uncorrupted; for the cottage had not felt the infection of the court.

Arcadia, so usually painted the flowery kingdom of romance, is more ingeniously accounted the land of Pastoral. Its inland situation, and the plenty of its pasture, with the * well-known characters of its inhabitants conspire to favour the title. That the ancient poets described this place as the seat of Pastoral, is evident; a shepherd † peculiarly skilled in singing, being familiarly termed an Arcadian. There appears however in many traditions of the country such a strong mixture of the fabulous, that we may well suspect them to be the product rather of fancy, than of truth.

Nor less fantastic are the descriptions of the golden age, the ideal manners of which are esteemed, by the more refined critic, the genuine source of Pastoral.

To a taste so delicate, the least appearance of the rustic is disgusting. A becoming, indeed an elegant

* Dr. Martyn in his preface to the Eclogues of Virgil calls Arcadia "mountainous and almost inaccessible;" another reason in support of the Pastoral disposition of its people.

† Virgil in his 7th Eclogue says of two shepherds, that they were "Arcades ambo," upon which Servius remarks, that they were not Arcadians, but so skilful in singing, that they might be esteemed Arcadians.

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simplicity, and the purest innocence must compose the character of the shepherd. No passions but of the softest and most engaging kind are to be introduced: in short the swain is to be what no swain ever was.

In these elevated notions of humble Pastoral reality is sacrificed to the phantoms of the imagination; the more characteristic strokes in the picture of rural life being utterly erased; the *bright colours* of unspotted integrity are indeed more pleasing to the eye, but in a piece where nature should predominate, are more properly blended with the *shade* of frailty. For if mankind are to be represented entirely free from faults, we cannot look for their existence later than the fall.

On this fastidious principle it is esteemed necessary, that rural happiness should be described perfect, and uninterrupted. The life of the shepherd is to be one perpetual spring, without a cloud to disturb its calmness. The vicissitudes indeed of love, which gives birth to more than half our modern Pastorals, are admitted into the piece: for it seems to be with some as essential for a shepherd to be in love, as to have been born.

Yet even here the representation is confined; the swain after whining and crying (as Achilles did to his good mother Thetis) calls on the trees and bushes,

and every thing in nature, to be witnesses of his unhappiness; but after all, the performance, like our novels and romances, those standards of propriety, must have a fortunate conclusion*.

But whatever fond and amusing prospects the country naturally opens to the mind, experience teaches us, that even there vexations will arise: the seasons of quiet and uneasiness succeed as familiarly as summer and winter: groves and lawns, and purling streams, found very prettily in description, chiefly when flowing through the numbers of some under-aged amorato; but reason cannot set her seal to the luxuriancy of this Mahometan paradise.

From sentiments so extravagantly refined, let us turn to those of a more sordid complexion. As the former satiate the judicious reader with beds of roses, the latter disgust him with the filthiness of a dunghill. With critics of this cast, the manners of the meer peasant are the sole foundation of Pastoral; even less rustic and homely appellations are banished from the characters, and the Melibœus, or Neæra of Virgil are so much too courtly, that in their place are to be

* It has indeed a tendency altogether immoral to represent with Theocritus a disappointed lover hanging himself. The present mode of indifference in these concerns is more eligible, and on the whole may be thought more natural. Love-sorrows are very rarely fatal.

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substituted the *Αἶγας*, and *Βουκολισκος* of Theocritus, and the Colin-clout or Hobbinol of Spenser.

The Doric dialect, which transfuses such a natural gracefulness over the Idylliums of the Grecian, has been a stumbling block to these lovers of inelegance. There is a rustic propriety in the language of this dialect, which was familiar to the cottager in the age of Theocritus, but it must be remembered, that his Pastorals contain likewise a delicacy of sentiment which may well be presumed to have attracted the attention of * Ptolemy, whose polished court was the asylum of genius.

But though it should be allowed, that Pastoral ought strictly to be limited to the actions of the peasant, it is not solely intended for *his* perusal. The critic, as he cannot on the one hand permit nature to be excluded, cannot relish on the other her being exposed in disgraceful colours.

There are in almost every situation some circumstances, over which we should draw the veil, for all is not to be painted with a close exactness. Coarseness of sentiment, and indelicacy of expression are an offence to decorum, and give modesty the blush. Writings of

* Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, to make amends for many atrocious crimes, was remarkable for his singular regard to the welfare of his subjects, and was a distinguished encourager of learned men.

See Anc. Univ. Hist. vol. 9. P. 386, note T.

such illiberal tendency counteract the best and principal end of composition; they hold up the mirror to vice * and immorality, and sacrifice virtue to contempt.

To those, who live in our meridian of more refined simplicity, Pastoral appears most properly in the dress of rural elegance. Something is indulged to the character of the shepherd, and something to the genius of the writer. They, who should place the former on the toilette, would betray an absurdity which would no less extend to the latter, whose thoughts flowed in the rude channel of uninformed rusticity.

The country is the scene, in which Pastoral is naturally laid; but various may be the subjects of this little drama. The spirit of the poet would be wretchedly cramped, if never permitted to step aside. An insipid sameness runs through the pieces †, founded on the impropriety of this indulgence, and most of our later Pastorals are in this respect but unmeaning paraphrases of earlier authors.

Were we to attempt an historical epitome of pastoral composition, we might place Theocritus in its dawn;

* On this principle, it were to be wished, that the subject of Virgil's second Eclogue, were not greatly liable to exception, tho' the morals of the poet should not be personally impeached, we must lament, that he has varnished in his Alexis the depravity of his times. Several representations in Theocritus are glaringly obscene.

† Modern Eclogues from this reason abound with repetitions of amorous scenes, or of swains piping for a reward. Not to mention other subjects of a like interesting nature, which from constant use are worn to tatters.

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11

in that earlier age when rural simplicity was cultivated and revered. Though we are sometimes struck with the rays of his genius, breaking out into more exalted descriptions, Pastoral appears to be his favourite province *.

Considering him as a writer, who drew his sentiments from the principles of nature, we may rather admire, that his Idylliùms are so engaging, than cavil at his blemishes; we may reflect upon Theocritus, as the hive, whence the most established writers of Eclogues have derived their sweets, or as a diamond, whose intrinsic worth has received a lustre from the refinement of succeeding times.

There is a very considerable gap in the history of Pastoral, between the age of Theocritus and Virgil, who was reserved for the noon of its perfection. It would scarcely at first sight appear, that the period when civil war desolated the provinces, and spread all its horrors over the neighbourhood of Rome, should tend to the improvement of the pastoral muse, whose spirit it was likely to have totally destroyed. Yet to this seemingly unfavourable situation we owe the most pleasing and interesting bucolics of Virgil, who has

* The praises of Ptolemy, the Hylas, and the Hiero, are by no means Pastoral, but if Theocritus is entitled to a greater share of praise for any particular parts of those performances, it is, where he deviates into pastoral representations.

made the history of his country subservient to the efforts of his genius *.

In those several pieces, to which the distresses of his times, or other political considerations gave rise, he seems more elaborately to have exercised the faculty of invention. But where † genuine nature was to be represented, he borrowed largely from Theocritus; many of his similes, sentiments and descriptions, being literal translations from his Grecian master.

Even in this less original task the merits of the Roman are conspicuous; he has separated the ore from the dross, and transplanted those flowers alone, which could add a fragrance to his work.

On the whole, the Pastorals of Virgil are most agreeably conducted; they are not set forth in jewels, or arrayed in silks, nor sordidly dressed in rags. In the "paulo majora," of his muse, the poet rarely loses sight of the Shepherd, and we may stile him the refined Theocritus of an Augustan age.

From this elegant æra, when the language of the country and court was purity itself, let us pass over to the days of our excellent Spenser, when the conversation of the latter had just emerged from rusticity.

* The first and ninth Eclogues deserve attention on this account. To these we may also join the fourth and fifth.

† See the third, seventh and eight Eclogues, where imitations from Theocritus abound.

PASTORAL POETRY. III

The genius of Spenser was formed for poetry. The rich luxuriance of fancy which shines through the *Fairy Queen* surpasses the sublime of antiquity. Such bold conceptions little speak a writer qualified for Pastoral. The fire of imagination, which strikes us in more elevated compositions, must in this be suspended; for nature is most advantageously shown, when she seems to borrow the least from art.

Our author was too great to rise by imitation. Though he had both Theocritus and Virgil for his models; his *Shepherd's Calendar* is altogether original. The dialect of his times is as happily adapted to rustic life, as the Doric of the former, and the easy flow of his descriptions, with the natural variety of his landscapes, rivals the poetic excellence of the latter.

Proverbial sayings, not too closely crowded, add to the simplicity of Pastoral; Spenser is fortunate in such applications; but I own myself most peculiarly attracted with his short lessons of morality; they add a pleasing innocence to the character of the shepherd, and reflect a lustre on the poet.

Yet amidst this superior merit it must be observed, that a masterly writer of our own days has censured the dialogue of Spenser as affectedly barbarous; and the reflections of his peasants as too exalted.

It is necessary however to premise, that the criticism of this author is confined to the September of the

Shepherd's Calendar; an Eclogue which is indeed conveyed in a dialect singularly rustic; and the subject being the depravity of ecclesiastical manners in popish countries, the fordid language, under which the satire is couched, gives the greater offence to the critic; who concludes with this exclamation: "Surely at the same time that a shepherd learns theology, he may gain some acquaintance with his native language!"

The more ancient dialect seems here to have been selected, as a disguise to the real purport or characters of the piece. The reign of Mary, when England was under the bondage of an arbitrary religion, and oppressed by foreign counsels, may be esteemed the period of the Pastoral. The violence, which had been so barbarously exerted throughout the country at that baleful season, was too recent to have been forgotten; and the * Shepherd is very naturally described as having fled from a persecution, the censure of which was a compliment to the principles of Elizabeth.

A rural metaphor is manifestly sustained through the performance, as if to obviate the inconsistency, which is alledged. So far from discussing knotty points of theological learning, the province of the peasant is closely preserved; unless it should be insisted, that

* The late Romish brutality was at that time so interesting a topic, and so flattering to the crown, that Spenser has employed three Eclogues on the subject.

PASTORAL POETRY. IV

nothing relative to religion ought to concern a shepherd.

To descend from the writings of Spenser to the succeeding age, would be to point out the decline of the pastoral Muse. Indeed she has scarcely existed, but in the productions of * Philips and of Pope. Philips is so often on the whine, that we are apt to overlook his less exceptionable descriptions; he has injudiciously blended the polish of Virgil's language, with the simplicity of Spenser's; and so great is his want of original matter, that he is at best to be regarded as a graceful copyist †.

Pope has been so assiduous to refine his periods, that his spirit is greatly evaporated; and his Pastorals, excepting the Messiah, only merit our attention as the marks of early genius. Sweetness of versification, and purity of expression, may constitute the character of a poet; but courtliness is not the whole that is expected in a writer of Eclogues.

* The Pastorals of Gay seem to have been designed, as burlesque representations of scenes altogether rustic, and particularly as a ridicule of preceding authors, of whom many, it must be confessed, deserved such a treatment. I have on this account omitted his name as a Pastoral writer, though his genius sufficiently qualified him for the task of Eclogue.

† The fifth Pastoral, which relates the contest of the Swain and Nightingale, is prettily turned on the whole; but the thought, like Philips's other more agreeable ones, is borrowed. The same may be remarked of the Pastorals of Pope.

That love of the country, which is inherent in the bosom of Reflection, has occasionally produced many later attempts on Pastoral, but the most successful ones are fainter traces of rural life; the Muse has at last varied her form, and united the charms of elegance and nature in the Ballads of Shenstone.

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N. B. Those marked with * have royal paper.

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THE
IDYLLIUMS
OF
THEOCRITUS,
TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

B

2 M U I L L Y

A R G U M E N T.

This Idyllium contains a dialogue between the Shepherd Thyrsis and a Goatherd. Thyrsis, at the request of his friend, sings the fate of Daphnis who died for Love; for which he is rewarded with a milch Goat, and a noble Pastoral Cup of most excellent sculpture. This piece is with great propriety prefixed to all the other Idylliums, and may be considered as the pattern and standard of the old bucolic poems. The scene changes from a rising ground to a lower situation near a fountain, where there is a Shepherd's Bower facing the statues of Priapus and the Nymphs, and not far distant a Grove of Oaks.

THE
IDYLLIUMS
OF
THEOCRITUS.

IDYLLIUM I.
THYRSIS, or the HIMERÆANODE,
THYRSIS.

SWEET are the whispers of yon vocal pine,
Whose boughs, projecting o'er the springs, recline;

1. *Sweet are the whispers, &c.*] Poets frequently speak of the whispering or murmuring of trees: the word *ψιθυρισμα*, which Theocritus uses, is very expressive of the thing he describes, and properly signifies to whisper softly in the ear. Thus our author says the two lovers, Idyl. 27. *αλληλοικ ψιθυριζον*, and Idyl. 2. ver. 141. *ψιθυρισματος αυου*. Virgil has *argutum nemus, pinosque loquentes*, Ecl. 8. 22. and *Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro*, Ecl. 1. 56. Mr. Pope seems to have had this passage in view, and even improved it, in his *Eloisa to Abelard*.

The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind.

Sweet is thy warbled reed's melodious lay;

Thou, next to Pan, shalt bear the prize away:

If to the God a horn'd he-goat belong,

5.

The gentler female shall reward thy song;

If he the female claim, a kid's thy share,

And, till you milk them, kids are dainty fare.

GOATHERD.

Sweeter thy song, O shepherd, than the rill

That rolls its music down the rocky hill:

10

If one white ewe content the tuneful Nine,

A stall-fed lamb, meet recompence, is thine;

He has also finely imitated this passage, and the beginning of the Goatherd's speech, *Sweeter thy song, &c.*

Thyrsis, the music of that murmuring spring

Is not so mournful as the strains you sing:

Nor rivers, winding thro' the vales below,

So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.

Past. 4.

[*Next to Pan*] Virgil comparing a shepherd with Pan, says,

Tu nunc oris alter ab illo.

Ecl. 5. 491.

9. *I ban the rill, &c.*] The Greek is —

Τὴν αὐτὴν τὰς νῆρας καταδύσεται ἡ πόσις ὕδωρ.

These ten words flow with most melodious sweetness; every one of them contributes to heighten the image they are to represent.

Homer has the same image in nearly the same words,

Κατὰ δὲ ῥοσσὸν ποτὶ ὕδωρ

Ἰφιδαν ἐκ πηγῆς, &c.

Odyss. B. 17.

Where, from the rock, with liquid lapse distills

A limpid fount, &c.

Pons.

Virgil has imitated this passage,

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine Poeta,

Quale sapor fessis in gramine; quale perustum

Dulcis aquæ saliente stim resingueretivo.

Ecl. 5. 45.

And

And if the Muses claim the lamb their due,
My gentle Thyrsis shall obtain the ewe.

THYRSIS.

Wilt thou on this declivity repose, 15
Where the rough tamarisk luxuriant grows,
And gratify the Nymphs with sprightly strain?
I'll feed thy goats, and tend the browsing train.

GOATHERD.

I dare not, dare not, shepherd, grant your boon,
Pan's rage I fear, who always rests at noon, 20
When tir'd with hunting, stretch'd in sleep along,
His bitter rage will burst upon my song.

And again,

Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus auri,

Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam litorea, nec quæ

Saxosæ inter decurrunt flumina valles.

Ecl. 5. 82.

15. *On this declivity repose, Where the rough tamarisk, &c.*] The Greek is, Ω; το καταντες τωτο γυλοφοι, ατι ριγναι. The same verse occurs, Idyl. 5, ver. 101. in the Greek; in the Translation 116. c

18. *Pascentes fervabit Tityrus hœdos*—

Ecl. 5. 12.

20. *Pan's rage I fear,*] Goats and their keepers were under the protection of Pan; it is with good reason therefore that the Goatherd is afraid of offending that Deity.

Who always rests at noon] Horace, describing the middle of a hot day, says, caretque Ripa vagis taciturna ventis. Ode 29. B. 3. On which Dacier observes, 'the ancients believed that at mid-day every thing was calm and serene, because at that season the Sylvan Deities repos'd themselves,' and quotes this passage of Theocritus in confirmation of it.

22. *His bitter rage will burst upon my song*] Horace describes Faunus as a very choleric God, Ode 18. B. 3. and begs he

But well you know Love's pains, which Daphnis rues,
 You the great Master of the rural muse;
 Let us beneath yon shady elm retreat, 25
 Where Nature forms a lovely pastoral seat,
 Where sculptur'd Naiads and Priapus stand,
 And groves of oaks extending o'er the land;
 There if you sing as sweetly as of yore,
 When you the prize from Lybian Chromis bore, 30
 This goat with twins I'll give, that never fails
 Two kids to suckle, and to fill two pails:
 To these I'll add, with scented wax o'er-laid,
 Of curious workmanship, and newly made,

would pass thro' his grounds in good temper. The Greek is remarkable, *Και ο αἰ δεινὴν χολὰ ποτὶ εἰν καθήται*—*And bitter choler always remains on his nostrils*. Casaubon observes, that all violent passions cause a sensation in the nostrils, arising from the ebullition of the spirits, which mount towards the brain, and endeavouring to free themselves from restraint, find a vent by the nostril, and crouding through it, dilate it in their passage. This is evident from animals, and the nobler kinds of them, as the bull, the horse, the lion, whose nostrils always dilate when moved to anger. Homer has a similar expression in his *Odyssey*, B 24.—*αἶα εἶπας δὲ οἱ ἦδη Δεινὸν μῦθος προτυψα*—*A sharp sensation struck his nostrils*: though this is to express another passion, *viz.* that of sorrow arising from filial tenderness; and is a description of Ulysses and his interview with Laertes. Persius in the same manner says—*Ira cadat naso, rugosaque fanna*. Sat. 5. 91.

23. Si quos aut Phyllidis ignes,

Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri. Ecl. 5. 10.

24. Montibus in nostris solus tibi certet Amyntas. Ecl. 5. 8.

25. — Si quid cessare potes, requiesce sub umbrâ— Ecl. 7. 10.

32. Bis venit ad mulctram, binos alit ubere fœtus. Ecl. 3. 30.

33. *With scented wax, &c.*] Heinsius observes, that we have here description of that art which the ancients called *Κηρογραφία*, or in-

laying

A deep two-handled Cup, whose brim is crown'd 35
 With ivy join'd with helichryse around;
 Small tendrils with close-clasping arms uphold
 The fruit rich speckled with the seeds of gold,

laying with wax, which in the days of Theocritus was very much practised by the Egyptians and Sicilians. In beautifying the prows of their ships, the ancients made use of several colours, which were not barely varnished over with them, but very often annealed by wax melted in the fire, so as neither the sun, winds, nor water were able to deface them: the art of doing this was called from the wax *Κηρογραφία*. See POTTER'S ant. and VITRUVIUS, l. 7. cap. 9.

35. *A deep two-handled Cup, &c.*] This is a very striking description of those large Pastoral Cups which the antient shepherds occasionally filled with wine, milk, &c. We may guess at the capaciousness of this Cup from the multiplicity of subjects which are carved upon it. Virgil imitates this passage.

— pocula ponam

Fagina, cælatum divini opus Alcimedontis;

Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis

Diffusos hederâ vestit pallente corymbos.

Ecl. 3. 36.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,

And swelling clusters bend the curling vines — POPE. Past. 1.

36. Here are three sorts of ivy mentioned, *κισσός*, *ελιχυσός*, and *αιξ*. Pliny and Theophrastus say, that *κισσός* is a kind of ivy that grows alone without a support; *ελιχυσός* is probably the poetical ivy which Virgil mentions, Ecl. 8. 12. *hanc sine tempora circum Inter vitrices hederam tibi serpere lauros*: it has golden or saffron-coloured berries, and is stiled *Hedera baccis aureis*, and *chrysocarpum*; the *αιξ* bears no fruit at all, but has white twigs, and small, angular, reddish leaves, which are more neat than the other sorts. MARTYN.

Nonnus in his *Dionysiacs*, B. 19. has elegantly imitated this and many other passages of Theocritus.

37. *Small tendrils, &c.*] Creech has thus translated this passage,

With Crocus mix'd, where seem the kids to brouze,

The berries crop, and wanton in the boughs —

Within, a woman's well-wrought image shines;
 A vest her limbs, her locks a caul confines;
 And near, two neat-curl'd youths in amorous strains
 With fruitless strife communicate their pains.
 Smiling, by turns, she views the rival pair;
 Grief swells their eyes, their heavy hearts despair.
 Hard by, a fisherman advanc'd in years,
 On the rough margin of a rock appears;
 Intent he stands to enclose the fish below,
 Lifts a large net, and labours at the throw;
 Such strong expression rises on the sight,
 You'd swear the man exerted all his might;
 For his round neck with turgid veins appears—
 'In years he seems, yet not impair'd by years.'

On which Dr. Martyn observes, 'It is hardly possible for a translation to be more erroneous: *καρπὸν κροκοῦντι* signifies a fruit of a yellow or saffron colour, which Creech has rendered Crocus: but Crocus or Saffron is a flower, not a fruit. I was a long time puzzled to discover where he found the *kids*: but suppose it must be from mistaking the sense of the word *καλὸν*; it signifies those *tendrils* which sustain the vine in climbing: the Romans call it *capreolus*, hence the translator finding *καλὸν* to be *capreolus* in Latin, which also signifies a *kid*, took it in the latter sense: but he ought to have known, that though *capreolus* is used both for a *kid* and a *tendril*, yet *καλὸν* signifies only the latter. There is a translation of this Idyllium in the second volume of Whaley's Poems, which retains the same absurdity,

Around its lips the circling ivy strays,

And a young *kid* in wanton gambols plays.

39. Orpheaque in medio posuit, sylvasque sequentes. Ecl. 3. 46.

50. Pertingens toto connixus corpore saxum. Æn. 10. 127.

51. ——— Plenis tumuerunt guttura venis—

OVID. Met. 3. 73.

A vineyard next, with intersected lines,
 And red ripe clusters load the bending vines :
 To guard the fruit a boy sits idly by, 55
 In ambush near, two sculking foxes lie ;
 This plots the branches of ripe grapes to strip,
 But that, more daring, meditates the scrip
 Resolv'd ere long to seize the savoury prey,
 And send the youngster dinnerless away : 60
 Meanwhile on rushes all his art he plies,
 In framing traps for grasshoppers and flies ;
 And earnest only on his own designs,
 Forgets his satchel, and neglects his vines :
 All round the soft acanthus spreads its train— 65
 This Cup, admir'd by each Æolian swain,

53. This is similar to an image in Homer's *Iliad*, B. 18. thus translated by Mr. Pope.

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
 Bent with the ponderous harvest of its vines.

56. Foxes are observed by many authors to be fond of grapes, and to make great havoc in vineyards; Aristophanes in his *Equites* compares soldiers to foxes, who spoil whole countries, as the other do vineyards: Galen in his book of *Aliments*, tells us, that hunters did not scruple to eat the flesh of foxes in autumn, when they were grown fat with feeding on grapes. In the *Song of Solomon*, chap. ii. ver. 15. we read, Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, &c. And agreeably to this, Nicander in *Alexiph.* v. 185. assures us that foxes will spoil the vines, Πιερὸν κ. γ. λ.

Cum pingui nocuit vulpes versuta racemq—

62. —gracili fuscillam texit hibisco. VIR. *Ecl.* 10. 71.

65. —molli circum est anfas amplexus acantho. *Ecl.* 3. 45.

From far a Calydonian sailor brought,
 For a she-goat and new-made cheese I bought;
 No lip has touch'd it, still unus'd it stood;
 To you I give this masterpiece of wood, 70
 If you those Himeræan strains rehearse
 Of Daphnis' woes—I envy not your verse—
 Dread Fate, alas! may soon demand your breath,
 And close your music in oblivious death.

THYRSIS.

Begin, ye Nine, that sweetly wont to play, 75
 Begin, ye Muses, the bucolic lay.

67. Tho' Homer, in his Catalogue of the Ships, reckons Calydon among the Ætolian cities, yet it is certain that formerly it not only belonged to the Æolians, but was likewise called Æolis: Thucydides says in his third history *αναχωρησαν εις την Αιολίδα την νυν καλεμηνην Καλυδωνια*. CASAUEN.

69. Necdum illis labra admovi, sed condita servo. Ecl. 3. 47.

Homer mentions the not having been used as a commendation of a Cup in the 16th Iliad,

From thence he took a bowl of antique frame,
 Which never map had stain'd with ruddy wine— POPE.

71. —[*Those Himeræan strains*] The Greek is *τον σφίμερον υμνον*, and is generally render'd amabile carmen; thus Horace Epist. 3. B. 1. ver. 24. *seu conditis amabile carmen*: but the correction which Heinsius makes is undoubtedly genuine; he reads *τον σφ' Ιμερα υμνον*, the Hymn of Himera, a river in Sicily, the banks of which were the Scene of the Loves of Daphnis, as is evident from a passage in the 7th Idyllium Ver. in the Greek 73, &c.—Besides, we have the indisputable authority of Ælian, who speaking of Daphnis and this Hymn, says it is that which the Goatherd calls, *τον σφ' Ιμερα υμνον*, and that Stefichorus the Himeræan bard first sung this celebrated Hymn.

72. *I envy not* Non equidem invideo. Ecl. 1. 11.

75. Incipe Mænaliis mecum, mea tibia, versus. Ecl. 8. 21.

"Thyrsis my name, to Ætna I belong,

"Sicilian Swain, and this is Thyrsis' song:"

Where were ye, Nymphs, in what sequester'd grove?
Where were ye, Nymphs, when Daphnis pin'd with love?
Did ye on Pindus' steepy top reside?
Or where through Tempe Peneus rolls his tide?

77. *Thyrsis, &c.*] Θυρσις ὁ ἐξ Αἰτνᾶς, καὶ Θυρσίδος ἀδελφὸς. Thyrsis Ætnæus hic est, & hæc est Thyrsidis cantilena; Heinfius observes this is the title or prelude to the Hymn, very agreeable to the manner of the antients; thus Herodotus—Herodoti Haliarnassensis hæc est Historia; he mentions his name, his country, and writings, exactly in the same manner as Thyrsis.

79. Virgil, Milton, Mr. Pope and Lord Lyttleton have imitated this passage—

Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellæ
Naiðes, indigno cùm Gallus amore periret?
Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aoniæ Aganippes. Ecl. 10. 9.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream. LYCIDAS.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides? POPE.

Where were ye, Muses, &c. See Lord Lyttleton's beautiful Monody—

The 10th Eclogue of Virgil is indeed only a sort of parody on this first Idyllium of Theocritus.

For where the waters of Anapus flow,
 Fam'd streams! ye play'd not, nor on Ætna's brow;
 Nor where chaste Acis laves Sicilian plains— 85

Begin, ye Muses, sweet bucolic strains.
 Him savage panthers in wild woods bemoan'd,
 For him fierce wolves in hideous howlings groan'd;
 His fate fell lions mourn'd the live-long day—

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay. 90
 Meek heifers, patient cows, and gentle steers,
 Moan'd at his feet, and melted into tears;
 Ev'n bulls loud bellowing wail'd the shepherd-swain—

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic strain.
 First from the mountain winged Hermes came; 95
 “ Ah! whence, he cried, proceeds this fatal flame?

“ What nymph, O Daphnis, steals thine heart away?”

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.
 Goatherds and hinds approach'd; the youth they hail'd,
 And shepherds kindly ask'd him what he ail'd. 100

87. Daphni, tuum Pœnos etiam ingemuisse leones

Interitum, montesque feri sylvæque loquantur Ecl. 5. 27.

91. Stant & oves circum— Ecl. 10. 16.

95. Pan, deus Arcadiæ venit— Ecl. 10. 26.

96. ——— dicat Opuntia

Frater Megillæ, quo beatus

Vulnere, quâ percat sagittâ. Hor. L. 1. Od. 27.

99. Venit & upilio; tardi venere bubulci:

Omnes, unde amor iste, rogant, tibi— Ecl. 10. 109.

Priapus came, soft pity in his eye,

' And why this grief, he said, ah! Daphnis, why?'

Meanwhile the nymph disconsolately roves,

With naked feet thro' fountains, woods, and groves,

And thus of faithless Daphnis she complains, 105

(Begin, ye Muses, sweet bucolic strains)

' Ah youth! defective both in head and heart,

' A cowherd stil'd, a goatherd sure thou art,

' Who when askance with leering eye he notes

' The amorous gambols of his frisking goats,

' He longs to emulate their wanton play:

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.

102. Gallè, quid infans? inquit; tua cura, Lycoris,

Perque nives alium, perque horrida castra secuta est.

Ecl. 10. 22.

107. *Ab! youth, &c*] The Greek Scholiast supposes this verse, and as far as to the 116th verse inclusive, to be the speech of Priapus comforting Daphnis; whereas it is undoubtedly that of the Nymph Echenais, the mistress of Daphnis, upbraiding him for his incontinent passion; for he had been guilty of a breach of promise to her, and had offended her by following other women: taken in this light, the whole passage is beautiful, simple and easy; 'Daphnis, says she, you was used to be stiled a Cowherd, a man of continency, but, behold! you have adopted the manners of a Goatherd, who when he observes the lasciviousness of his flock, wishes himself a Goat.' HINSIUS. Virgil alludes to this place, *Novimus & qui te transversa tuentibus hircis.* Ecl. 3.

Τακταὶ ὀφθαλμοὶ is a very strong expression, and emphatically denotes the effect which is produced in the eyes of any person who vehemently longs after an object which he can never attain; Horace has a similar expression,

Cum semel fixæ cibo

Intabuissent pupulæ.

Epode 5. 39.

' So when you see the virgin train advance
 ' With nimble feet, light-bounding in the dance;
 ' Or when they softly speak, or sweetly smile, 115
 ' You pine with grief, and envy all the while.
 Unmov'd he sat, and no reply return'd,
 But still with unavailing passion burn'd;
 To death he nourish'd Love's consuming pain—

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic strain. 120
 Venus insulting came, the youth address'd,
 Forc'd a faint smile, with torture at her breast;

" Daphnis, you boasted you could Love subdue,
 " But tell me, has not Love defeated you?

" Alas! you sink beneath his mighty sway." 125

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.

' Ah, cruel Venus! Daphnis thus began,
 ' Abhorr'd and curs'd by all the race of man,
 ' My day's decline, my setting sun I know,
 ' I pass a victim to the shades below, 130
 ' Where riots Love with insolent disdain—

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic strain.

122. —premit altum corde dolorem— VIR. ÆN. B. 4.

129. *My setting sun I know*] That is, he foresaw his death; that he should no more behold the light of the sun: an expression usual to the ancient Poets; thus in Homer's *Odyssey*, B. 20. when the Prophet Theoclymenus foresaw the death of the suitors, he says, *ἡλίου δὲ Οὐρανὸν ἐξαπολάλει*, The Sun has perished from heaven. Mr. Pope renders it,

Nor gives the Sun his golden orb to roll,

But universal night usurps the pole.

- * To Ida, Venus, fly, expose your charms,
 * Rush to Anchises', your old cowherd's arms;
 * There bowring oaks will compass you around,
 * Here low cypertus scarcely shades the ground,
 * Here bees with hollow hums disturb the day.

Begin ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.

- * Adonis feeds his flocks, tho' passing fair,
 * With his keen darts he wounds the flying hare,
 * And hunts the beasts of prey along the plain.

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic strain.

- * Say, if again arm'd Diomed you see,
 " I conquer'd Daphnis, and will challenge thee;
 " Dar'st thou, bold chief, with me renew the fray?"

Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.

- * Farewell, ye wolves, and bears and lynxes dire;
 * My steps no more the tedious chace shall tire
 * The herdsmen, Daphnis, now no longer loves,
 * Thro' flowery shrubs, thick woods, or shady groves.

135. Hic virides tenerâ prætexit arundine ripas

Mincius, éque sacrâ resonant examina quercu. Ecl. 7. 121.

137. *Here bees, &c.*] The Greek verse is very expressive of the sense: we hear the humming and buzzing of bees.

Ὡδὲ καλὰν βομβῶντι περὶ σμάνοσι μέλισσαι—

139. Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis— Ecl. 10. 18.

Adonis was the son of Cynaras, king of Cyprus, by his own daughter Myrrha—he was the great favourite of Venus, and has been abundantly celebrated by the Greek Poets. MARTYN.

140. Auritosque sequi lepores, tum figere damas. Geor. 3. 308.

143. *Say, if again arm'd Diomed*] See Homer's Iliad, B. 5.

147. *Farewell, &c.*] Thus Virgil says, Vivite sylvæ, i. e. Valet—

Ecl. 8. 58.

- * Fair Arethusa, and ye streams that swell 151
 * In gentle tides near Thymbrian towers, farewell,
 * Your cooling waves slow-winding o'er the plains.
 Begin, ye Muses, sweet bucolic strains.
 * I Daphnis here my lowing oxen fed, 155
 * And here my heifers to their watering led,
 * With bulls and steers no longer now I stray,
 Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.
 * Pan, whether now on Mænalus you rove,
 * Or loiter careless in Lycæus' grove, 160
 * Leave yon aerial promontory's height
 * Of Helicè, projecting to the sight,
 * Where fam'd Lycaon's stately tomb is rear'd,
 * Lost in the skies, and by the Gods rever'd;
 * Haste, and revisit fair Sicilia's plains. 165
 Cease, Muses, cease the sweet bucolic strains.
 * Pan, take this pipe, to me for ever mute,
 * Sweet-ton'd, and bent your rosy lip to suit,

155. Daphnis ego in sylvis, hinc usque ad sidera notus,
 Formosi pecoris custos — Ecl. 5. 43.

Here Virgil exceeds Theocritus, who only mentions the rural employments of Daphnis, whereas Virgil represents his Daphnis as a person whose fame had reached up to heaven. MARTYN.

159. Ipse nemus linquens patrium, saltusque Lycæi,
 Pan ovium custos, tua si tibi Mænala curæ,
 Adsis, O Tegæe favens — Geor. 1. 1. v. 16.

167. — Hos tibi dant calamos (en accipe) Musæ,
 Ascraeo quos antè seni — Ecl. 6. 69.

‘ Compacted close with wax, and join’d with art,
 ‘ For Love, alas! commands me to depart; 170
 ‘ Dread Love and Death have summon’d me away—

Cease, Muses, cease the sweet bucolic lay.

‘ Let violets deck the bramble-bush and thorn,

‘ And fair narcissus junipers adorn.

‘ Let all things Nature’s contradiction wear, 175

‘ And lofty pines produce the luscious pear;

‘ Since Daphnis dies, let all things change around,

‘ Let timorous deer pursue the flying hound;

‘ Let screech-owls soft as nightingales complain’—

Cease, cease, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic strain. 180

He died—and Venus strove to raise his head,

But Fate had cut the last remaining thread—

169. Pan primus calamos cerâ conjungere plures

Instituit ————— Ecl. 2. 32.

The shepherd’s pipe was composed of seven reeds unequal in length, and of different tones, joined together with wax—Indeed in the 8th Idyllium there are two pipes described, composed of nine reeds each, but seven was the usual number—

171. ————— sed me

Imperiosa trahit Proserpina ————— Hor. L. 2. Sat. 5.

172. Define, Mænalios jam define, tibia, versus. Virg. Ecl. 8. 61.

173. Virgil and Pope have imitated this passage —

Nunc & oves ultro fugiat lupus; aurea duræ

Mala ferant quercus; narcisso floreat alnus. Ecl. 8. 52.

Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,

And liquid amber drop from every thorn. Pope, Past. 3.

178. Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ. Ecl. 8. 28.

179. Certent & cyncis ululæ ————— Ecl. 8. 55.

182. ————— Extremaque Lauso

Parcæ fila legunt —————

Æn. L. 10. 814.

The Lake he past, the whelming wave he prov'd,
Friend to the Muses, by the Nymphs belov'd.

Cease, sacred Nine, that sweetly wont to play, 185

Cease, cease, ye Muses, the bucolic lay.

Now, friend, the Cup and Goat are fairly mine,

Her milk's a sweet libation to the Nine :

Ye Muses, hail ! all praise to you belongs,

And future days shall furnish better songs. 190

GOATHERD.

O, be thy mouth with figs Ægilean fill'd,

And drops of honey on thy lips distill'd !

Thine is the Cup (for sweeter far thy voice

Than when in spring the grasshoppers rejoice)

Sweet is the smell, and scented as the bowers 195

Wash'd by the fountains of the blissful HOURS.

Come, Cifs ! let Thyrsis milk thee—Kids, forbear
Your gambols, lo ! the wanton goat is near.

190. Carmina tum meliùs, cum venerit ipse, canemus.

Ecl. 9. 67.

197. *Come, Cifs*] Κισσινίδα, the name of the Goat, from κισσός, ivy, and αἶθρ, bright or shining.

IDYLLIUM II.

PHARMACEUTRIA.

ARGUMENT.

Simæthea is here introduced complaining of Delphis, who had debauched and forsaken her; she makes use of several incantations in order to regain his affection; and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected Lover.

WHERE are my laurels? and my philtres where?
Quick bring them, Thestylis—the charm prepare;
This purple fillet round the cauldron strain,
That I with spells may prove my perjur'd swain:

1. This whole Idyllium, as Heinſius obſerves, ſeems to have been pronounced with great geſticulation, as is evident from the exordium, Πα μοι ται Δαφναι; πα δε τα φιλτρα; that is a direct imitation of the beginning of an antient ſong, which uſed to be frequently rehearſed in the ſtreets, and was called *ανθιμα*, Πυ μοι τα ροδα; πυ μοι τα ια; Where are my roſes; where are my violets?

3. *The Cauldron*] It is uncertain what ſort of veſſel the *καλβη* was: Nicander uſes the word in his *Theriacis*, and there it ſignifies a mortar in which any thing is pounded. Caſaubon thinks it may be taken in the ſame ſenſe here. It is worth obſervation, that though Virgil has ſtudiouſly imitated this whole Idyllium, he choſe not to mention any ſort of veſſel, but ſays,—*molli cinge hæc altera vittâ*. Ecl. 8. 64.

4. *Conjugis ut magicis fanos avertere ſacris*
Experiar ſenſus——

Ecl. 8. 65.

For since he rapt my door twelve days are fled, 5
 Nor knows he whether I'm alive or dead :
 Perhaps to some new face his heart's inclin'd,
 For Love has wings, and he a changeful mind.
 To the Palæstra with the morn I'll go,
 And see and ask him, why he shuns me so? 10
 Meanwhile my charms shall work : O Queen of Night:
 Pale Moon, assist me with refulgent light ;
 My imprecations I address to thee,
 Great Goddess, and infernal Hecatè
 Stain'd with black gore, whom ev'n gaunt mastiffs dread,
 Whene'er she haunts the mansions of the dead ; 16
 Hail, horrid Hecatè, and aid me still
 With Circe's power, or Perimeda's skill,
 Or mad Medea's art—Restore, my charms,
 My lingering Delphis to my longing Arms. 20

9. *The Palæstra*] The place for wrestling, and other exercises.

11. *O Queen of Night*] Sorcerers addressed their prayers to the Moon and to Night, the witnesses of their abominations—Thus Medea in OVID, Met. B. vii.

Nox, ait, arcanis fidissima—

Tuque triceps Hecate quæ cœptis conscia nostris

Adjutrixque venis—

Canidia addresses the same Powers——O rebus meis

Non infideles arbitrae,

Nox, & Diana quæ silentium regis

Arcana cum sunt sacra ;

Nunc, nunc adeste.

HOR. Epode 5. 49.

19. *My Charms*] The Greek is *ὄρνις*, a bird which magicians made use of in their incantations, supposed to be the wry-neck—Virgil has *Ducite ab urbe domum, mea Carmina, ducite Daphnim.*

Ecl. 8. 68.

The cake's consum'd—burn, Thestylis, the rest
 In flames; what frenzy has your mind possess'd?
 Am I your scorn, that thus you disobey,
 Base maid, my strict commands?—Strew salt, and say,
 "Thus Delphis' bones I strew"—Restore, my charms,
 The perjurd Delphis to my longing arms. 26

Delphis inflames my bosom with desire;
 For him I burn this laurel in the fire:
 And as it fumes and crackles in the blaze,
 And without ashes instantly decays, 30
 So may the flesh of Delphis burn—My charms,
 Restore the perjurd Delphis to my arms.

As melts this waxen form, by fire defac'd,
 So in Love's flames may Myndian Delphis waste:

22. *What frenzy*] Ah, Corydon, Corydon, quæ te dementia
 cepit? Ec. 2. 69.

28. *Fragiles incende bitumine lauros.*

Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide laurum.

Ecl. 8. 82.

The Laurel was burnt in order to consume the flesh of the person, on whose account the magical rites were performed; it was thought, according to Pliny, B. 16. chap. the last, by its crackling noise, to express a detestation of fire. Mr. Gay has finely imitated this passage, in his 4th Pastoral.

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
 And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name:
 This with the loudest bounce me fore amaz'd,
 That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd:
 As blaz'd the nut, so may thy passion grow,
 For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

33. It was customary to melt wax, thereby to mollify the heart

And as this brazen wheel, though quick roll'd round,³⁵
Returns, and in its orbit still is found,
So may his love return—Restore, my charms,
The lingering Delphis to my longing arms.

I'll strew the bran : Diana's power can bow
Rough Rhadamanth, and all that's stern below. 40
Hark ! hark ! the village-dogs ! the Goddess soon
Will come—the dogs terrific bay the moon—

of the person beloved ; the forcerefs in Virgil Ecl. 8. makes use
of two images, one of mud, and the other of wax.

Limus ut hic durefcit, & hæc ut cera liquefcit

Uno eodemque igni : fic nostro Daphnis amore.

35. It was alfo ufual to imitate all the actions they wifhed the
loved perfon to perform : thus Simætha rolls a brazen wheel, be-
lieving that the motion of this magic machine had the virtue to
infpire her Lover with thofe paffions which ſhe wifhed. Canidia
makes ufe of this wheel. See HOR. Epode 17. 6, 7.

Canidia, parce vocibus tandem facris,

Citumque retro solve, solve turbinem.

41. ——— Hylax in limine latrat — VIRG. Ecl. 8. 107.

————— vifæquæ canes ululare per umbram,

Adventante Deâ —

Æn. 6. 257.

The reafon why Hecate was placed in the public ways, was be-
caufe ſhe prefided over piacular pollutions : every new moon there
was a public fupper provided at the charge of the richer fort in a
place where three ways met, hence ſhe was called Trivia, which
was no fooner brought, but the poor people carried it all off,
giving out that Hecate had devoured it ; thefe fuppers were expia-
tory offerings to move this Goddess to avert any evils, which
might impend by reafon of piacular crimes committed in the high-
ways.

POTTER'S ANT.

Strike, strike the sounding brass—Restore, my charms,
Restore false Delphis to my longing arms.

Calm is the ocean, silent is the wind, 45
But grief's black tempest rages in my mind.
I burn for him whole perfidy betray'd
My innocence; and me, ah, thoughtless maid!
Robb'd of my richest gem—Restore, my charms,
False Delphis to my long-deluded arms. 50

I pour libations thrice, and thrice I pray;
O, shine, great Goddess, with auspicious ray!
Whoe'er she be, blest nymph! that now detains
My fugitive in Love's delightful chains;
Be she for ever in oblivion lost, 55
Like Ariadne, 'lorn on Dia's coast,
Abandon'd by false Theseus—O, my charms,
Restore the lovely Delphis to my arms.

43. Tinnitusque cie, & matris quate cymbala circum.

VIRG. GEOR. 4. 64.

45. Et nunc omne tibi stratum fileat æquor, & omnes

(Aspice) ventosi ceciderunt murmuris auræ. ECL. 9. 57.

51. The number three was held sacred by the ancients, being thought the most perfect of all numbers, as having regard to the beginning, middle, and end. We shall see a further propriety in it, if we consider that Hecate, who presided over magical rites, had three faces.

Terna tibi hæc primum triplici diversa colore

Licia circundo, terque hæc altaria circum

Effigiem duco: numero Deus impare gaudet. ECL. 8. 73.

Hippomanes, a plant Arcadia bears,
 Makes the colts mad, and stimulates the mares, 60
 O'er hills, thro' streams they rage: O, could I see
 Young Delphis thus run madding after me,
 And quit the fam'd Palæstra!—O, my charms!
 Restore false Delphis to my longing arms.

This garment's fringe, which Delphis wont to wear, 65
 To burn in flames I into tatters tear.

Ah, cruel Love! that my best life-blood drains
 From my pale limbs, and empties all my veins,
 As leeches suck young steeds—Restore, my charms,
 My lingering Delphis to my longing arms. 70

A lizard bruised shall make a potent bowl,
 And charm, to-morrow, his obdurate soul;

59. Hippomanes here undoubtedly signifies a plant, which is described as having the fruit of the wild cucumber, and the leaves of the prickly poppy; perhaps a kind of mullein; though in Virgil, *Geor.* 3, 280. it means a poison. See MARTYN,

60. Cum tibi flagrans amor & libido,

Quæ solet mæres furiare equorum, &c. HOR. B. 1, Od. 25.

65. Simætha burns the border of Delphis's garment, that the owner may be tortured with the like flame: Virgil's Enchantress deposits her Lover's pledges in the ground, under her threshold, in order to retain his love, and secure his affections from wandering.

Has olim exuvias mihi perfidus ille reliquit

Pignora cara sui; quæ nunc ego limine in ipso,

Terra, tibi mando——

Ecl. 8. 91.

71. Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena. Ecl. 8. 95;

Horace has——

Majus parabo, majus infundam tibi

Fastidienti poculum——

Epod. 5. 77.

And

Meanwhile this potion on his threshold spill,
 Where, though despis'd, my soul inhabits still,
 No kindness he nor pity will repay ; 75
 Spit on the threshold, Thestylis, and say,
 " Thus Delphis' bones I strew"—Restore, my charms,
 The dear, deluding Delphis to my arms.

She's gone, and now, alas ! I'm left alone !
 But how shall I my sorrow's cause bemoan ? 80
 My ill-requited passion, how bewail ?
 And where begin the melancholy tale ?

When fair Anaxa at Diana's fane
 Her offering paid, and left the Virgin train,
 Me warmly she requested, breathing love, 85
 At Dian's feast to meet her in the grove :
 Where savage beasts, in howling deserts bred,
 (And with them a gaunt lioness) were led
 To grace the solemn honours of the day —

Whence rose my passion, sacred Phœbe, say— 90
 Theucarila's kind nurse, who lately died,
 Begg'd I would go, and she would be my guide ;
 Alas ! their importunity prevail'd,
 And my kind stars, and better genius fail'd ;

Mr. Gay had this passage in view.

These golden lines into his mug I'll throw,

And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow. *Past. 4.*

83. The Athenian Virgins were presented to Diana before it was lawful for them to marry, on which occasion they offered baskets full of little curiosities to that Goddess, to gain leave to depart out of her train, and change their state of life. *POTTER.*

I went adorn'd in Clearista's cloaths— 95

Say, sacred Phœbe, whence my flame arose—
 Soon as where Lyco's mansion stands I came,
 Delphis the lovely author of my flame
 I saw with Eudamippus, from the crowd
 Distinguish'd, for like helichrysus glow'd 100
 The gold down on their chins, their bosoms far
 Outshone the moon, and every splendid star;
 For lately had they left the field of fame—

Say, sacred Phœbe, whence arose my flame—
 O, how I gaz'd! what extasies begun 105
 To fire my soul? I sigh'd, and was undone:
 The pompous show no longer could surprize,
 No longer beauty sparkled in my eyes:
 Home I return'd, but knew not how I came;
 My head disorder'd, and my heart on flame: 110
 Ten tedious days and nights sore sick I lay—
 Whence rose my passion, sacred Phœbe, say—

95. This is a stroke on the pride of those women who trick themselves in hired cloaths; and is entirely similar to a passage in Juvenal, Sat. 6. 351.

Ut spectet ludos conducit Ogulnia vestem.

Ogulnia borrows cloaths to see the show.

105. The Greek is *Χως ιδον, ως ημανη κ. τ. λ.* There is a similar line in the 3d Idyl. ver. 42. *Ως ιδον, ως ημανη, ως εις βαθυ αλλει' ερωτα.* Virgil has—

Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error. Ecl. 8. 41.
 which is confessedly inferior to the Greek.

Soon from my cheeks the crimson colour fled,
 And my fair tresses perish'd on my head :
 Forlorn I liv'd, of body quite bereft, 115
 For bones and skin were all that I had left :
 All charms I tried, to each enchantress round
 I fought; alas! no remedy I found :
 Time wing'd his way, but not to sooth my woes—
 Say, sacred Phœbe, whence my flame arose— 120
 Till to my maid, oppress'd with fear and shame,
 I told the secret of my growing flame ;
 ' Dear Thestylis, thy healing aid impart—
 ' The love of Delphis has engross'd my heart.
 ' He in the school of exercise delights, 125
 ' Athletic labours, and heroic fights ;
 ' And oft he enters on the lists of fame—
 Say, sacred Phœbe, whence arose my flame—
 ' Haste thither, and the hint in private give,
 ' Say that I sent you—tell him where I live.' 130

113. The literal translation of this passage is, *And my colour was like thapsus*—θαψος is a Scythian wood of a boxen or golden colour; some take it to be the Indian Guaiacum. The women that chose to look pale tinged their cheeks with it. HEINSIUS's Notes.

116. Our poet uses the same proverb, Idyl. 4. ver. 16. and Virgil has—*vix ossibus hærent*. Ecl. 3. 102.

119. *Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus*.
 Geor. B. 3. 284.

121. *Cùm sic unanmem alloquitur malè sana sororem*.
 Æn. B. 4. 8.

124. *Solus hic inflexit sensus, animumque labantem*
Impulit———
 ver. 22.

She heard, she flew, she found the youth I fought,
 And all in secret to my arms she brought.
 Soon at my gate his nimble foot I heard,
 Soon to my eyes his lovely form appear'd;
 Ye Gods! how blest my Delphis to survey! 135

Whence rose my passion, sacred Phœbe, say—
 Cold as the snow my freezing limbs were chill'd,
 Like southern vapours from my brow distill'd
 The dewy damps; faint tremors seiz'd my tongue,
 And on my lips the faltering accents hung; 140
 As when from babes imperfect accents fall,
 When murmuring in their dreams they on their mothers
 Senseless I stood, nor could my mind disclose— [call.

Say, sacred Phœbe, whence my flame arose—
 My strange surprize he saw, then prest the bed, 145
 Fix'd on the ground his eyes, and thus he said;
 ' Me, dear Simætha, you have much surpass'd,
 ' As when I ran with young Philinus last
 ' I far out-stript him, though he bravely strove;
 ' But you have all prevented me with love; 150
 ' Wellcome as day your kind appointment came—
 Say, sacred Phœbe, whence arose my flame—

137. Diriguit visu in medio: calor ossa reliquit. *Æn. B. 3.* 308.
 If the learned reader will compare this passage with Sappho's celebrated Ode Εἰς τὴν ἑσπέρην, he will find great similarity both in the thoughts and expressions.

- ' Yes, I had come, by all the Powers above,
 ' Or, rather let me swear by mighty Love,
 ' Unsent for I had come, to Venus true, 155
 ' This night, attended by a chosen few,
 ' With apples to present you, and my brows
 ' Adorn'd like Hercules, with poplar boughs,
 ' Wove in a wreath with purple ribands gay —
 Whence rose my passion, sacred Phœbe, say — 160
 ' Had you receiv'd me, all had then been well,
 ' For I in swiftness and in form excell,
 ' And should have deem'd it no ignoble bliss
 ' The roses of your balmy lips to kiss:
 ' Had you refus'd me, and your doors been barr'd, 165
 ' With axe and torch I should have come prepar'd,

153. Heinſius obſerves there was a cuſtom at Athens, that whenever a young man was ſmitten with the beauty of any lady, eſpecially that of a courtezan, he wrote her name in a place appointed for the purpoſe, with ſome encomium upon her, and having acknowledged his paſſion, the day following he appointed for a feſtival, *ἡμέρα τῆς ἀνὰ δῶρον*, that is, to crown her head with a wreath of flowers and ribbands. Thus in Plato, Alcibiades, at a feſtival, reſorts to Agatho, with a crown and ribbands to adorn his head.

158. *With poplar*] The poplar was ſacred to Hercules. Virgil has,
Populeis adſunt evincti tempora ramis. *Æn.* 8. 286.

166. *With axe and torch, &c.*] If after rapping at the door, the lover was refus'd admittance, *ἡμέρα τῆς ἀνὰ δῶρον*, to place the flowery crown on the head of his miſtreſs, he then threatened axes and torches, to break or burn the door — Thus Horace

Hic hic ponite lucida

Funalia, & veſtes, & arcus

Oppoſitis foribus minaces —

B. 3. *Od.* 26.

‘ Resolv’d with force resistance to oppose—

Say, sacred Phœbe, whence my flame arose—

‘ And first to Beauty’s Queen my thanks are due,

‘ Next, dear Simætha, I’m in debt to you, 170

‘ Who by your maid, Love’s gentle herald, prove

‘ My fair deliverer from the fires of Love:

‘ More raging fires than Ætna’s waste my frame—

Say, sacred Phœbe, when arose my flame—

‘ Love from their beds enraptur’d virgins charms, 175

‘ And wives new-married from their husbands’ arms.’

He said, (alas, what frenzy seiz’d my mind!)

Soft prest my hand, and on the couch reclin’d:

Love kindled warmth as close embrac’d we lay,

And sweetly whisper’d precious hours away. 180

At length, O Moon, with mutual raptures fir’d,

We both accomplish’d—what we both desir’d.

E’er since no pause of love or bliss we knew,

But wing’d with joy the feather’d minutes flew;

Till yester morning, as the radiant Sun 185

His steeds had harness’d, and his course begun,

175. *Love from their bowers*] The Greek is *παρθενον εκ θαλαμους*, the thalami signified the inner chambers where the virgins were kept closely confined, and not permitted to converse with men. In Homer, Iliad B. 6. the rooms where Priam’s daughters lived are called *τοιοι θαλαμοι*, as being placed at the top of the house; for the womens lodgings were usually in the uppermost rooms: as Eustathius remarks upon the passage; which was another means to keep them from company.

180. *And sweetly whisper’d*] *Εψθυριδους αδν.* See Idyl. I. v. 1.

Restoring fair Aurora from the main,
 I heard, alas! the cause of all my pain;
 Philista's mother told me, ' she knew well
 ' That Delphis lov'd, but whom she could not tell: 190
 ' The marks are plain, he drinks his favourite toast,
 ' Then hies him to the maid he values most:
 ' Besides with garlands gay his house is crown'd.'
 All this she told me, which too true I found.
 He oft would see me twice or thrice a day, 195
 Then left some token that he would not stay
 Long from my arms; and now twelve days are past
 Since my fond eyes beheld the wanderer last—
 It must be so—'tis my unhappy lot
 Thus to be scorn'd, neglected and forgot. 200
 He woos, no doubt, he woos some happier maid—
 Meanwhile I'll call Enchantment to my aid:
 And should he scorn me still, a charm I know
 Shall soon dispatch him to the shades below;

193. That it was usual for lovers to adorn their houses with flowers and garlands in honour of their mistresses, is evident from a passage in Catullus, *de Aty*, ver. 66.

Mihi floridis corollis redimita domus erat,
 Linquendum ubi esset orto mihi sole cubiculum.

Fair flowery wreaths around my house are spread,
 When with the rising sun I leave my bed.

202. His ego Daphnim Aggrediar.

Ecl. 8. 102.

203. *A charm I know*] Majus parabo, majus infundam tibi

Fastidienti poculum. Hor. Epod. 5. 77.

So strong the bowl, so deadly is the draught, 203

To me the secret an Assyrian taught.

Now, Cynthia, drive your courfers to the main;

Those ills I can't redress I must sustain.

Farewell, dread Moon, for I have ceas'd my spell,

And all ye Stars, that rule by night, Farewell. 210

206. Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena

Ipse dedit Mœris.

Ecl. 8. 95.

The Assyrians were greatly addicted to magic.

IDYLLIUM III.

AMARYLLIS.

A R G U M E N T.

A Goatherd declares his passion for his mistress Amaryllis, laments her cruelty, commends her charms, solicits her favours, and distracted at the thoughts of not obtaining them, threatens to drown himself, tries experiments to know if she loves him, sings love-songs, and seems resolved to die, and be devoured by wolves.

TO Amaryllis, lovely nymph, I speed,
 Meanwhile my goats along the mountain feed :
 O Tityrus, tend them with assiduous care,
 In freshest pasture, and in purest air ;

This Idyllium affords us a specimen of ancient gallantry, namely, of the *παρὰ τὰν θύρας*, or mournful Song, which excluded Lovers used to sing at the doors of their mistresses : they had two methods of performing this, one was to sing it as they lay on the ground, thus Horace, Ode 10. B. 3. was sung while the lover was *portectus ante fores* ; but this was performed standing, and with great gesticulation of body, and motion of the feet : It is called *Comastes*, which signifies, according to Hesychius, a shepherd that dances and sings at the same time. The turns in this song are very abrupt, sudden and striking, and give us a lively picture of a distracted Lover.

2. Pascuntur vero sylvas & summa Lycæi.

Geor. 3. 314.

3. O Tityrus, &c.] Virgil has translated these three lines ;

D

Tityro,

At evening see them to the watering led, 5
And ware the Libyan ram with butting head.

Sweet Amaryllis!—once how blest my lot
When here you met me in the conscious grot?
I, whom you call'd your Dear, your Love so late,
Say, am I now the object of your hate? 10
Does my flat nose or beard your eyes offend?—
This love will surely bring me to my end—
Lo! ten fair apples, tempting to the view,
Pluck'd from your favourite tree, where late they grew;
Accept this boon, 'tis all my present store— 15
To-morrow shall produce as many more;
Meanwhile these heart-consuming pains remove,
And give me gentle pity for my love—

25 m

Tityre, dum redeo, brevis est via, pasce capellas:

Et potum pastas age, Tityre: & inter agendum

Occurrere capro, cornu ferit ille, caveto. Ecl. 9. 23.

This passage of Virgil, Dr. Martyn thinks, seems to intimate, that he was engaged in translating the Idylliums of our Poet.

6. *The ram*] The Greek is *σπερχας*, which in this place undoubtedly signifies a ram. Thus Homer has *Παριχορτα δ' σπερχας*. *κ. τ. λ.* Fall fifty rams to bleed in sacrifice. POPE's Iliad, B. 23.

Creech and Dryden have rendered it Ridgil: Dryden and Warton also have rendered the word *capro* in Virgil by the same term.

10. Dumque tibi est odio mea fistula, dumque capellæ,

Hirsutumque supercilium, prolixaque barba. Ecl. 8. 33.

12. *This love, &c.*] Mori me denique coges. Ecl. 2. 7.

13. Quod potui, puero sylvestri ex arbore lecta
Aurea mala decem misi: cras altera mittam. Ecl. 3. 70.

were
 Oh! was I made, by some transforming Power,
 A bee to buzz in your sequester'd bower! 20
 To pierce your ivy shade with murmuring sound,
 And the fern leaves which compass you around—
 I know thee, Love, and to my sorrow find
 A God thou art, but of the savage kind;
 A lioness sure suckled the fell child, 25
 Fed with her whelps, and nurs'd him in the wild:
 On me his scorching flames incessant prey,
 Glow in my veins, and melt my soul away—
 Sweet black-ey'd maid! what charms those eyes impart!
 Soft are your looks, but flinty is your heart; 30

20. *A bee to buzz*] The Greek is, *ἡ βομβίσην μέλισσα*, and is very expressive of the sense. See Idyl. I. 137.

22. *And the fern leaves, &c.*] The antient shepherds often made themselves beds of fern, because they imagined that the smell of it would drive away serpents.

23. *I know thee, Love, &c.*] Virgil has,

Nunc scio quid sit Amor: duris in cotibus illum

Ismarus, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes,

Nec nostri generis puerum nec sanguinis edunt. Ecl. 8. 43.

These ideas, not owing their original to rural objects, are not pastoral, and therefore improper: sentiments like these, as they have no ground in nature, are indeed of little value in any poem, but in Pastoral they are particularly liable to censure, because they are more proper for tragic or heroic writings. RAMBLER, Nov. 37.

Pope, endeavouring to copy Virgil, was carried to still greater impropriety;

I know thee Love! on foreign mountains bred,
 Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tygers fed.
 Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born.

With kisses kind this rage of love appease,
 For me the joys of empty kisses please.
 Your scorn distracts me, and will make me tear
 The flowery crown I wove for you to wear,
 Where rose-buds mingled with the ivy-wreath, 35
 And fragrant parsley sweetest odours breathe—
 Ah me! what pangs I feel? and yet the fair
 Nor sees my sorrows, nor will hear my prayer—
 I'll doff my goat-skin, since I needs must die,
 And thence, where Olpis views the scaly fry 40
 Inquisitive, a dire impending steep,
 Headlong I'll plunge into the foamy deep;
 And though perchance I buoyant rise again,
 You'll laugh to see me flouncing in the main—
 By one prophetic orpine-leaf I found 45
 Your chang'd affection, for it gave no sound,

32. *For me, &c.*] Εστι και εν κεινοις φιλαμασι αδια τριψις;
 Exactly the same verse occurs, Idyl. 27. l. 4. Moschus calls it,
 γυμνον το φιλαμα, *a naked kiss*.

35. *Floribus, atque apio crines ornatus amaro.* Ecl. 6. 68.
 The ancients thought that ivy and parsley had the virtue of dis-
 sipating the vapours of wine.

42. *Headlong I'll plunge, &c.*] Virgil has,
 Præceps ærîi speculâ de montis in undas
 Deferar. Ecl. 3. 59.

45. *Orpine*] Τηλεφλλον is probably orpine, a low plant whose
 branches trail on the ground; the leaves are small, roundish, and
 of a glaucous colour, the flowers small and of a whitish green.

Cool violets, and orpine growing still,
 Embathed balm, and cheerful galingale. SPENSER.

Though on my hand struck hollow as it lay,
 But quickly wither'd, like your love, away—
 An old witch brought sad tidings to my ears,
 She who tells fortunes with the sieve and sheers; 50
 For, leasing barley in my fields of late,
 She told me, 'I should love, and you should hate'—
 For you my care a milk-white goat supplied,
 Two wanton kids skip gamesome at her side,
 Which Mermnon's girl, Erithacis the brown, 55
 Has oft petition'd me to call her own;
 And since you thus my ardent passion slight,
 Hers they shall be before to-morrow night—
 My right eye itches; may it lucky prove!
 Perchance I soon shall see the nymph I love; 60
 Beneath yon pine I'll sing distinct and clear—
 Perchance the fair my tender notes may hear;

49. *An old witch*] The Greek is *Αγγοῦ*, and generally taken for a proper name; but Heinsius, with good reason, thinks it should be wrote a *γῆραια*, an old woman. We have a similar passage in the 6th Idyl. ver. 40. *Ταῦτα γὰρ αἱ γῆραια μὲ Κοτυτταρικὴ ἐξιδδάδουσιν*.

For this, the old woman Cottytaris taught me.

50. *Sieve and sheers*] This was another sort of divination.

53. *For you my care, &c.*] Virgil has intirely copied this;

Præterea duo nec tutâ mihi valle reperti

Capreoli sparfis etiam nunc pellibus albo,

Bina die siccant ovis ubera; quos tibi servo.

Jampridem a me illos abducere Thestylis orat;

Et faciet; quoniam sordent tibi munera nostra. Ecl. 2. 40.

59. *My right eye itches*] The palpitation of the right eye was reckoned a lucky omen.

POTTER.

Perchance may pity my melodious moan—
 She is not metamorphos'd into stone—
 Hippomanes, provok'd by noble strife,
 To win a mistress, or to lose his life,
 Threw golden fruit in Atalanta's way,
 The bright temptation caus'd the maid to stay;
 She look'd, she languish'd, all her soul took fire,
 She plung'd into the gulf of deep desire.
 From Othrys' top the bard Melampus came,
 He drove the herd to Pyle, and won the dame;
 Alpheisbee's mother, fam'd for charms
 Of beauty, blest heroic Bias' arms.
 Adonis fed his flocks upon the plain,
 Yet heavenly Venus lov'd the shepherd-swain;

65. *Hippomanes, &c.*] See the story in Ovid's *Met. B. 10. v. 664*.

69. *She look'd, she languish'd, &c.*] The Greek is,

Ὡς ἰδὼν, ὡς ἡμῶν, ὡς ἐξέβαθον ἅλλειν ἰσῶτα!

There is a similar ver. *Idyl. 2. 82*.

Ὡς ἰδὼν, ὡς ἡμῶν, ὡς μὲν περὶ θυμὸς ἰσφθῆ—

Virgil has, *Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error!* *Ecl. 8. 41*.
 Which is, far inferior to the Greek; *abstulit error* is much more languid.

71. *Othrys'*] This was a mountain in Thessaly; which country was famous for such an extraordinary breed of oxen, that Neleus king of Pylus refused to give his daughter in marriage to Melampus king of Tyrius, except he procured him some of them, which he soon after accomplished by the help of his brother Bias.

UNIVER. HIST. vol. vi. p. 215. 8vo.

Tarpia percussus vates est vincla Melampus.

PROP. B. 2. *Ecl. 3.*

She mourn'd him wounded in the fatal chace,
 Nor dead dismiss'd him from her warm embrace.
 Though young Endymion was by Cynthia blest,
 I envy nothing but his lasting rest. 80
 Lâsion too was happy to obtain
 The pleasures too divine for ears profane.

My head grows giddy—love affects me sore;
 Yet you regard not, so I'll sing no more—
 Stretch'd near your grotto, when I've breath'd my last,
 My flesh will give the wolves a rich repast,
 This will be sweet as honey to your taste.

78. *Nor dead dismiss'd him, &c.*] Bion, in his epitaph on Adonis, has a beautiful thought in allusion to this, ver. 45.

Εγχο τυτθον, Αδων, το δ' αυ πυματον με φιλασπον. κ. τ. λ.

Raise, lov'd Adonis, raise thy drooping head,
 And kiss me ere thy parting breath be fled;
 The last fond token of affection give,
 O kiss thy Venus, while the kisses live;
 Till in my breast I draw thy lingering breath,
 And with my lips imbibe thy love in death. F. F.

81. *Lâsion*] The son of Jupiter and Electra; he lay with Ceres, and was by Jupiter struck with thunder;

Scarce could lâsion taste her heavenly charms,
 But Jove's swift lightning scorch'd him in her arms.

POPE'S OD. B. 5.

82. *Ears profane*] Procul, ô, procul este profani. ÆN. B. 6. 256.

84. *You regard not*] Amor non talia curat. Eccl. 180. 28.

87. Hoc juvat, & melli est. HOR. B. 2. Sat. 6. ver. 32.

IDYLLIUM IV.

THE SHEPHERDS.

A R G U M E N T.

We have here a dialogue between Battus a shepherd, and Corydon a neatherd. The beauty of this Idyllium consists in that natural representation of sorrow which the poet makes the herds affected with in the absence of their master: Battus laments the death of Amaryllis. The latter part of this piece is very natural, but too much inclining to rusticity.

BATTUS.

ARE these Philonda's cows that graze the mead?

CORYDON.

No; Ægon's—Ægon gave them me to feed.

BATTUS.

Don't you play false, and milk them by the by?

CORYDON.

My shrewd old master keeps too strict an eye;

Virgil begins his third Eclogue with almost the same words,

1. Dic mihi, Damœta, cujum pecus? an Melibœi?

D. Non, verum Ægonis: nuper mihi tradidit Ægon.

3. Hic alienus oves custos bis mulget in horâ. Ecl. 3. 5.

There was a peculiar kind of theft which the mercenary herdsmen among the antients were guilty of, which was to milk the cattle they tended clandestinely in the absence of their masters: these delinquents were called *αμολγοι*.

The calves he suckles, and prevents the fraud.

5

BATTUS.

But where is Ægon? is he gone abroad?

CORYDON.

What, han't you heard it from the mouth of Fame?

Milo entic'd him to th' Olympic Game.

BATTUS.

Will he engage in that athletic toil,

Who never yet beheld Olympic oil?

10

CORYDON.

Fame says, his strength with Hercules may vie;

BATTUS.

And that stout Pollux is worse man than I.

CORYDON.

He with his spade is gone, at Honour's call,

And twenty sheep to keep himself withal.

10. *Olympic oil*] It was customary for the wrestlers, and other combatants at the Olympic Games, to anoint themselves with oil, not only to render their limbs more supple, but likewise that their antagonists might have no advantage over them.

13. *His spade and sheep*] Casaubon observes, that those who intended to be competitors at the Olympic Games, came thirty days at least before they began, to be trained up and exercised by those who presided over the Games, which lasted five days; so that the combatants remained at Elis near forty, at least five and thirty days: the twenty sheep therefore which Ægon carried with him were for his provision during his stay at Elis, and perhaps for sacrifice, and to entertain his friends. A spade, *κλῆμα*, was the emblem or badge of a wrestler, and therefore painters and sculptors, as Festus Pompeius observes, represented wrestlers with this instrument

BATTUS.

To Milo surely high regard is had;
The wolves at his persuasion will run mad.

CORYDON.

These heifers want him, moaning o'er the meads.

BATTUS.

Alas! they've got a wretched groom indeed.

CORYDON.

Poor beasts, I pity them! they even refrain
To pick the scanty herbage of the plain.

BATTUS.

Yon heifer's bones are all that strike the view;
Say, does she live, like grasshoppers, on dew?

instrument in their hands; his words are; *Rutrum tenentis juvenis*
est effigies in capitollo, ephebi, more Græcorum, arenam ruentis
exercitationis gratiâ; in the capitol there is the effigy of a youth
holding a spade, and, after the Grecian manner, turning the sand
for the sake of exercise.

16. *The wolves.*] The Greek scholiast observes, that madness is
a distemper to which dogs of all animals are most liable: thus
VIRGIL, *Geor.* 3. 456. *Hinc canibus blandis rabies,* Hence gentle
dogs run mad; at least much more so than wolves; therefore, says
Battus, if Milo can prevail on the rustic Egon to go to the Olym-
pic games, he might persuade even wolves to run mad.

17. *These heifers, &c.*] MOSCHUS, *Idyl.* 3. ver. 23. has a pas-
sage extremely similar to this,

Ὅσα δ' ἐστὶν αἴψα, καὶ αἱ βοῖς αἱ ποτὶ ταύροις
πληρομένη γοῶντι, καὶ ἐκ ἐβελοντὶ νύμφαι.

And now each straggling heifer strays alone,

And to the silent mountains makes her moan;

The bulls loud-bellowing o'er the forests rove,

Forfake their pasture, and forget their love.

F. F.

21. ——— vix ossibus hærent.

Ecl. 3. 102.

22. *Dumque thymo pascuntur apes, dum rore cicadæ.* Ecl. 5. 77.

CORYDON.

No, troth ! by Æsar's banks she loves to stray,
 And there I bring her many a lock of hay ;
 And oft she wantons in Latymnus' shades,
 And crops fresh pasture in the opening glades.

BATTUS.

That red bull's quite reduc'd to skin and bone,
 May the Lampriada, when they atone
 The wrath of Juno, sacrifice his mate !
 A wretched offering suits a wretched state.

CORYDON.

And yet on Phycus, or the marsh he feeds,
 Or where Neæthus laves the verdant meads ;
 Where bright-ey'd flowers diffuse their odours round,
 Buckwheat and fleabane bloom, and honey-bells abound.

27. Eheu, quam pingui macer est mihi taurus in arvo ; Ecl. 3.

How lean my bull on yonder clover'd plain. WARTON.

28. *Lampriada*] HEINSIUS takes the *Lampriada* to have been the inhabitants of Lacinium, a promontory not far from Cröton, where there was a celebrated temple erected to Juno—*Attollit se diva Lacinia contra*. Æn. 3. 552. They formerly were opulent, but afterwards reduced to extreme penury and wretchedness.

31. *Saltibus in vacuis pascant, & plena secundum Flumina; muscus ubi & viridissima gramine ripa.* Geor. 3.

34. The Greek is, *Αγριανός, και κνύα, και πωδης μελιττις*. The virgins that attended at the feast held in honour of Ceres, called *Θειμοφορία*, strewed on their beds such herbs as were thought effectual to destroy all appetite for venereal pleasures, as *κνύα*, *fleabane*, *agnus castus*, &c.

See POTTER.

BATTUS.

Alas! these herds will perish on the plain; 35
 While Ægon courts fair Victory in vain;
 His pipe, which sweetest music could produce,
 His pipe too will be spoil'd for want of use.

CORYDON.

No fear of that, for when he went away,
 He left it me, and I can sing and play: 40
 I warble Pyrrhus' songs, and Glauca's lays,
 Zacynthus fair, and healthful Croton praise;
 And proud Lacinium, rising to the east,
 Where Ægon swallow'd fourscore cakes at least:
 There too a bull he boldly dar'd pursue, 45
 Seiz'd by the hoof, and down the mountain drew;
 Then gave it Amaryllis; with glad shout
 The maids approv'd the deed, loud laugh'd the lubber.

BATTUS.

Sweet Amaryllis! though entomb'd you lie,
 With me your memory shall never die: 50
 I lov'd you dearer than my flocks of late,
 And now, alas! I mourn your cruel fate.

40. *I can sing*] ——— & me fecere poetam
 Pierides; sunt & mihi carmina. Ecl. 9. 32.

41. Glauca was a lutanist of Chios, Pyrrhus a Lesbian poet.

44. Horace says of a glutton. ——— Porcius infra,
 Ridiculus totas simul absorbere placentas. B. 2. Sat. 8.

49. *Sweet Amaryllis*] This short elegy on the deceased Amaryllis, late the mistress of Battus, is beautifully introduced on Corydon's mentioning her name.

CORYDON.

Yet courage, friend; to-morrow Fortune's ray
 May shine with comfort, though it lours to-day:
 Hopes to the living, not the dead, remain;
 And the soft season brightens after rain.

BATTUS.

Firm is my trust—but see! these hungry cows
 (White-face, away!) my tender olives browze!

CORYDON.

Away, Cymatha, to the bank! by Jove,
 If I come near you, faith! I'll make you move—
 See! she returns—Oh that I had my pike!
 I'd give the beast a blow she would not like.

BATTUS.

Pray, Corydon, see here! thy aid I beg;
 A long sharp-pointed prick has pierc'd my leg:
 How high these thorns, and spindling brambles grow!
 Do'st see't?—'twas long of her; plague take the cow!

53. *Yet courage*] ———— sed credula vitam

Spes fovet, & melius cras fore semper ait.

TIBUL. B. 2. EL. 6.

And Horace,

——— informes hyemes reducit Jupiter: idem Summovet:

Non, si male nunc & olim Sic erit.

B. 2. Od. 10.

Jove spreads the heavens with dusky clouds;

The clouds he chides away;

To-morrow's sun shall shine serene,

Though Fortune lours to-day!

DUNCOMBE.

61. *Oh that I had my pike*] Unde mihi lapidem? unde sagittas?

HOR. B. 2. SAT. 7.

CORYDON.

Here comes the thorn! your throbbing pain I've found.

BATTUS.

How great the anguish! yet how small the wound!

CORYDON.

These thorny, furzy hills should ne'er be trod
With legs unguarded, and by feet unshod. 70

BATTUS.

Does your old master still persist to prize
His quondam mistress with the jet-black eyes?

CORYDON.

The same, for lately in the wartled ground
In the soft scene of love the carle I found,

BATTUS.

O, nobly done! lascivious old man! 75
Meet match for Satyrs, or salacious Pan.

M

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IDYLLIUM

THE TRAVELLER

A R G U M E N T.

This Idyllium is of the dramatic kind: Comates a goatherd, and Lacon a shepherd, after exchanging some very coarse raileries, a true image of vulgar freedom, contend in singing. The beauty of this piece consists in that air of simplicity in which the shepherds are painted; full of themselves, boastful of favours received, and making sudden transitions agreeable to the desultory genius of uncivilized nature.

COMATES.

MY goats, of Lacon, Sybarite base, take heed;
He stole my goatskin — at a distance feed.

LACON.

Fly, fly, my lambs, these springs — nor longer stay,
Comates comes who stole my flute away.

1. *Sybarite*] Sybaris was once a powerful city of Calabria near Croton, in the bay of Tarentum; the inhabitants were so much addicted to pleasure and effeminacy, that their luxury became a proverb.

COMATES.

What flute, thou servile, Sybaritic brute! 5
 Pray when wast thou e'er master of a flute?
 'Twas all thy pride, with Corydon, to draw
 The rustic rout with scrannel pipes of straw.

LYCON.

The flute which Lycon gave me frank and free:
 But pray, what goatskin did I steal from thee? 10
 What goatskin e'er hadst thou, thou lubber lout?
 It is well known thy master sleeps without.

COMATES.

What Crocyllus bestow'd, of special note,
 When to the nymphs he sacrific'd a goat;
 Thou envied'st me the present, and by theft 15
 Hast basely of the speckled pelt bereft.

5. *What flute*] — aut unquam tibi fistula cerâ
 Juncta fuit? non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas
 Stridenti miserum stipulâ disperdere carmen?

VIRG. Ecl. 3. 25.

8. The Greek is καλαμας αυλει παπικουδι εχοτι, the word παπικουδι seems very expressive of the mean idea Comates had of the shepherd's piping.—MILTON had both Theocritus and Virgil in view.

————— Their lean and flabby songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.

LYCIDAS.

9. — Damcetas dono mihi quam dedit olim. Ecl. 2. 37.

12. *Thy master sleeps*] The antients used to sleep on various sorts of skins; thus in HOMER, Iliad 10. speaking of Diomed,

Ευδ', υπο δ' ἔς γεωτο εἰνοι βοας ἀγχαυλοιο.

A

LACON.

I stole it not, I swear by mighty Pan;
 Comates, thou'rt mistaken in thy man;
 Or may I, seiz'd with instant frenzy, leap
 Headlong from this high rock into the deep. 20

COMATES.

Thy flute I stole not; by the nymphs I swear,
 The fountain-nymphs, to me for ever dear.

LACON.

If I believe thee, goatherd, may I prove
 The desperate pains of Daphnis, pin'd with love:
 Nought now is sacred — yet a kid stake down, 25
 Thou'lt find my skill superior to thy own.

A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;
 A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head. POTT.

20. *Into the deep*] The Greek is *εἰς Κραθίην*, into Crathis, the name of a river near Sybaris.

25. *Nought now is sacred*] This is a proverb that seems to have taken its rise from the following circumstance: Hercules, on his arrival at Dies, a city of Macedonia, saw several people coming out of a temple; and being himself desirous to enter and worship, he enquired to whom it belonged; and being informed it was dedicated to Adonis, he answered, *οὐδὲν ἁγίον*, *nothing is sacred*; for Adonis being no Deity, he did not think him deserving of any honour or worship; by which seems to be meant, things that make a show of something great and sacred, but in reality are nothing but sorry and ridiculous trifles. POTT.

COMATES.

A fow Minerva brav'd; for singin's sake,
I'll lay a kid, if thou a lamb wilt stake.

LACON.

Ah fly old fox! but how can this be fair?
For good sheep's wool who ever sheer'd goat's hair? 30
What booby, blown to folly's utmost pitch,
E'er left an udder'd goat to milk a bitch?

COMATES.

He that's as sure, as thou art to excell,
Though wasps may sing with grasshoppers as well:
But lest thou turn thy challenge to a sham, 35
I'll stake this full-grown goat against thy lamb.

LACON.

Soft, hasty goatherd! let us hence remove
To yon wild olive-shade beside the grove;
There sing thy best, while in pure streams below,
Grateful to swains, the cooling fountains flow; 40
There spring sweet herbs, soft couches wait thy choice,
And there the sprightly grasshoppers rejoice.

27. *A fow, &c.*] Τις ποτ' Ἀθηναίαν ἐπὶ ἡρίσσῃ, an adage that is used, when ignorant people put themselves in competition with men of learning.

32. ——— Τις κακὰν κίβηθ' ἀμείλιχον; VIRGIL has,

———— Idem jungat vulpes & mulgeat hircos. Ecl. 3. 91.

4. Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori;

Hic nemus.

Ecl. 10. 42.

42. ——— Resonant arbuta cicadis.

Ecl. 2. 13.

COMATES.

Hasty I'm not, but greatly vex'd at heart
That thou dar'st brave thy teacher at his art;
Requital base! — Breed hounds, or wolf-whelps breed,
Ungrateful, they'll devour you for the deed. 46

LACON.

Ye goatherds love beyond the truth to stretch;
When learnt I ought of thee, invidious wretch?
But, come, vain boaster, to the grove along,
No more thou'lt challenge shepherds at the song. 50

COMATES.

Here rest we; lo! cyperus decks the ground,
Oaks lend their shade, and sweet bees murmur round
Their honied hives; here two cool fountains spring;
Here merrily the birds on branches sing;
Here pines in clusters more umbrageous grow, 55
Wave high their heads, and scatter cones below.

48. *When learnt I, &c.*] There was a necessity in this place to omit translating four lines in the original, which are infinitely too indelicate for modest ears.

50. *Efficiam posthac ne quenquam voce laceffas.* Ecl. 3. 51.

51. *Lo! cyperus, &c.*] The Greek is — Ταῦτα δρυες, καὶ κυπαρισς,

ὧδε καλὸν βομβεῖν τι ποτὶ σμάνισσι μέλισσαι.

Which occurs in the first Idyllium. See ver. 136.

52. *Bees murmur, &c.*] *Eque sacrâ resonant examina quercu.*

Ecl. 7. 13.

56. *Scatter cones*] The Greek word is, *κωνες*; Virgil has,
Strata jacent passim sua quæque sub arbore poma. Ecl. 7. 54.

LACON.

With me retreat, where skins of lambs I keep,
 Whose wool's a pillow softer far than sleep:
 Thy goat-skins ill with cleanliness agree,
 So rank they smell, nay rather worse than thee. 60
 There to the nymphs I'll crown, delightful toil!
 One bowl of milk, and one of sweetest oil.

COMATES.

Retire with me to more sequester'd bowers,
 There thou shalt rest on fern, and fragrant flowers,
 O'er these the skins of tender kids I'll spread, 65
 A softer far than thine and sweeter bed:
 Eight bowls of milk to Pan, great god, shall foam,
 And eight of honey, and the honey-comb.

LACON.

Agreed: the contest lest thou shouldst evade,
 I'll wait thy summons at thy oaken shade. 70

58. *Softer than sleep*] The Greek is, *υπνω μαλακωτερα*. We find the same expression in the fifteenth Idyl. ver. in the Greek, 125.

Πορφυρεοι δε ταπητες αυου, μαλακωτεροι υπνω,

Virgil has, *somno mollior herba*.

Ecl. 7. 45.

Softer than sleep, seems full as proper a figure as *downy sleep*, which is frequently used by modern poets.

62. *Pocula bina novo spumantia lacte quotannis*,

Craterasque duos statuam tibi pinguis olivi.

Ecl. 5. 67.

64. *Fern*] See the note on ver. 22. Idyl. III.

Fragrant flowers] The Greek is, *γλαχων*, which an eminent botanist informs me is the *burned poppy*.

69. *Nunquam hodiè effugies; veniam quocunque vocaris*. Ecl. 3.

Who shall decide the honours of the day?
Perhaps Lycopas is not far away.

COMATES.

No need of him for judge; for here's as good,
Morfon the keeper of thy master's wood;
He's cleaving faggots.

LACON.

Call the woodman near. 75

COMATES.

Call him thyself, for thou canst make him hear.

LACON.

Friend, hither haste while we in song contest,
And judge impartial who performs the best.

COMATES.

Let merit only thy just judgment guide,
Lean not to mine, or favour Lacon's side. 80
Thurius commits to Lacon's care his sheep;
Eumara's goats of Sybaris I keep.

LACON.

Who ask'd thee, goatherd, of thy tongue too free,
Whether the flock belong'd to him or me?

COMATES.

By Jove, I vow the simple truth I've told; 85
But thou grow'st vain, and scurrilously bold.

77. *Friend, hither haste*] — Ocyus, inquit,
Huc ades, ô Melibœe.

Ecl. 7. 8.

LACON.

Sing on, proud swain, nor thus consume thy breath;
But not, like Sirens, sing thy judge to death.

COMATES.

Me more than Daphnis the chaste Muses love;
Two kids I offer'd in their laurel grove. 90

LACON.

Me Phœbus loves, for him a ram I feed,
Which at the next Carnean feast shall bleed.

COMATES.

Twin-bearing goats I milk; "Ah, hapless swain,
" Alcippe cries, do'st thou their udders drain?"

LACON.

Full twenty presses I with cheese can fill, 95
And have a love-intrigue whene'er I will,

87. *Sing on, &c.*] *Quin age si quid habes, &c.* Ecl. 3. 52.

89. Theocritus, as well as Virgil, lays it down as an indispensable rule to himself, in these *Amœbean verses*, to make the respondent shepherd answer his opponent in exactly the same number of lines: which must be allowed to be extremely difficult in a translation: how I have succeeded must be left to the determination of the candid reader, who, it is hoped, will make proper allowances for such a constraint.

91. *Me Phœbus loves*] *Et me Phœbus amat.* Ecl. 3. 62.

92. *Carnean feast*] This was a festival observed in most of the cities of Greece, in honour of Apollo, surnamed *Carneus*, from one *Carnus* an *Acaranian*, who was instructed by this God in the art of divination, but afterwards murdered by the Dorians; this fact Apollo revenged upon them by a dreadful plague, to avert which they instituted this festival. See POTTER'S *Ant.*

COMATES.

Gay Clearista, when perchance we meet,
Pelts me with apples, and says something sweet.

LACON.

Young Cratidas inspires my heart to glow,
For down his comely neck the lovely tresses flow. 100

COMATES.

Can dog-briar, or anemonies that bloom
In hedges, match with roses in perfume?

LACON.

Can ^{acorns} acorns crude, whose coat is rough and dry,
With the soft fruitage of the chestnut vye?

COMATES.

In yonder juniper there broods a dove, 105
The young, when fledg'd, I'll carry to my love.

LACON.

Soft wool to weave a garment, if I live
To sheer my sheep, to Cratidas I'll give.

COMATES.

Leave those wild olives, kids, and feed below,
Where the rough tamarisks luxuriant grow. 110

97. Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella. Ecl. 3. 64.

99. At mihi sese offert ultro meus ignis Amyntas. Ecl. 3. 66.

100. Long hair was peculiar to the Lacedæmonians; they looked on it as the emblem of liberty, and those who wore it as incapable of committing any illiberal action.

105. Parta meæ Venæri sunt munera; namque notavi

Ipse locum, æriæ quo congressere palumbes. Ecl. 3. 68.

110. Where the rough tamarisks, &c.] See Idyl. I. ver. 16.

LACON.

Conarus, Cymy, leave those oak-crown'd meads,
And pasture eastward, where the white ram feeds,

COMATES.

A cypress pail is mine, and sculptur'd bowl,
I'll keep them for the charmer of my soul.

LACON.

This wolf-dog, to his flock and master true, 115
I'll give my boy, the wild beasts to pursue.

COMATES.

Ye prowling locusts, that devour my fruits,
Touch not my vines, for tender are the shoots.

LACON.

Ye grasshoppers, how I this goatherd vex!
Thus you the reapers of the field perplex. 120

COMATES.

I hate the brush-tail foxes, that by night
Steal Myco's grapes, and then escape by flight.

LACON.

I hate dull beetles, that devour for prey
Philonda's figs, then buzzing wheel away.

COMATES.

Have you forgot, when once beneath my stroke, 125
You writh'd with pain, and ran to yonder oak?

122. *Steal Myce's grapes*] See note of Idyl. I. ver. 56.

LACON.

Yes, faith! but when Eumara lash'd thee well,
And bound with thongs, I readily can tell.

COMATES.

Morfon, who's angry now? — Go, frantic swain,
Go, gather squills to calm your ruffled brain. 130

LACON.

Morfon, I've nettled somebody full sore —
Go, gather sowbread, and be mad no more.

COMATES.

May Himera with milk, and Crathis flow
With wine, and fruit on plants aquatic grow.

LACON.

May Sybaris with honey-streams distill, 135
And maids each morn their urns with honey fill.

COMATES.

My goats on cytifus and wild oats browse,
And rest on arbutus and lentisck boughs.

LACON.

With fragrant balm my sheep are daily fed,
And ivy mixt with roses is their bed. 140

133. Ovid has a similar passage, Met. B. 1. ver. 111,

Flumina jam lactis, jam flumina nectaris ibant.

134. *Plants aquatic*] The Greek is, *οἶα*, which my botanic friend takes to be *water-parsnips*.

135. *Mella fluant illi, ferat & rufus asper amomum.* Ecl. 3.

137. *Florentem cytifum sequitur lasciva capella.* Ecl. 2. 64.

138. *Lentisck*] The Greek is, *σκῆνος*, the tree that produces mastic.

COMATES.

Alcippe charms not, though I sent a dove,
She neither prest my ears, nor kiss'd me for my love.

LACON.

I love with warmest ardor young Eumede,
Who gave me kisses for a pastoral reed.

COMATES.

Can pies contend with nightingales? the owl 145
With swans? but you love discord at your soul.

MORSON.

Cease, Lacon, cease thy song; for I decree
The lamb, Comates, as thy due, to thee:
Go, to the nymphs the welcome offering make,
And let thy Morson of the feast partake. 150

COMATES.

By mighty Pan, thou shalt, auspicious boy;
See how my goats leap wantonly for joy!
I too will leap, victorious as I am,
And laugh at Lacon, since I've gain'd the lamb.
Rejoice, my kids, for in the cooling wave 155
Of Sybaris to-morrow ye shall lave.

142. *Prest my ears*] There was a particular sort of kiss, which is called by Suidas *χύρρον*, the pot, when they took the person, like a pot, by both his ears: it is mentioned by Tibullus,

————— Natusque parenti

Oscula comprensis auribus eripiet.

B. 2. Eleg. 5.

145. *Can pies, &c.*] Certent & cynis ululæ.

Ecl. 8. 55.

155. *In the cooling wave, &c.*] Ipse, ubi tempus erit, omnes in fonte lavabo.

Ecl. 3. 97.

Yon butting, wanton goat I must forbid,
 Till I have sacrific'd, to touch a kid—
 What ruttish still! — your courage I'll abate,
 Or may I suffer poor Melanthius' fate. 160

160. *Melanthius' fate*] The fate of Melanthius, one of the suitors of Penelope, is thus described by Homer. See his *Odysey*, B. 22. as translated by Mr. Pope.

Then forth they led Melanthius, and began
 Their bloody work : they lopp'd away the man,
 Morfel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen sheers
 The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears;
 His hands and feet next felt the cruel steel :
 He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to hell.

IDYLLIUM VI.

THE HERDSMEN.

A R G U M E N T.

Damœtas and Daphnis drive their herds together into one place, and sing alternately the passion of Polyphemus for Galatea. Daphnis begins first, and addresses himself to Damœtas, as to the Cyclops; Damœtas answers him, as in the person of Polyphemus. Galatea's love is described from her wanton actions, and Polyphemus's obduracy from his neglect of the Sea-Nymph. This Idyllium is inscribed to Aratus, who was the friend of Theocritus, and supposed to be the author of an astronomical poem, called *Arati Phœnomena*.

DAMÆTUS and young Daphnis, tuneful swains,
Late fed their herds, Aratus, on the plains;
The first was ruddy with a golden beard;
On Daphnis' cheek scarce doubtful down appear'd.
Fast by the margin of a murmuring spring, 5
'Midst noon-tide heat, they thus essay'd to sing.
And, while their cattle sought the cooling wave,
First Daphnis sung, for he the challenge gave.

1. *Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unum.*

VIR. Ecl. 7. 2.

DAPHNIS.

O Polyphemus, while your flocks you keep,
 With apples Galatea pelts your sheep, 10
 And calls you goatherd, and ungrateful swain,
 Meanwhile you pipe in sweetly warbled strain,
 Nor see the wild nymph, senseless as a log;
 And lo! again she pelts your faithful dog:
 Lift! lift! he barks, and in a strange amaze 15
 His dancing shadow in the sea surveys:
 Ah! call him back, lest on the maid he leap,
 And tear her limbs emerging from the deep.
 Lo! where she wantons, frolic, light and fair,
 As down of bearsfoot in soft summer air; 20
 And, still impell'd by strange, capricious Fate,
 Flies those that love, and follows those that hate.
 In vain the blandishments of love she plies,
 For faults are beauties in a lover's eyes.
 Thus Daphnis sung, Damocetas thus reply'd: 25

DAMOETAS.

By mighty Pan, the wily nymph I spy'd
 Pelting my flock, I saw with this one eye—
 May heaven preserve its lustre till I die:

10. *With apples, &c.*] See Idyl. V. ver. 97.

12. *Meanwhile you pipe, &c.*] — Tu, Tityre, lentus in umbrâ
 Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida sylvas. Ecl. 1.

20. *Bearsfoot*] *Ανάρδα*; see MARTYN's note on Geor. B. 4. 123.

22. *Flies those that love, &c.*] Horace has a passage similar to this,
 — Meus est amor huic similis, nam

Transvolat in medio posita, & fugientia captat. B. 1. Sat. 2.

Though Telemus presages ills to come;
 Let him reserve them for his sons at home. 30
 To teaze, I seem regardless of her game,
 And drop some items of another flame:
 Soon to her ears the spreading rumour flies,
 For envy then and jealousy she dies;
 And furious, rising from her azure waves, 35
 She searches all my folds, and all my caves:
 And then my dog, obedient to command,
 Barks as she walks, and bays her off the strand:
 For when I lov'd, he wagg'd his tail with glee,
 Fawn'd, whin'd, and loll'd his head upon her knee. 40
 This practice shortly will successful prove,
 She'll surely send me tidings of her love.

29. *Though Telemus, &c.*] Polyphemus, in the 9th Book of Homer's *Odyssey*, gives an account of Telemus, which I beg leave to lay before the reader in Mr. Pope's translation, ver. 593.

Th' astonish'd savage with a roar replies:

Oh heav'ns! oh faith of antient prophecies!

This Telemus Eurymedes foretold,

(The mighty seer who on these hills grew old;

Skill'd the dark fate of mortals to declare,

And learn'd in all wing'd omens of the air)

Long since he menac'd, such was Fate's command;

And nam'd Ulysses as the destin'd hand.

30. *Dii capiti ipsius generique reservent.* Æt. B. 8. 484.

39. *He wagg'd his tail with glee, &c.*] Horace, speaking of Cerberus fawning upon Bacchus, expresses himself almost in the same words, ————— Leniter atterens

Caudam, & recedentis trilingui

Ore pedes, tetigitque crura.

B. 2. Od. 19.

But I'll exclude this sea-jilt, till she swears
 To press with me the bed herself prepares.
 Nor am I so deform'd, for late I stood,
 And view'd my face in ocean's tranquil flood;
 My beard seem'd fair, and comely to the sight;
 My eye, though single, sparkling, full and bright:
 My teeth array'd in beauteous order shone,
 Well-match'd, and whiter than the Parian stone.
 And lest enchantment should my limbs infest,
 I three times dropt my spittle on my breast;
 This charm I learnt from an old sorceress' tongue,
 Who harvest-home at Hipocoon's sung.

45. *Nor am I so deform'd, &c.*] Nothing can be better fancied than to make this enormous son of Neptune use the sea for his looking-glass; but is Virgil so happy when his little landman says,

Non sum adeo informis: nuper me in littore vidi,

Cum placidum ventis staret mare?

Ecl. 2. 25.

His wonderful judgment for once deserted him, or he might have retained the sentiment with a slight change in the application.

HURD'S Letter on the marks of imitation.

Ovid also imitates this passage in his *Metam.* B. 13. ver. 840.

Certè ego me novi, liquidæque in imagine vidi

Nuper aquæ: placuitque mihi mea forma videnti.

50. *Whiter than the Parian stone*] Horace has,

Glyceræ nitor

Splendentis Pario marmore purius.

B. 1. Od. 19,

52. The antients imagined that spitting in their bosoms three times (which was a sacred number, see note on *Idyl.* II. ver. 51.) would prevent fascination.

53. *An old sorceress*] The Greek is a *γῆρας σοῦτταρις*, which all the interpreters have taken for a proper name, whereas it undoubtedly signifies

Damœtas ended, and with eager joy 55
 Daphnis embrac'd, and kiss'd the blooming boy;
 Then gave, as best his sprightly taste might suit,
 A pipe melodious, and receiv'd a flute.
 Damœtas deftly on the flute could play,
 And Daphnis sweetly pip'd, and caroll'd to his lay: 60
 Their heifers gambol'd on the grass-green fields;
 In singing neither conquers, neither yields.

signifies an enchantress or forcerefs; for Horace calls the magical arts, which Canidia makes use of, Cotyttia; See Canidia's answer.

Inultus ut tu riferis Cotyttia
 Vulgata, sacrum liberi Cupidinis?

Safely shalt thou Cotytto's rites

Divulge, and lawless Love's delights?

DUNCOMBE.

Cotys, as Dacier observes, was the Goddess that presided over enchantments and all the abominations that were practised in Greece and Thrace. See JUVENAL, Sat. 2. ver. 91.

54. *Who harvest-home, &c.*] This verse occurs Idyl. X. ver. 16.

59. *Tu calamos inflare leves, ego dicere versus.* Ecl. 5. 2.

61. *Their heifers gambol'd, &c.*] Horace has the same thought,
 Ludit herbofo pecus omne campo, &c. B. 3. Od. 18.

In pastures all the cattle sport,

Soon as returns thy hallow'd day;

To meads the vacant hinds resort,

And, round th' unharness'd oxen, play.

DUNCOMBE.

has
but
Tha
edow
fore,
that

IDYLLIUM VII.

THALYSIA, OR, THE VERNAL VOYAGE.

A R G U M E N T.

This is a narration of a journey which Theocritus, along with two friends, took to Alexandria; as they are travelling, they happen to meet with the Goatherd Lycidas, with whom they join company, and entertain each other with singing. Our poet had contracted a friendship, in the isle of Cos, with Praxidamus and Antigenes, who invited him into the country to celebrate the feast of Ceres. The Thalyfia was a sacrifice offered by husbandmen, after harvest, in gratitude to the gods, by whose blessing they enjoyed the fruits of the earth.

WHEN Eucritus and I, with one consent,
Join'd by Amyntas, from the city went,
And in our progress, meditating slow,
March'd where the waters of Halenta flow:

This Idyllium is called ΘΑΛΥΣΙΑ, ἢ ΕΑΡΙΝΗ ΟΔΟΠΛΟΙΑ, which has always been translated THALYSIA, OR, THE VERNAL JOURNEY, but certainly very absurdly, as it implies a contradiction, the Thalyfia being celebrated in autumn. Heinsius has proved, that οδοπλοια signifies ο πλους, a navigation or voyage; this poem, therefore, may be stiled the *Vernal Voyage of Aganax*: It is well known that the antients undertook no voyages but in the spring or autumn.

Antigenes and Phrafidamus, names 5
 Renown'd afar, for each bright honour claims,
 The sons of Lycopéus, at the shrine
 Of fruitful Ceres offer'd rites divine :
 In their rich veins the blood divinely roll'd
 Of Clytia virtuous, and of Chalcon bold ; 10
 Chalcon, supreme of Cos, at whose command
 The Burine fountain flow'd, and fertiliz'd the land ;
 Near it tall elms their amorous arms inwove
 With poplars pale, and form'd a shady grove.
 Scarce had we measur'd half our destin'd way, 15
 Nor could the tomb of Brasilas survey ;

turn ; the vernal navigation was called *scapum*, and the other *Supum* ; Lycidas therefore, the preceding spring, had composed a poem on the vernal voyage of his friend, which, as they are travelling on the road, he repeats : It contains the most ardent wishes and vows for his safety, and seems to have given Horace the hint for his third Ode of the first book, on Virgil's voyage.

10. *Of Clytia, &c.*] The Scholiast says, that Clytia was the daughter of Merops, and married to Eurypilus, king of the Coans, who was contemporary with Hercules ; she was the mother of Chalcon. Homer mentions Eurypilus as king of Cos ;

Cos, where Eurypilus posselt the sway
 Till great Alcides made the realms obey. POPE'S II. B. I.

13. ——— Hic candida populus antro
 Imminet, & lentæ texunt umbracula vites. Ecl. 9. 41.
 Here, o'er the grotto, the pale poplar weaves
 With blushing vines, a canopy of leaves. WARTON.

15. *Scarce had we measur'd half our destin'd way, &c.*]
 Hinc adeo media est nobis via : namque sepulchrum
 Incipit apparere Bianoris. Ecl. 9. 59.

Ancient tombs were usually placed by the road side ; hence the expression, *fiste viator*, which is absurdly introduc'd into modern epitaphs not placed in such situations.

When, travelling on the road, we chanc'd to meet
 The tuneful goatherd, Lycidas, of Crete;
 His very looks confest his trade; you'd swear
 The man a goatherd by his gait and air: 20
 His shoulders broad a goatskin white-array'd,
 Shaggy and rough, which smelt as newly slay'd;
 A thread-bare mantle wrapt his breast around,
 Which with a wide-wove surcingle he bound:
 In his right hand, of rough wild-olive made, 25
 A rustic crook his steps securely stay'd;
 A smile serenely cheer'd his gentle look,
 And thus, with pleasure in his eye, he spoke:
 ' Whither, Simichidas, so fast away,
 ' Now when meridian beams inflame the day? 30
 ' Now when green lizards in the hedges lie,
 ' And crested larks forsake the fervid sky.

29. Quo te, Mœri, pedes? an, quo via ducit, in urbem? Ecl. 9. 1.
Simichidas.] The grammarians have puzzled themselves to find out who this Simichidas was; it is strange they did not recollect a passage of Theocritus, in his poem called the Syrinx, where he claims this appellation to himself:

Ω, τοδὲ τυφλοφορὸν ἱρατοῖ

Παρις Παριῖ δὲ το Σιμιχίδας

τυχαῖ. Cui (Pari) hunc peras-portantium amabilem thesaurum

Paris posuit Simichidas animo; where, in a mystical manner, he confesses Simichidas and Theocritus to be the same person: Paris and Theocritus are the same; for Paris, when he was made judge of the beauty of the three goddesses, was THEOCRITUS, that is, Θειοκρίτης: Thus Paris metaleptically is taken for Theocritus. HEINSIUS.

31. Now when green lizards, &c.] The green lizard is very com-

- ' Say, does the proffer'd feast your haste excite,
 ' Or to the wine-press some old friend invite ?
 ' For such your speed, the pebbles on the ground, 35
 ' Dash'd by your clogs, at every step resound !"

Then I; " Dear Lycidas, so sweet your strains,

- " You shame the reapers and the shepherd-swains ;
 " Your pipe's fam'd numbers, tho' they please me well,
 " Hope spurs me on to rival, or excell : 40
 " We go great Ceres' festival to share ;
 " Our honour'd friends the sacred rites prepare :
 " To her they bring the first fruit of their store,
 " For with abundance she has blest their floor.
 " But since, my friend, we steer one common way, 45
 " And share the common blessings of the day,
 " Let us, as thus we gently pace along,
 " Divert the journey with bucolic song.

mon in Italy ; it is larger than our common *est*, or *swift* : this circumstance strongly marks the time of the day.——Virgil imitates the passage,

Nunc virides etiam occultant spineta lacertos. Ecl. 2. 9.

36. *Dash'd by your clogs, &c.*] The Greek is *αβυλιδισσι* : *αβυλη* was a kind of wooden shoe armed with iron nails, peculiar to the Bœotians, with which they used to tread the grapes in the wine-press.

44. *For with abundance, &c.*] ——Neque illum

Flava Ceres alto nequicquam spectat Olympo.

Georg. B. 1. 95.

47 Cantantes licet usque, minus via lædet, eamus. Ecl. 9. 64.

" Me the fond swains have honour'd from my youth,
 " And call the Muses' most melodious mouth; 50
 " They strive my ears incredulous to catch
 " With praise, in vain; for I, who ne'er can match
 " Sicelidas, or sweet Philetas' song,
 " Croak like a frog the grasshoppers among."

Thus with alluring words I sooth'd the man, 55
 And thus the goatherd, with a smile, began:

' Accept this crook, small token of my love,
 ' For sure you draw your origin from Jove!

49. *Me the fond swains, &c.*] — Et me fecere poetam
 Pierides: sunt & mihi carmina: me quoque dicunt
 Vatem pastores, sed non ego credulus illis. Ecl. 9. 32.

52. *I, who ne'er can match, &c.*] Virgil follows very close;
 Nam neque adhuc Varo videor, nec dicere Cinnâ
 Digna, sed argutos inter strepere anser olores. Ecl. 9. 35.

53. *Sicelidas.*] That is, Asclepiades, the son of *Sicelidas*; the
 father's name is put for the son's: he was a Samian poet, a writer
 of epigrams. Philetas was of Cos. Both these are mentioned in
 that beautiful idyllium which Moschus wrote on the death of Bion;
 indeed this mention is in the six verses which were wanting in the
 antient editions of that poet, and which are supposed to have been
 supplied by Marcus Musurus of Crete; though Scaliger affirms that
 they were written by Moschus:

Sicelidas, the Samian shepherd sweet,
 And Lycidas, the blithest bard of Crete,
 Whose sprightly looks erst spoke their hearts elate,
 Now sorrowing mourn thy sad untimely fate;
 Mourns too Philetas' elegiac muse. F. F.

57 *Accept this crook, &c.*] At tu fume pedum. Ecl. 5. 88.

- ' I scorn the builder, who, to show his skill,
 ' Rears walls to match Oromedon's proud hill; 60
 ' Nor do those poets merit more regard
 ' Who dare to emulate the Chian bard.
 ' Since songs are grateful to the shepherd swain,
 ' Let each rehearse some sweet bucolic strain;
 ' I'll sing those lays (and may the numbers please) 65
 ' Which late last spring I labour'd at my ease.'
 " Oh may Ageanax, with prosperous gale,
 To Mitylene, the pride of Lesbos, sail!

60. *Oromedon.*] This was the name of a mountain in the island of Cos, which seems to have taken its appellation from a giant who was slain and buried there. Propertius mentions Oromedon as one of the giants who waged war against the gods;

————— Canam cœloque minantem
 Cœum, & Phlegraeis Oromedonta jugis. B. 3. El. 8.
 Oromedon on Phlegra's heights I'll sing;
 And Cœus threatening heaven's eternal king.

61. *Nor do those poets, &c.*] The literal sense of the original is, as Heinſius obſerves; *And thoſe birds, or cocks of the muſes, (poets) that pretend to rival the Chian cock, or bard, (Homer) ſtrive to no purpoſe:* for the word *οἰς* and *αἰδῶς* means the ſame thing: Theocritus calls Homer the *Chian bard or cock*, in the ſame manner as Horace ſtiles Varius the *cock of the Mæonian ſong*, or the prince of Epic Poetry:

Scriberis Vario fortis, & hoſtium
 Viſtor Mæonii carminis alite. B. 1. Ode 6.

This paſſage of Theocritus might, perhaps, be thus tranſlated:
 Nor do thoſe muſe-cocks merit more regard,
 Who crow defiance to the Chian bard.

65. Imo hæc, in viridi nuper quæ cortice fagi
 Carmina deſcripſi, & modulans alterna notavi,
 Experiar. Ecl. 5. 13.

66. *Last ſpring.*] The Greek is *ἡ ὄρε*, in a mountain; inſtead of which, Heinſius rightly reads *ἡ ὥρε*, in the Spring; for *ὥρε* ſometimes ſignifies *to ſow the ſpring*.

Though now the south winds the vext ocean sweep,
 And stern Orion walks upon the deep; 70
 So will he soothe those love-consuming pains
 That burn my breast and glow within my veins.
 May Halcyons smooth the waves, and calm the seas,
 And the rough south-east sink into a breeze;
 Halcyons, of all the birds that haunt the main, 75
 Most lov'd and honour'd by the Nereid train.
 May all things smile propitious while he sails!
 To the wish'd port convey him safe, ye gales!

70. *And stern Orion, &c.*] ———— *Quam magnus Orion,
 Cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei
 Stagna, viam scindens, humero supereminet undas.*

Æn. 10. 763.

So through mid ocean when Orion strides,
 His bulk enormous tow'rs above the tides.

PITT.

Mr. Warton observes, that Virgil has not borrowed this thought from Homer: But does he not seem to have taken it from Theocritus?

73. *May Halcyons.*] The fable of Ceyx and his wife Halcyone being turned into birds, is beautifully related in the eleventh book of Ovid's *Metamorph.* The mutual love of these persons subsisted after their change; in honour of which the gods are said to have ordained, that while they sit on their nest, which floats on the sea, there should be no storm;

————— *Alcyone compress,*
 Seven days sits brooding on her floating nest,
 A wintery queen: her fire at length is kind,
 Calms every storm, and hushes every wind;
 Prepares his empire for his daughter's ease,
 And for his hatching nephews smooths the seas. DRYDEN.

Then shall my brows with violets be crown'd,
 Or dill sweet-smelling, or with roses bound : 80
 Before the hearth I'll quaff the Ptelean bowl ;
 Parch'd beans shall stimulate my thirsty soul :
 High as my arms the flowery couch shall swell
 Of flea-bane, parsley, and sweet asphodell.
 Mindful of dear Ageanax, I'll drink, 85
 Till to the lees the rosy bowl I sink.
 Two shepherds sweetly on the pipe shall play,
 And Tityrus exalt the vocal lay ;

81. Ante focum, si frigus erit ; si messis, in umbrâ ;
 Vina novum fundam calathis arvisia nectar. Ecl. 5. 70.

In winter shall the genial feast be made
 Before the fire ; by summer in the shade. DRYDEN.

The antients held three things requisite towards indulging their genius, namely, *a good fire, wine, and music* : Lycidas promises himself these three blessings, if Ageanax is favoured with a prosperous voyage. HEINSIUS.

84. *Flea-bane.*] See note on Idyl. 4. 34. *Asphodell*, or the *day-lily* : Asphodells were by the antients planted near burying places, in order to supply the manes of the dead with nourishment.

JOHNSON'S Dict.

By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of Asphodell. POPE'S St. Cecilia.

86. *Till to the lees, &c.*] At entertainments, when they drank healths, it was usual to drain the vessel they drank out of as far as the sediment : thus Horace, B. 3. Ode 15, addressing himself to an antient lady, says, it did not become her to empty the vessel of wine to the lees ; *nec poti vutulam face tenuis eadi.*

87. Cantabunt mihi Damœtas, & Lyctius Ægon. Ecl. 5. 72.

Shall sing how Daphnis the coy damsel lov'd,
 And, her pursuing, o'er the mountains rov'd; 90
 How the rough oaks bewail'd his fate, that grow
 Where Himera's meandering waters flow;
 While he still urg'd o'er Rhodope his flight,
 O'er Hæmus, Caucasus, or Atho's height,
 And, like the snow that on their tops appears, 95
 Dissolv'd in love, as that dissolves in tears.
 Next he shall sing the much-enduring hind
 By his harsh lord in cedar chest confin'd;
 And how the honey bees, from roseat bowers,
 Sustain'd him with the quintessence of flowers; 100
 For on his lips the Muse her balm distill'd,
 And his sweet mouth with sweetest nectar fill'd.
 O blest Comatas! nobly hast thou sped,
 Confin'd all spring, to be with honey fed!

89. *The coy damsel.*] The Greek is, *Ἥμερα*, and commonly understood as a proper name, but HEINSIUS observes, that it is here only appellative, and signifies *a certain damsel*; as *ἔτιος Ἀθηναίος* is Atheniensis quidam, *a certain Athenian*: the mistress of Daphnis was named Echenais. See note on Idyl. 1. 107.

91. *Illum etiam lauri, illum etiam flevire myricæ.*

Ecl. 10. 13.

92. *Where Himera.*] See note on Idyl. 1. 71.

93. *Rhodope, Atho, &c.*] Virgil imitates this passage twice:

Aut Tmarus, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes.

Ecl. 8. 44.

Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia.

Geor. 1. 332.

The

O had'st thou liv'd in these auspicious days! 105
 I'd drive thy goats on breezy hills to graze,
 While thou should'st under oaken shades recline,
 Or sweetly chant beneath the verdant pine."

He sung—and thus I answer'd: ' Friendly swain,
 ' Far other numbers me the wood-nymph train 110
 ' Taught, when my herds along the hills I drove,
 ' Whose fame, perchance, has reach'd the throne of Jove.
 ' Yet, for thy sake, the choicest will I chuse;
 ' Then lend an ear, thou darling of the Muse!'

" On me bland Cupids sneez'd, who Myrto love 115
 Dearly, as kids the spring-embellish'd grove:
 Aratus too, whose friendship is my joy,
 Aratus fondly loves the beauteous boy:
 And well Aristis, to the Muses dear,
 Whose lyre Apollo would vouchsafe to hear, 120

The disjunctive particle *aut*, in each verse, is thrice repeated agreeable to Theocritus,

Η Αὐτῷ, ἢ Ποδῶναι, ἢ Καυκάσῳ.

105. Atque utinam ex vobis unus, vestrique fuisset
 Aut custos gregis, &c. Ecl. 10. 35.

115. *Cupids sneez'd.*] Some sneezes were reckoned profitable, others prejudicial: Casaubon observes, that sneezing was a disease, or at least a symptom of some infirmity; and therefore, when any one sneezed, it was usual to say, Ζῆδι, *May you live*; or Ζαυ σάσω, *God bless you*. See POTTER's Antiq. ch. 17.

117. *Aratus.*] Supposed to be the author of the Phenomena.

And well Aristis knows, renown'd for truth,
 How fond Aratus loves the blooming youth.
 O Pan! whom Omole's fair mountain charms,
 Place him, uncall'd, in dear Aratus' arms!
 Whether Philinus, or some softer name;
 Then may Arcadian youths no longer maim,
 With scaly squills, thy shoulders or thy side,
 When in the chace no venison is supply'd.
 But may'st thou, if thou dar'st my boon deny,
 Torn by fell claws, on beds of nettles lie,

125

130

123. *Omole.*] A mountain of Thessaly, near Othrys, the seat of the Centaurs. See VIRG. *Æn.* B. 7. 674.

126. It was usual for the antient heathens to treat the images of their gods well or ill, just as they fancied they had been used by them: in like manner the modern Indians chastise their idols with scourges whenever any calamity befalls them. There is a passage in Anacreon, Ode 10, where a rustic thus addresses a little waxen image of Cupid;

This instant, Love, my breast inspire,
 There kindle all thy gentle fire;
 But, if thou fail'st to favour me,
 I swear I'll make a fire of thee.

F. F.

Pan had a festival in Arcadia, the country he chiefly delighted in, at which the Arcadians, if they missed of their prey in hunting, in anger at the god whom they reputed the president of that sport, used to beat his statue with squills, or sea onions.

POTTER's Ant. ch. 20.

All the cold winter freeze beneath the pole
 Where Hebrus' waves down Edon's mountains roll;
 In summer, glow in Æthiopia's fires,
 Where under Blemyan rocks scorch'd Nile retires.
 Leave, O ye Loves, whose cheeks out-blush the rose! 135
 The meads where Hyetis and Byblis flows,
 To fair Dione's sacred hill remove,
 And bid the coy Philinus glow with love.
 Though as a pear he's ripe, the women say,
 Thy bloom, alas! Philinus, fades away! 140
 No more, Aratus, let us watch so late,
 Nor nightly serenade before his gate:

131. Nec si frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
 Sithoniaeque nives hiemis subeamus aquosæ:
 Nec si, cum moriens altâ liber aret in ulmo,
 Æthiopum versemus oves sub fidere Cancrî. Ecl. 10. 65.

Thus also Horace, B. 1. Ode 22. *Pone me pigris, &c.*

Place me where no soft summer gale
 Among the quivering branches sighs,
 Where clouds, condens'd, for ever veil
 With horrid gloom the frowning skies:

Place me beneath the burning zone,
 A clime deny'd to human race;

My flame for Lalagé I'll own;

Her voice and smiles my song shall grace. DUNCOMBE.

132. *Hebrus, and Edon.*] A river, and mountain of Thrace.

140. *Thy bloom, alas! &c.*] Thus Anacreon, Ode 11th, Ἀνὰ νύκτα

ὑπὸ φάει.

Oft, with wanton smiles and jeers,
 Women tell me I'm in years.

But in this school let some unmeaning sot
Toil when the first cock crows, and hanging be his lot,
Rest be our portion ! and, with potent charm, 145
May some enchantress keep us free from harm !"

I sung: he view'd me with a smiling look;
And for my song presented me his crook:
Then to the left he turn'd, through flowery meads,
The winding path-way that to Pyxa leads; 150
While with my friends I took the right-hand road
Where Phrasidamus makes his sweet abode;
Who courteous bad us on soft beds recline
Of lentisk, and young branches of the vine;
Poplars and elms above, their foliage spread, 155
Lent a cool shade, and wav'd the breezy head;
Below, a stream, from the Nymphs' sacred cave,
In free meanders led its murmuring wave:
In the warm sun-beams, verdant shrubs among,
Shrill grasshoppers renew'd their plaintive song: 160

150. *Pyxa*.] This is supposed to be a city in the island of Cos.

154. *Lentisk*.] See Idyl. 5. 138.

160. *Shrill grasshoppers*.] I am aware that the Greek word, τέρτιξ, and the Latin *cicada*, means a different insect from our grasshopper; for it has a rounder and shorter body, is of a dark green colour, sits upon trees, and makes a noise five times louder than our grasshopper; it begins its song as soon as the sun grows hot, and continues singing till it sets: its wings are beautiful, being streaked with silver, and marked with brown spots; the outer wings are twice as long as the inner, and more variegated; yet, after the example of Mr. Pope, (see *Iliad* 3. ver. 200.) I retain the usual term.

At distance far, conceal'd in shades, alone,
 Sweet Philomela pour'd her tuneful moan:
 The lark, the goldfinch warbled lays of love,
 And sweetly pensive coo'd the turtle dove:
 While honey-bees, for ever on the wing, 165
 Humm'd round the flowers, or sipt the silver spring.
 The rich, ripe season gratified the sense
 With summer's sweets, and autumn's redolence.
 Apples and pears lay strew'd in heaps around,
 And the plum's loaded branches kiss'd the ground.
 Wine flow'd abundant from capacious tuns,
 Matur'd divinely by four summers suns,
 Say, nymphs of Castaly! for ye can tell,
 Who on the summit of Parnassus dwell,
 Did Chiron e'er to Hercules produce 175
 In Pholus' cave such bowls of generous juice?

164. Nec gemere aëriâ cessabit turtur ab ulmo. Ecl. 1. 59.

167. ——— Tuis hic omnia plena

Muneribus; tibi pampineo gravidus autumnus

Floret ager; spumat plenis vindemia labris GEOR. 2. 5.

Here all the riches of thy reign abound;

Each field replete with blushing autumn glows,

And in deep tides for thee the foaming vintage flows.

WARTON.

172. *By four summers.*] Horace has, *quadrimum merum*,

B. 1. Ode 9.

175. *Chiron, and Pholus.*] Two Centaurs: Chiron is said to have taught Æsculapius physic, Apollo music, and Hercules astronomy, and was tutor to Achilles.

Did Polypheme, who from the mountain's steep
 Hurl'd rocks at vessels sailing on the deep,
 E'er drain the goblet with such nectar crown'd,
 Nectar that nimbly made the Cyclops bound, 180
 As then, ye Nymphs! at Ceres' holy shrine
 Ye mix'd the milk, the honey, and the wine,
 O may I prove once more that happy man
 In her large heaps to fix the purging fan!
 And may the goddess smile serene and bland, 185
 While ears of corn, and poppies grace her hand.

178. *Hurl'd rocks.*] A larger rock then heaving from the plain,
 He whirl'd it round; it sung across the main;
 It fell and brush'd the stern; the billows roar,
 Shake at the weight, and resurgent beat the shore.

POPE'S *Odys.* B. 9.

180. *Made the Cyclops bound.*] Horace seems to allude to this,
 Pastorem saltaret uti Cyclopa rogabat. B. 1. Sat. 5.

182. Cui tu lacte favos, & miti dilue Baccho. GEOR. B. 1. 344.
 Mix honey sweet, with milk and mellow wine.

WARTON.

IDYLLIUM VIII.

THE BUCOLIC SINGERS.

A R G U M E N T.

A contest in singing, between the shepherd Menalcas and the neatherd Daphnis, is related; a goatherd is chosen judge; they stake down their pastoral pipes as the reward of victory; the prize is decreed to Daphnis. In this Idyllium, as in the fifth, the second speaker seems to follow the turn of thought used by the first. Dr. Spence observes, there are persons in Italy, and particularly in Tuscany, named *Improvisatori*, who are like the shepherds in Theocritus, surprisingly ready at their answers, *respondere parati*, and go on speech for speech alternately, *alternis dicetis, amant alterna camenæ*. This Idyllium is addressed to his friend Diophantus.

DAPHNIS, MENALCAS, GOATHERD,

DEAR Diophantus, some few days ago,
Menalcas, on the mountain's breezy brow,

Ver 1. *Dear Diophantus.*] The Greek is, *Μαλα νιμωι (ως φαντι)* [κατ' ὤρια μακρὰ Μινάλκας· the expression *ως φαντι*, *as they say*, seems very flat, and not correspondent with the native elegance of Theocritus: and

By chance met Daphnis bonny, blithe, and fair;
 This fed his herds, and that his fleecy care.
 Both grac'd with golden tresses, both were young, 5
 Both sweetly pip'd, and both melodious sung:
 Then first Menalcas, with complacent look,
 Survey'd the master of the herd, and spoke:

MENALCAS.

Daphnis, thou keeper of the bellowing kine!
 Wilt thou to me the palm of song resign? 10
 Or try thy skill, and then thy master own?
 Thus Daphnis answer'd:

DAPHNIS.

Thou sheep-tending clown,
 Poor-piping shepherd! sing'st thou e'er so well,
 Thou can'st not Daphnis at the song excell.

and therefore the learned and ingenious John Pierſon (ſee his *Veriſimilia*, p. 46.) propoſes to read, Μαλα νικων, Διοφαντι, κατ' ορια x. τ. λ. obſerving that Theocritus inſcribes ſeveral Idylliums to his intimate friends; for inſtance, he addreſſes the 6th to Aratus; the 11th and the 13th to Nicias the phyſician, and to this ſame Diophanthus the 21ſt. This very plauſible emendation I have followed in my tranſlation. That the librarians often obliterated proper names will appear in the note on ver. 55 of this Idyllium. Virgil imitates this paſſage;

Compulerantque greges Corydon & Thyrsis in unum;

Thyrsis oves, Corydon diſtentas lacte capellas:

Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo:

Et cantare pares, & reſpondere parati.

Ecl. 7. 2.

6. Tu calamos inflare leves, ego dicere verſus.

Ecl. 5. 2.

MENALCAS.

Stake then some wager; let us trial make: 15

DAPHNIS.

I'll make the trial, and the wager stake.

MENALCAS.

What shall we lay, to equal our renown?

DAPHNIS.

I'll lay a calf, and thou a lamb full-grown.

MENALCAS.

A lamb I dare not; for my parents keep

Strict watch, and every evening count my sheep. 20

DAPHNIS.

What wilt thou stake? and what the victor's gains?

MENALCAS.

A pipe I form'd, of nine unequal strains,

15. Vis ergo inter nos, quid possit uterque, vicissim
Experiamur? Ecl. 3. 28.

18. ——— Ego hanc vitulam, ne forte recuses, Depono. ibid.

19. De grege non ausim quicquam deponere tecum:
Est mihi namque domi pater, est injusta noverva:
Bisque die numerant ambo pecus, alter & hædos.

Ecl. 3. 32.

22. *Nine unequal strains*] Though nine strains, or reeds, are here mentioned, yet the shepherd's pipe was generally composed of seven reeds, unequal in length, and of different tones, joined together with wax. See note on Idyl. 1. 169; and Virgil,

Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
Fistula.

Ecl. 2. 36.

It is difficult to conceive how the ancient shepherds could pipe and sing at the same time: certainly that was impracticable: the
most

Sweet-ton'd, with whitest wax compacted tight;
This, this I'll stake—but not my parent's right.

DAPHNIS.

And I have one of nine unequal strains, 23
Sweet-ton'd, and wax'd throughout with nicest pains,
Which late I made; ev'n now my finger bleeds,
Sore wounded by a splinter of the reeds.
Who shall decide the honours of the day?

MENALCAS.

Yon goatherd, let him judge the vocal lay; 30
Our dog barks at him—call—the man is near:
The shepherds call'd, the goatherd came to hear:
The last decided, while the former sung.
Menalcas first essay'd his tuneful tongue:
Thus in alternate strains the contest ran, 35
Daphnis reply'd——Menalcas first began;

most probable opinion is, that they first play'd over the tune, and then sung a verse or stanza of the song answering thereto, and so play'd and sung alternately; which manner of playing and singing is very common with the pipers and fiddlers at our country wakes, who, perhaps, originally borrowed the custom from the Romans, during their residence in Britain. We find the old English minstrels used to warble on their harps, and then sing.—See PERCY's essay on the subject.

29. *Who shall decide, &c.*] The same verse occurs Idyl, 5. 71.

35. *Alternis igitur contendere versibus ambo Cœpère:*

Hos Corydon, illos referebat in ordine Thyrsis. Ecl. 7. 18.

MENALCAS.

Ye vales, ye streams, from source celestial sprung,
 If e'er Menalcas sweetly pip'd or sung,
 Feed well my lambs, and if my Daphnis need
 Your flowery herbage, let his heifers feed. 40

DAPHNIS.

Fountains and herbs, rich pasturage, if e'er
 Sung Daphnis meet for nightingales to hear,
 Fatten my herds; if to these meadows fair
 Menalcas drives, O feed his fleecy care.

MENALCAS.

When here my fair one comes, Spring smiles around, 45
 Meads flourish, and the teats with milk abound,
 My lambs grow fat; if she no longer stay,
 Parch'd are the meads, the shepherd pines away.

DAPHNIS.

Where Milo walks, the flower-enamour'd bees
 Work food nectareous, taller are the trees, 50

45. Phyllidis adventu nostræ nemus omne virebit. Ecl. 7. 59.

48. Aret ager; vitio moriens sitit æris herba. ib. 57.

Pope has finely imitated both Theocritus and Virgil;

Str. All Nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
 Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flowers;
 If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
 The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

Daph. All Nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
 The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
 If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
 And vanquish'd Nature seems to charm no more.

The goats bear twins; if he no longer stay,
The herdsman withers, and the herds decay.

MENALCAS.

O goat, the husband of the white-hair'd flock!
Drink at the shady fount by yonder rock,
'Tis there he lives; and let young Milo know, 55
Proteus fed sea-calves in the deep below.

DAPHNIS.

Not Pelops' lands, not Cræsus' wealth excite
My wish, nor speed to match the winds in flight;
But in yon cave to caroll with my friend,
And view the ocean while our flocks we tend. 60

51. *If he no longer stay.*] —At si formosus Alexis
Montibus his abeat, videas & flumina sicca. Ecl. 7. 55.

55. *Not Pelops' lands, not Cræsus' wealth, &c.*] The Greek is,
Μη μοι γὰρ Πειλοπος, μη μοι χρυσία ταλαρτα εἶν' ἐχέω! *May the territories*
of Pelops, and golden talents never fall to my share! χρυσία ταλαρτα is
very frigid; one expects something better than this from the Sici-
lian muse, and therefore the ingenious Pierſon (see his *Verisimilia*)
observing that the librarians frequently obliterated proper names,
instead of χρυσία reads Κροισοιο ταλαρτα; then a new beauty arises in
the opposition between the extensive territories of Pelops, and the ta-
lents, or treasures of Cræsus; and what adds to the probability that
this is the true reading, Theocritus mentions the riches of Cræsus
in the 10th Idyl. ver. 39. and likewise Anacreon, Ode 26. ver. 3.
Δοκῶν δ' ἐχέω τὰ Κροίσου, *Rich I seem as Lydia's king: indeed every*
school boy knows that the riches of Cræsus became a proverb.

56. Proteus turpes pascit sub gurgite phocas. Geor. 4. 395

58. *Nor speed, &c.*] —Cursuque pedum prævertere ventos.
Æa. 7. 807.

MENALCAS.

To teats the drought, to birds the snare, the wind
 To trees, and toils are fatal to the hind;
 To man the virgin's scorn. O, father Jove!
 Thou too hast languish'd with the pains of love.

Thus in alternate strains the contest ran, 65
 And thus Menalcas his last lay began:
 " Wolf, spare my kids, my young and tender sheep;
 Though low my lot, a numerous flock I keep.
 Rouse, Lightfoot, rouse from indolence profound;
 Ill fits a shepherd's dog to sleep so sound. 70
 Fear not, my sheep, to crop the verdant plain;
 The pastur'd herbage soon will grow again:
 Feed well, and fill your udders in the vale,
 And when my lambs have suckled, fill the pail."

61. *To teats, &c.*] The present reading in the original is, *υδασι
 δ' αυχμος*, the drought is fatal to waters; but a friend of mine reads
υδασι αυχμος, drought is fatal to the teats, which is far more nat-
 ural, and agreeable to the idea of a shepherd.

Trille lupus stabulis, maturis frugibus imbres,

Arboribus venti; nobis Amaryllidis iræ. Ecl. 3. 80.

70. *Ill fits, &c.*] This seems to be an imitation of a verse in
 Homer: *Ου χρε πανυχιον ευδαι βεληφορον ανδρα.* H. B. 2. 24.

Ill fits a chief, who mighty nations guides,

To waste long nights in indolent repose.

POPE.

72. Thus Virgil, — *Gregibus non gramina defunt, &c.*

Geor. B. 2. 200.

There

" He sung, and Daphnis sweetly thus reply'd: 75
 Me, from her grot, a lovely nymph espy'd,
 As late I drove my cattle cross the plain;
 A long, long look she cast, and call'd me handsome swain.
 I answer'd not, but, as in thought profound,
 Pursued my road, with eyes upon the ground. 80
 The heifer sweetly breathes, and sweetly lows,
 Sweet is the bullock's voice, and sweet the cow's:
 'Tis passing sweet to lie by murmuring streams,
 And waste long summer-days in gentle dreams.
 On oaks smooth acorns ornamental grow, 85
 And golden apples on the pippen glow;
 Calves grace the cows, light-skipping on the plain,
 And lusty cows commend the careful swain."

They sung; the goatherd thus:

GOATHERD.

Thy verse appears

So sweet, O Daphnis! to my ravish'd ears, 90

There for thy flocks fresh fountains never fail,
 Undying verdure cloaths the grassy vale;

And what is cropt by day, the night renews. WARTON.

78. Et longum, formosæ, vale, vale, inquit, Iola! Ecl. 3. 79.

81. This verse occurs, Idyl. 9. ver. 7. in the Greek.

83. Fortunate senex, hic inter flumina nota,
 Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum. Ecl. 1. 52.

85. Vitis ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvæ,
 Ut gregibus tauri, segetes ut pinguibus arvis. Ecl. 5. 32.

As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
 As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn. DRYDEN.

More pleasing far thy charming voice to me
 Than to my taste the nectar of the bee.
 Receive these pipes, the victor's rightful meed :
 And would'st thou teach me, while my kids I feed,
 This goat rewards thy pains, that never fails 95
 Each morn to fill the largest of my pails.
 As skips the fawn her mother doe around,
 So Daphnis leap'd for joy, and dancing beat the ground :
 As grieve new-married maids their fires to leave,
 So, deeply sighing, did Menalcas grieve. 100
 Since that time, Daphnis, chief of shepherd-swains,
 Daphnis supreme without a rival reigns :
 And, to complete his happiness, he led
 The blooming Nais to his nuptial bed.

91. Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta, &c. Ecl. 5. 45.

Mr. Gay has imitated this passage, in his fifth pastoral ;

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,
 Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear ;
 Or winter porridge to the labouring youth,
 Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth.

93. Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musæ. Ecl. 6. 69.

101. Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis. Ecl. 7. 70.

IDYLLIUM IX.

DAPHNIS and MENALCAS.

A R G U M E N T.

The herdsman Daphnis, and the shepherd Menalcas are urged by a neighbouring shepherd to contend in singing; the song is in alternate strains, and each receives a prize; Daphnis a finely-finished club, and Menalcas a conch. The beauty of this Idyllium consists in the true character of low life, full of self-commendation, and boastful of its own fortune.

DAPHNIS, begin! for merrily you play,
 Daphnis, begin the sweet bucolic lay;
 Menalcas next shall sing; while pasturing near
 Calves mix with cows, the heifer with the steer;
 The bulls together with the herd may browse, 5
 Rove round the copse, and crop the tender boughs;
 Daphnis, begin the sweet bucolic strain;
 Menalcas next shall charm the shepherd-swain.

1. *Daphnis, begin, &c.*] The first eight lines in the translation of this Idyllium are supposed to be spoken by the shepherd, who endeavours to engage Daphnis and Menalcas to sing:

Incipe, Mopse, prior.

Ec. 4. 10.

2. Incipe, Damocæta; tu deinde sequere, Menalca. Ecl. 3. 58.

DAPHNIS.

Sweet low the herds along the pastur'd ground,
 Sweet is the vocal reed's melodious sound; 10
 Sweet pipes the jocund herdsman, sweet I sing,
 And lodge securely by yon cooling spring,
 Where the soft skins of milk-white heifers, spread
 In order fair, compose my decent bed:
 Ah luckless! browsing on the mountain's side 15
 The south-wind dash'd them headlong, and they died.
 There I regard no more bright summer's fires
 Than youthful lovers their upbraiding fires.

Thus Daphnis chanted his bucolic strain;
 And thus Menalcas charm'd the shepherd-swain. 20

MENALCAS.

Ætna's my parent; there I love to dwell,
 Where the rock-mountains form an ample cell:
 And there, with affluence blest, as great I live,
 As swains can wish, or golden slumbers give;
 By me large flocks of goats and sheep are fed, 25
 Their wool my pillow, and their skins my bed:

9. This verse occurs Idyllium 8th, 77, in the original;
 Dulce satis humor, depulsis arbutus hœdis,
 Lenta salix fœto pecori, mihi solus Amyntas. Ecl. 3. 82.

19. Hos Corydon, illos referebat in ordine Thyrsis. Ecl. 7. 20.

22. Ovid has a similar description of Polyphemus's cave:
 Sunt mihi pars montis vivo pendentia saxo
 Antra. Metamorph. B. 13. 810.

In caldrons boil'd their flesh sustains me well ;
Dry beechen faggots wintry frosts expell.

Thus I regard no more the cold severe
Than toothless men hard nuts when pulse is near. 30

Here ceas'd the youths ; I prais'd their pastoral strains,
And gave to each a present for his pains :

A well-form'd club became young Daphnis' due,
Which in my own paternal woodlands grew,
So exquisitely shap'd from end to end, 35

An artist might admire, but could not mend.

A pearly conch, wreath'd beautifully round,

Late on th' Icarian rocky beach I found,

The shell I gave Menalcas for his share ;

Large was the conch, its flesh was rich and rare, 40

(This in five equal portions I divide)

And to five friends a plenteous meal supply'd.

28. Hic focus, & tædæ pingues ; hic plurimus ignis
Semper, & assiduâ postos fuligine nigri.

Hic tantum Boreæ curamus frigora, quantum
Aut numerum lupus, aut torrentia flumina ripas. Æl. 7. 49.

Here ever-glowing hearths embrown the posts,

Here blazing pines expel the pinching frosts,

Here cold and Boreas' blasts we dread no more

Than wolves the sheep, or torrent streams the shore.

WARTON.

30. *Pulse*] The Greek is ἀμυλοιο, which I apprehend signifies
wheat boiled, without having been first ground in the mill, some-
thing in the nature of frumenty.

31. Here the shepherd resumes his account of the contest between
Daphnis and Menalcas, and describes the presents he made them.

Pleas'd he receiv'd, and lik'd his present well,
And thus he sweetly blew the shining shell :

Hail, rural Muses ! teach your bard those strains 45
Which once I sung, and charm'd the listening swains :
Then would my tongue repeat the pleasing lore,
And painful blisters never gall it more.
To grasshoppers the grasshoppers are friends,
And ant on ant for mutual aid depends ; 50
The ravenous kite protects his brother kite ;
But me the Muse and gentle song delight.

45. *Nymphæ, noſter amor, Libethrides, aut mihi carmen,
Quale meo Codro, concedite.* Ecl. 7. 21.

Give me the lays, Nymphs of th' inspiring springs,
Which Codrus, rival of Apollo, ſings. WARTON.

48. *And painful blisters, &c.]* The antients believed that a lye was always followed by ſome puniſhment, as a blister on the tip of the tongue, a pimple on the noſe, &c. See Idyl. 12. verſe 32. ſee alſo Hor. B. 2. Ode 8.

49. Juvenal has a ſimilar paſſage, Sat. 15. 163.
*Indica tigris agit rabidâ cum tygride pacem
Perpetuam : ſævis inter ſe convenit urſis.*

Tiger with tiger, bear with bear you'll find
In leagues offensive and defensive join'd.

TATE.

52. *Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Muſæ,
Quarum ſacra fero, ingenti percuſus amore,
Accipiant.*

GEOR. 2. 475.

Ye ſacred Muſes, with whoſe beauty fir'd,
My ſoul is raviſh'd, and my brain inspir'd,
Whoſe prieſt I am, give me, &c.

DRYDEN.

O, may my cave with frequent song be blest!
 For neither roseat spring, nor downy rest
 So sweet the labourer soothe; nor to the bee
 Are flowers so grateful, as the Muse to me:
 For Circe's strongest magic ne'er can harm
 Those whom the Muses with soft rapture charm.

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
 Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum
 Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo. Ecl. 5. 46.

Mr. Pope has something very similar:

Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Not balmy sleep to labourers faint with pain,
 Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
 Are half so charming as thy sight to me. Past. 3.

IDYLLIUM X.

The REAPERS.

A R G U M E N T.

Milo and Battus, two reapers, have a conference as they are at work; Battus not reaping so fast as usual, Milo asks him the reason of it; he frankly confesses it was owing to love; and, at the request of Milo, sings a song in praise of his mistress: Milo afterwards repeats the poetical maxims of Lytiereses.

MILO and BATTUS.

MILO.

BATTUS, some evil sure afflicts you sore;
 You cannot reap as you have reap'd before;
 No longer you your sheaves with vigour bind,
 But, like a wounded sheep, lag heavily behind.

This Idyllium, as Dr. Martyn observes, being a dialogue between two reapers, is generally excluded by the critics from the number of the pastorals: and yet, perhaps, if we consider that a herdsmen may very naturally describe a conversation between two of his country neighbours, who entertain each other with a rural song, we may soften a little the severity of our critical temper, and allow even this to be called a pastoral.

4. *Like a wounded sheep, &c.*] Virgil, speaking of a sickening sheep, says, *you will see it*

*Extremamque sequi, aut medio procumbere campo
 Pascentem,*

GEOR. B. 3. 466.

Id. 10. THEOCRITUS. 95

If thus you fail with early morning's light, 5
How can you work till noon or slow-pac'd night?

BATTUS.

Milo, thou moiling drudge, as hard as stone,
An absent mistress did'st thou n'er bemoan?

MILO.

Not I — I never learnt fair maids to woo;
Pray what with love have labouring men to do? 10

BATTUS.

Did love then never interrupt thy sleep?

MILO.

No, Battus: dogs should never run at sheep.

BATTUS.

But I have lov'd these ten long days and more.

MILO.

Yes, you're a wealthy man, and I a poor.

BATTUS.

Hence all things round me in confusion lie. 15

MILO.

But tell me who's this charmer of your eye?

12. Ut canis a corio nunquam absterrebitur uncto.

Horace, B. 2. sat. 5.

14. The original is, *Εκ πιδω αυτου; δελον' εγω δ' εχω αυ' αυτης αζος.*
instead of *δελον*, Hoelzinus (see his notes on Apollonius, B. 3.
ver. 902.) reads *πιδω*, and then the interpretation will be, *you drink*
red wine out of a hog's head; but I have scarcely vinegar enough.

BATTUS.

Old Polybuta's niece, the gay, the young,
Who harvest-home at Hypocöon's fung.

MILO.

Then for your sins you will be finely sped ;
Each night a grizzle grasshopper in bed. 20

BATTUS.

Yet spare your insults, cruel and unkind !
Plutus, you know, as well as Love, is blind.

MILO.

No harm I mean—but, Battus, as you play
On the sweet pipe, and sing an amorous lay,
With music's charms our pleasing toils prolong ; 25
Your mistress be the subject of your song.

BATTUS.

Ye Muses, sweetly let the numbers flow !
For you new beauty on all themes bestow.
Charming Bombyce, though some call you thin,
And blame the tawny colour of your skin ; 30
Yet I the lustre of your beauty own,
And deem you like Hyblæan honey brown.

18, *Who harvest-home, &c.*] This line occurs Idyllium 6. 54.

20. *A grizzle grasshopper, &c.* Heinsius observes, that the grasshopper, here called *μάρτις*, is the same that was called *γῆρας*: *σιεῖφος γῆρας* was a proverbial expression, and equal to *anus quæ in virginitate consenuit*: *metaphora sumpta est a sylvestri locustâ, quam vocant γῆρας σιεῖφος ἢ μάρτιν*. SUID.. Milo therefore humourously laughs at Battus for falling in love with an old virgin.

The letter'd hyacinth's of darksome hue,
 And the sweet violet a sable blue;
 Yet these in crowns ambrosial odours shed, 35
 And grace fair garlands that adorn the head.
 Kids flowery thyme, gaunt wolves the kid pursue,
 The crane the plough-share, and I follow you.
 Were I as rich as Cræsus was of old,
 Our statues soon should rise of purest gold, 40
 In Cytherea's sacred shrine to stand,
 You with an apple, rose, and lute in hand;
 I like a dancer would attract the sight,
 In gaudy sandals gay, and habit light.

33. The Greek is, *Και το λευκὸν μάλαν ἐντὶ, καὶ αὖ γράπτεσσι βακκινίδες*, which Virgil has literally translated;

— Quid tum si fuscus Amyntas?

Et nigræ violæ sunt, & vaccinia nigra. Ecl. 10. 33.

What if the boy's smooth skin be brown to view,

Dark is the hyacinth and violet's hue. WARTON.

Virgil likewise has *Inscripti nomina regum flores*. Ecl. 3. 106.

37. *Torva leæna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;*

Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella:

Te Corydon, ô Alexi. Ecl. 2. 63.

39. *Cræsus.*] A king of Lydia, whose riches became a proverb.

40. *Nunc te marmoreum pro tempore fecimus: at tu,*

Si futura gregem suppleverit, aureus esto. Ecl. 7. 36.

But if the falling lambs increase my fold,

Thy marble statue shall be turn'd to gold. DRYDEN.

Charming Bombyce, you my numbers greet; 45
 How lovely, fair, and beautiful your feet!
 Soft is your voice—but I no words can find
 To represent the moral of your mind.

MILO.

How sweetly, swain, your carrols you rehearse?
 How aptly scan the measure of your verse? 50
 A wit so barren with a beard so long!—
 Attend to tuneful Lytierfes' song.

46. *How lovely, fair, and beautiful your feet.*] Thus in Solomon's Song, ch. 7. 1. we read, *How beautiful are thy feet with shoes!* On which Mr. Percy observes, 'Or more exactly *within thy sandals.*' The Hebrew women were remarkably nice in adorning their sandals, and in having them fit neatly, so as to display the fine shape of the foot: *Vid. Clerici Comment.* Judith's sandals are mentioned along with the bracelets and other ornaments of jewels, with which she set off her beauty when she went to captivate the heart of Holofernes, chap. 10. 4. And it is expressly said, that *her sandals ravished his eyes*, chap. 16. 9.

51. *A beard so long.*] A long beard was looked on as a mark of wisdom; see Hor. Sat. 3. B. 2. ver. 35. *Sapientem pascere barbam.*

52. *Lytierfes*] Lytierfes was a bastard son of Midas, king of Phrygia; the poets tell us, that in a trial of skill in music between Apollo and Pan, Midas gave sentence in favour of the latter, whereupon Apollo clapt a pair of asses ears on his head. On the other hand, Conon, in his first narration (*apud Phot. bibliot.*) tells us, that Midas had a great many spies dispersed up and down the country, by whose information he knew whatever his subjects did or said; thus he reigned in peace and tranquillity to a great age, none daring to conspire against him. His knowing by this means whatever his subjects spoke of him, occasioned the saying, that Midas *had long ears*; and as asses are said to be endowed with the sense of hearing to a degree of perfection above other animals, he was also said

O fruitful Ceres, bleſs with corn the field ;
May the full ears a plenteous harveſt yield !

ſaid to have aſſes ears ; thus what was at firſt ſpoken in a metaphorical ſenſe, afterwards ran current in the world for truth. As to Lytierſes, he reigned, after Midas, at Celænæ, the chief city of Phrygia, and is deſcribed as a ruſtic, unfociable, and inhuman tyrant ; of an inſatiable appetite, devouring, in one day, three large baſkets of bread, and drinking ten gallons of wine. He took great pleaſure in agriculture ; but, as acts of cruelty were his chief delight, he uſed to oblige ſuch as happened to paſs by while he was reaping, to join with him in the work ; and then, cutting off their heads, he bound up their bodies in the ſheaves. For theſe, and ſuch like cruelties, he was put to death by Hercules, and his body thrown into the Mæander : however, his memory was cheriſhed by the reapers of Phrygia, and an hymn, from him called Lytierſes, ſung in harveſt-time, in honour of their fellow labourer. See *Univ. Hiſt. vol. 4. 8vo. page 459.*

This anecdote is taken from one of the tragedies of Soſibius, an antient Syracuſian poet, who, according to Voſſius, flouriſhed in the 166th Olympiad. As this paſſage is ſcarce, I ſhall take the liberty to lay it before the learned reader, exactly as the illuſtrious Caſaubon has corrected and amended it, together with a tranſlation : the two verſes between comma's, are ſuppoſed to be ſpoken by a different perſon of the drama, and therefore omitted in the tranſlation.

Αἰθ' οἱ Κελαιναι πατρὶς, ἀρχαία πόλις
Μῖδα γερόντο, ὅς τις ὥτ' ἔχων οὐν,
Ἡνασσε· 'καὶ νῦν φανὸς ἐνδὲς ἀγαν·'
Οὗτος δ' ἐκίει πᾶς παραπλάτος ῥόδος·
'Μῆτρος δ' οὐποιὰς ἡ τιμὴ ἐπιτάται·'
Ἐσθαι μαι ἄρτων τρεῖς οὐκ ἀνδρῶν.
Τρεῖς τῆς βραχίας ἡμέρας πινὺθ' ἅμα,
Κάλων μίτρηται τοὶ δικάμφοροι πίθου·
Ἐργάζεται δ' εὐλαφρὰ πρὸς τὰ σίτια.
Οὔμωι θιγέει τῇ μιᾷ δ' ἢ ἡμέρᾳ

Bind, reapers, bind your sheaves, lest strangers say,
 "Ah, lazy drones! their hire is thrown away."

To the fresh north-wind, or the zephyrs rear
 Your shocks; those breezes fill the swelling ear.

Δικαγυνοὶ ὁμπνὴν συντίθουσιν εἰς τίλος.
 Χ' ὅταν τις ἄλθῃ ξεινος, ἢ παριξίῃ,
 Φαγὼν τ' ἰδῇκεν αὐτὸν, ἢ αὐτὸν πικρατασθῇ.
 Καὶ τὴν ποτὴν περταίνει ὡς αἰνὴν θείην
 Πλήν· φθορεὶν γὰρ ἄκων τοῖς θανέμενοις.
 Ἐπεὶ δ' ἀγῶν ἰδοῖξαι Μαιανδρὸν ῥοαῖς
 Καρπυμάτων ἀρδύτα δαψύλει ποτὴν
 Τοῖς ἀνδρομήκῃ πυροῖ προσημαίῃ
 Ἀρτὴν θειρίζει. τοῖς ξεινοῖς δὲ δαγμάτι
 Αὐτὴν κυλίσας, κρατος ὀφθαίον φερί.
 Γίλων θειρήτην ὡς αἰνὴν προτίσσει.

LYTIERSES.

Celænz, city fam'd in former years,
 Where Midas reign'd, renown'd for asses ears:
 Whose bastard son, that like a monster fed,
 Daily devour'd three * asses loads of bread;
 A large wine-cask, which once a day he drain'd,
 He call'd two gallons, though it ten contain'd.
 Daily he labour'd in the corn-clad ground,
 Reap'd ten whole acres, and in bundles bound.
 If chance a stranger in his fields he spy'd,
 Abundant wine and viands he supply'd,

* A close translation would be, *three asses of bread*, that is, the burthen which three asses carry; agreeable to that passage in Samuel, ch. xvi. ver. 20. *Jesse took an ass laden with bread*; the Hebrew is, *he took an ass of bread*. See POOL'S SYNOPSIS.

Ye threshers, never sleep at noon of day;
For then the light chaff quickly blows away. 60

Reapers should rise with larks, to earn their hire,
Rest in the heat, and when they roost, retire.

How happy is the fortune of a frog!
He wants no moisture in his watery bog.

Largely to drink, and sumptuously to feed,
Nor envied he the wretch he doom'd to bleed.
He points to meadows, arrogant and vain,
Of richest pasture, fields of golden grain,
Where through irriguous vales Mæander winds;
Then lops his head, and in the sheaves he binds
The trembling carcase, and with horrid jest
Laughs at the rashness of his murder'd guest.

Menander mentions this song in his Carchedonium; *Αἰνῶσιν αὖτ' ἀφ' ἑσπερῆς τρώγας, Singing Lytieres soon after dinner.*

Heinsius very justly observes, that this Lytieres is only a set of formulary maxims, or old sayings, and as such I have distinguished them in distichs, as they are in the Greek.

59. Virgil has something similar;
At rubicunda Ceres medio succiditur æstu;
Et medio tostas æstu terit area fruges. Géor. B. 1. 297.

But cut the golden corn at mid-day's heat,
And the parcht grain at noon's high ardor beat. WARTON.

The antients did not thresh or winnow their corn: in the heat of the day, as soon as it was reaped, they laid it on a floor, made on purpose, in the middle of the field, and then they drove horses and mules round about it, till they trod all the grain out. BENSON.

Steward, boil all the pulse; such pinching's mean; 65
You'll wound your hand by splitting of a bean.

These songs the reapers of the field improve;
But your sad lay, your starveling tale of love,
Which soon will bring you to a crust of bread,
Keep for your mother, as she yawns in bed. 70

66. *Splitting of a bean.*] A sordid miser used formerly to be called
σπαστικός, that is, a *bean-splitter*.

IDYLLIUM XI.

CYCLOPS.

A R G U M E N T.

This is the last of those Idylliums that are generally allowed to be true pastorals, and is very beautiful. The poet addresses himself to Nicias, a physician of Miletus, and observes, there is no cure for Love but the Muses: he then gives an account of Polyphemus's passion for Galatea, a sea-nymph, the daughter of Nereus and Doris: he describes him sitting upon a rock that overlooked the ocean, and soothing his passion with the charms of poetry.

NO remedy the power of Love subdues;
 No medicine, dearest Nicias, but the Muse:
 This plain prescription gratifies the mind
 With sweet complacence—but how hard to find!

1. *No remedy, &c.*] Ovid makes Apollo express the same sentiment as he is pursuing Daphne;

Hei mihi, quod nullis Amor est medicabilis herbis!
 Nec profunt domino, quæ profunt omnibus, artes!

Metam. B. 1. 523.

To cure the pains of Love no plant avails;
 And his own physic the physician fails.

DRYDEN.

This well you know, who first in phyfic shine, 15
And are the lov'd familiar of the Nine.

Thus the fam'd Cyclops, Polypheme, when young,
Calm'd his fond passion with the power of song;
When blooming years imbib'd the soft desire,
And Galatea kindled amorous fire; 10
He gave no wreaths of roses to the fair,
Nor apples, nor sweet parsley for her hair:
Love did the tenour of his mind controul,
And took the whole possession of his soul.
His flocks untended oft refus'd to feed, 15
And, for the fold, forsook the grassy mead;
While on the sedgy shore he lay reclin'd,
And sooth'd with song the anguish of his mind.
From morn to night he pin'd, ; for Love's keen dart
Had pierc'd the deep recesses of his heart: 20

11. *He gave not wreaths of roses, &c.*] The Greek is, *ἤρατο δ' ἄνθη ῥοδοῖς, ἢ μάλαις, ἢ δὲ κικινύοις*; which Heinsius has very properly corrected, and reads *ἢ δὲ σιλύοις*, *not with parsley-wreaths*; and observes, that our author is never more entertaining than when he alludes to some old proverb, as in this place he does: your common lovers, such as were not quite stark staring mad, and not extravagantly profuse in their presents to their mistresses, were said, *ἔρατο μάλαις, ἢ ῥοδοῖς*, *to love with apples and roses*; or, as others affirm, *μάλαις ἢ στεφανοῖς*, *with apples and garlands*, which were generally composed of roses and parsley. See Idyllium 3. ver. 35.

Where rose-buds mingled with the ivy-wreath,
And fragrant parsley, sweetest odours breath.

Yet, yet a cure he found—for on a steep,
Rough-pointed rock, that overlook'd the deep,
And with brown horror high-impending hung,
The giant monster sat, and thus he sung:

“ Fair nymph, why will you thus my passion slight!
Softer than lambs you seem, than curds more white, 26
Wanton as calves before the udder'd kine,
Harsh as the unripe fruitage of the vine.
You come when pleasing sleep has clos'd mine eye,
And, like a vision, with my slumbers fly, 30

21. *For on a steep, &c.*] Bion imitates this passage, see his 7th Idyl. ver. 3.

Such as the Cyclops, on a rock reclin'd,
Sung to the sea-nymph, to compose his mind,
And sent it in the whispers of the wind.

F. F. }

This fable of Polyphemus and Galatea has furnished matter for several poets, particularly Ovid, who, in the 13th book of the *Metamorphoses*, fable the 6th, has borrowed very freely from Theocritus. See Dryden's elegant translation of that fable.

25. Nerine Galatea, thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,
Candidior cygnis, hederâ formosior albâ.

Ecl. 7. 37.

O Galatea! nymph than swans more bright,
More sweet than thyme, more fair than ivy white.

WARTON.

Are not our author's images far more natural, and consequently more adapted to pastoral than Virgil's?

27. Ovid has, Splendidior vitro; tenero lascivior hædo,
Brighter than glass seems but a puerile sentiment,

Swift as before the wolf the lambkin bounds,
 Panting and trembling, o'er the furrow'd grounds.
 Then first I lov'd, and thence I date my flame,
 When here to gather hyacinths you came :
 My mother brought you—'twas a fatal day ; 35
 And I, alas ! unwary led the way :
 E'er since my tortur'd mind has known no rest ;
 Peace is become a stranger to my breast :
 Yet you nor pity, nor relieve my pain—
 Yes, yes I know the cause of your disdain ; 40
 For, stretcht from ear to ear with shagged grace,
 My single brow adds horror to my face ;

31. *Quem tu, cervus uti vallis in alterâ
 Visum parte lupum graminis immemor,
 Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu.* Hor. B. 1. Ode 15.
 Whose rage thou fly'st, with trembling fear,
 As from the wolf the timorous deer. F. F.

— *Quam tu fugis, ut pavet acres Agna lupos.*
 Ibid. B. 5. Ode 12.

34. *When here to gather hyacinths, &c.]*
Sepibus in nostris parvam te roscida mala,
(Dux ego vester eram) vidi cum matre legentem. Ecl. 8.

41. *Stretcht from ear to ear with shagged grace, &c.]*
O digno conjuncta viro ! dum despicias omnes,
Dumque tibi est odio mea fistula, dumque capellæ,
Hirsutumque supercilium, proluxaque barba. Ecl. 8. 32.

Has not Virg.'s wonderful judgment once more deserted him ?
Hirsutum supercilium, the shaggy eyebrow, being mentioned only as
 a single one, might suit a Cyclops with great propriety ; it is indeed
 a translation

My single eye enormous lids enclose,
 And o'er my blubber'd lips projects my nose,
 Yet, homely as I am, large flocks I keep, 45
 And drain the udders of a thousand sheep;
 My pails with milk, my shelves with cheese they fill,
 In summer scorching, and in winter chill.
 The vocal pipe I tune with pleasing glee,
 No other Cyclops can compare with me: 50
 Your charms I sing, sweet apple of delight!
 Myself and you I sing the live-long night.
 For you ten fawns, with collars deck'd, I feed,
 And four young bears for your diversion breed:

a translation of Theocritus's *λασιὰ σφρυγὶς μία μακρὰ*; but can this horrid eye-brow, with any accuracy, come into the description of an Italian shepherd?

43. *My single eye, &c.*] Unum est in mediâ lumen mihi fronte.
 Ovid. Metam.

45. Mille meæ Siculiæ errant in montibus agnæ:
 Lac mihi non æstate novum, non frigore desit. Ecl. 2. 21.

47. *Cheese*] Martyn thinks this *τυρός*, or, as in Virgil, *pressi copia lactis*, means curd, from which the milk has been squeezed out, in order to make cheese. We find in the third Georgic, ver. 400, that the shepherds used to carry the curd, as soon as it was pressed, into the towns; or else salt it, and so lay it by for cheese against winter. *Quod surgente dis, &c.*

53. *Ten fawns, with collars, &c.*] The Greek is, *νῦντιν ἑβρωῖ Πασαῖς ἀμφοτέρω*, *eleven young hinds, and all of them pregnant*; which certainly, as Casaubon observes, cannot be probable, viz. that young hinds should be pregnant: there is an old Roman edition of Theocritus,

Come, live with me; all these you may command, 55
 And change your azure ocean for the land:
 More pleasing slumbers will my cave bestow,
 There spiry Cypress and green laurels grow;
 There round my trees the fable ivy twines,
 And grapes, as sweet as honey, load my vines: 60
 From grove-crown'd Ætna, rob'd in purest snow,
 Cool springs roll nectar to the swains below.

critus, which elucidates this passage, for it reads *κατακλυσις*, *all bearing collars*: and nothing is more manifest, than that the ancients, as well as moderns, were fond of ornamenting those animals which they brought up tame with such sort of appendages.

54. *Four young bears, &c.*] Ovid imitates Theocritus,
*Inveni geminos, qui tecum ludere possunt,
 Villosæ catulos in summis montibus ursæ.* Met. 13. 831.

These bears are highly in character, and well-adapted presents from Polyphemus to his mistress.

55. *Huc ades, O Galatea! quis est nam ludus in undis?
 Hic ver purpureum, varios hic flumina circum
 Fundit humus flores; hic candida populus antro
 Imminet, & lentæ texunt umbracula vites.
 Huc ades: insani feriant sine littorâ fluctus.* Ecl. 9, 39.

O lovely Galatea! hither haste!
 For what delight affords the watery waste?
 Here purple Spring her gifts profusely pours,
 And paints the river-banks with balmy flowers;
 Here, o'er the grotto, the pale poplar weaves
 With blushing vines a canopy of leaves;
 Then quit the seas! against the sounding shore
 Let the vex'd ocean's billows idly roar. WARTON.

Say, who would quit such peaceful scenes as these
 For blustering billows, and tempestuous seas?
 Though my rough form's no object of desire, 65
 My oaks supply me with abundant fire;
 My hearth unceasing blazes—though I swear
 By this one eye, to me for ever dear,
 Well might that fire to warm my breast suffice,
 That kindled at the lightning of your eyes. 70
 Had I, like fish, with fins and gills been made,
 Then might I in your element have play'd,
 With ease have div'd beneath your azure tide,
 And kiss'd your hand, though you your lips deny'd?
 Brought lilies fair, or poppies red that grow 75
 In summer's solstice, or in winter's snow;
 These flowers I could not both together bear
 That bloom in different seasons of the year.
 Well, I'm resolv'd, fair nymph, I'll learn to dive,
 If e'er a sailor at this port arrive, 80
 Then shall I surely by experience know
 What pleasures charm you in the deeps below.
 Emerge, O Galatea! from the sea,
 And here forget your native home like me.

69. I here follow the interpretation of Heinsius.

75. *Lilies and poppies.*] Tibi lilia plenis
 Ecce ferunt nymphae calathis: tibi candida Nais
 Pallentes violas, & summa papavera carpens. Ecl. 2. 45.

O would you feed my flock, and milk my ewes, 84
 And ere you press my cheese the runnet sharp infuse !
 My mother is my only foe I fear,
 She never whispers soft things in your ear,
 Although she knows my grief, and every day
 Sees how I languish, pine and waste away, 90
 I, to alarm her, will aloud complain,
 And more disorders than I suffer feign,
 Say my head akes, sharp pains my limbs oppress,
 That she may feel, and pity my distress.
 Ah, Cyclops, Cyclops, where's your reason fled !— 95
 If with the leafy spray your lambs you fed,
 Or, ev'n wove baskets, you would seem more wise ;
Milk the first cow, pursue not her that flies :

85. O tantum libeat mecum tibi sordida rura,
 Atque humiles habitare casas, & figere cervos,
 Hædorumque gregem viridi compellere hibisco ! Ecl. 2, 28.

O that you lov'd the fields and shady grots,
 To dwell with me in bowers and lowly cots,
 To drive the kids to fold ! &c. WARTON.

95. Ah, Corydon, Corydon, quæ te dementia cepit ? Ecl. 2.
 What phrenzy, Corydon, invades thy breast ?

98. Thus Ovid,—Melius sequerere volentem
 Optantemque eadem, pariliqûe cupidine captam.
 Met. B. 14. 28.

When maids are coy, have manlier arts in view ;
 Leave those that *fly*, but those that *like* pursue. GARTH.

You'll soon, since Galatea proves unkind,
 A sweeter, fairer Galatea find: 100
 Me gamefome girls to sport and toy invite,
 And meet my kind compliance with delight:
 Sure I may draw this fair conclusion hence,
 Here I'm a man of no small consequence."

Thus Cyclops learn'd Love's torments to endure,
 And calm'd that passion which he could not cure. 106
 More sweetly far with song he sooth'd his heart,
 Than if his gold had brib'd the doctor's art.

100. *Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexim.* Eccl. 2. 73.

Theocritus here greatly excels his imitator; for to waive the superiority he holds in his application to one of the fair sex, there seems to be great consolation implied in the assurance that he shall find
some as handsome as you, perhaps a fairer mistress; in Virgil is implied
 desperation, *si te hic fastidit.*

IDYLLIUM XII.

AITES.

A R G U M E N T.

This piece is in the Ionic dialect, and supposed not to have been written by Theocritus. The word Aites is variously interpreted, being taken for *a person beloved, a companion, a man of probity, a cohabitant, and fellow-citizen*: see the argument. The amorofo addresses his friend, and wishes an union of their souls, a perpetual friendship, and that, after death, posterity may celebrate the affection and harmony that subsisted between them. He then praises the Megarensians for the divine honours they paid to Diocles, who lost his life in the defence of his friend.

SAY, are you come? but first three days are told;
 Dear friend, true lovers in one day grow old.
 As vernal gales exceed the wintry blast,
 As plums by sweeter apples are surpass.

1. *Are you come?*] — Longo post tempore venit. Ecl. 1. 30.

3. Lenta salix quantum pallenti cedit olivæ,
 Puniceis humilis quantum saliunca rosetis:

Judicio nostro tantum tibi cedit Amyntas. Ecl. 5. 16.

4. *As plums*] Βεαβυδος is a sort of large indifferent plum.

As in the woolly fleece the tender lambs
 Produce not half the tribute of their dams;
 As blooming maidens raise more pleasing flames
 Than dull, indifferent, thrice-married dames;
 As fawns outleap young calves; as philomel
 Does all her rivals in the grove excel;
 So me your presence cheers; eager I run,
 As swains seek umbrage from the burning sun.
 O may we still to nobler love aspire,
 And every day improve the concord higher!
 So shall we reap renown from loving well,
 And future poets thus our story tell:
 'Two youths late liv'd in friendship's chain combin'd,
 'One was benevolent, the other kind;

11. *So me your presence cheers*] Horace has something similar;

—— Vultus ubi tuus

Affulsit populo, gratior it dies,

Et soles melius nitent.

B. 4. Ode 5.

So, in thy presence, smoother run

The hours, and brighter shines the sun.

DUNCOMB.

17. His amor unus erat.

Æn. 9. 192.

20. *With gold*] The greek is, χρυσίον ἀνδρῶν, which Heinſius takes to mean something amiable and delightful; thus Horace,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea:

Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem

Sperat.

B. 1. Ode 5.

Auream & amabilem he looks upon as synonymous: The Greeks have χρυσὴν Ἀφροδίτην, and Virgil, *Venus aurea*,

Aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat.

Geor. B. 2. 538.

* Such as once flourish'd in the days of old,
 * Saturnian days, and stamp't the age with gold. 20
 O grant this privilege, almighty Jove!
 That we, exempt from age and woe, may rove
 In the blest regions of eternal day;
 And when six thousand years have roll'd away,
 Some welcome shade may this glad message bear, 25
 (Such ridings ev'n in Elyzium would cheer)
 * Your friendship and your love by every tongue
 * Are prais'd and honour'd—chiefly by the young!
 But this I leave to Jove's all-ruling care;
 If right he'll grant, if wrong reject my prayer. 30
 Mean-time my song shall celebrate your praise,
 Nor shall the honest truth a blister raise:
 And though keen sarcasms your sharp words impart,
 I find them not the language of your heart;

22. *Exempt from age*] *αἰνεω*, thus in the *Odyssæy*, B. 5. Calypso says of Ulysses,

She promis'd (vainly promis'd) to bestow
 Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.

POPE.

24. *Six thousand years*] The Greek is, *γυναῖς διπλομένης*, two hundred ages: an age, according to the common computation, is thirty years; thus Mr. Pope understands the word *γυναι* in the first book of the *Iliad*, speaking of the age of Nestor,

Two generations now had pass'd away,
 Wife by his rules, and happy by his sway.

32. *A blister raise*] See *Idyl*: 9. ver. 48. and the note.

You give me pleasure double to my pain, 35
And thus my loss is recompenc'd with gain.

Ye Megarenians, fam'd for well-tim'd oars, 40
May bliss attend you still on Attic shores!
To strangers kind, your deeds themselves commend,
To Diocles the lover and the friend: 45
For at his tomb each spring the boys contest
In amorous battles who succeeds the best;
And he who master of the field is found,
Returns with honorary garlands crown'd.
Blest who decides the merits of the day! 45
Blest, next to him, who bears the prize away!
Sure he must make to Ganymede his vow,
That he sweet lips of magic would bestow,
With such resistless charms and virtues fraught,
As that fam'd stone from Lydia's confines brought, 50
By whose bare touch an artist can explore
The baser metal from the purer ore.

40. To Diocles] At Megara, a city of Achaia, between Athens and the Isthmus of Corinth, was an annual festival held in the spring in memory of the Athenian hero Diocles, who died in the defence of a certain youth whom he loved: whence there was a contention at his tomb, wherein a garland was given to the youth who gave the sweetest kiss. POTTER'S Arch. ch. 20

IDYLLIUM XIII.

HYLAS.

A R G U M E N T.

If the severity of critics will not allow this piece the title of a pastoral, yet as the actions of gods and heroes used to be sung by the antient herdsmen, we may venture to affirm that our author intended it as such. It contains a relation of the rape of Hylas by the Nymphs, when he went to fetch water for Hercules, and the wandering of that hero, and his extreme grief for the loss of him.

LOVE, gentle Nicias, of celestial kind,
For us alone sure never was design'd;
Nor do the charms of beauty only sway
Our mortal breasts, the beings of a day:

* Theocritus addresses this Idyllium, as he did the eleventh, to his friend Nicias, a Milesian physician.

1. *Love, &c.*] Omne adeo genus in terris hominum, &c.

Geor. 3. 242.

Thus man and beast, the tenants of the flood,
The herds that graze the plain, the feathery brood,
Rush into love, and feel the general flame,
For Love is lord of all, and is in all the same.' WARTON.

Amphitryon's son was taught his power to feel, 5
 Though arm'd with iron breast, and heart of steel,
 Who slew the lion fell, lov'd Hylas fair,
 Young Hylas graceful with his curling hair.
 And, as a son by some wise parent taught,
 The love of virtue in his breast he wrought; 10
 By precept and example was his guide,
 A faithful friend, for ever at his side;
 Whether the morn return'd from Jove's high hall
 On snow-white steeds, or noontide mark'd the wall,

6. *Iron breast*] Thus Horace, *Illi robur & æs triplex*

Circa pectus erat.

B. 1. O. 3.

And Moschus, in his poem entitled *Megara*, speaking of Hercules,

Πατρὸς οὗ ἔχουσιν ὅσους, ἢ σιδῆρεν
 Καρτερὸν ἢ πέτρην.

His heart, like iron or a rock,

Unmov'd, and still superior to the shock.

7. *Hylas*] Hylas was the son of Theodamas, whom Hercules slew because he denied him a supply of provision.

9. — Infuevit pater optimus hoc me, &c. Hor. B. 1. Sat. 4.

14. *On snow-white steeds*] The Greek is λευκίμωνες. Dr. Spence very justly observes, that the poets are very inconsistent in their descriptions of Aurora, particularly in the colour of her horses; here they are *white*, whereas Virgil represents them *rose-colour'd*, *roses* Aurora quadrigis. *Æn.* 6. 535. and B. 7. 26. Aurora in *roses* fulgebat lutea bigis. The best critics have ever thought, that consistency is required in the most unbounded fictions: if I mistake not, Homer is more regular in this, as in all other fictions.

ESSAY ON THE ODYSSEY.

Or night the plaintive chickens warn'd to rest,
 When careful mothers brood, and flutter o'er the nest;
 That, fully form'd and finish'd to his plan,
 Time soon might lead him to a perfect man.
 But when bold Jason, with the sons of Greece,
 Sail'd the salt seas to gain the golden fleece,
 The valiant chiefs from every city came,
 Renown'd for virtue, or heroic fame,
 With these assembled, for the host's relief,
 Alcmena's son, the toil-enduring chief.
 Firm Argo bore him cross the yielding tide
 With his lov'd friend, young Hylas, at his side;
 Between Cyane's rocky isles she past,
 Now safely fix'd on firm foundations fast,

18. Thus Bion, — *Ἡ δ' αἰώρα σὺ μέτρον αἰδώς,*
 As soon as time shall lead you up to man.

Idyl. 2.

F. F.

21. *Valiant chiefs*] *Alter erit tum Tiphys & altera quæ vehat Argo*
Delectos herosa.

Ec. 4. 34.

27. *Cyane's rocky isles*] The *Cyanean isles*, or *Symplegades*, are two small islands near the entrance of the Euxine, or Black Sea, in the mouth of the straits of Constantinople, over against one another; at so small a distance, that to a ship passing by they appear but one; whence the poets fancied, that they sometimes met, and came together, therefore called them *concurrentia saxa Cyaneis*. Juvenal, Sat. 15. 19. See also Idyl. 22. ver. 29.

29. *As an eagle swift*] — *Ille noto citius, voluerique sagitta*
Ad terram fugit, & portu se condidit alto. Æn. 5. 242.

Thence as an eagle swift, with prosperous gales
She flew, and in deep Phasis furl'd her sails. 30

When first the pleasing Pleiades appear,
And grass-green meads pronounc'd the summer near,
Of chiefs a valiant band, the flower of Greece,
Had plann'd the emprise of the golden fleece,
In Argo lodg'd they spread their swelling sails, 35
And soon past Hellespont with southern gales,
And smooth Propontis, where the land appears
Turn'd in straight furrows by Cyanean steers.
With eve they land; some on the greensward spread
Their hasty meal; some raise the spacious bed 40
With plants and shrubs that in the meadows grow,
Sweet flowering rushes, and cyperus low.

30. *Phasis*] A large river of Colchis which dischargeth itself into the Euxine. Ovid, speaking of the Argonauts, says,

Multaque perpeffi claro sub Jäfone, tandem

Contigerant rapidas limosi Phasidos undas. Met. B. 7. 5.

31. *Pleiades*] The Pleiades rise with the sun on the twenty-second of april, according to Columella.

33. *A valiant band*] The Argonauts were fifty-two in number: Pindar calls them *the flower of sailors*, Theocritus, *the flower of heroes*, and Virgil *chosen heroes*, *delectos heroes*; see ver. 31.

42. *Sweet flowering rushes*] The Greek is *Βουτυρος ὄξυς*, which there is great reason to believe is the *carex acuta* of Virgil,

Frondebis hirsutis, & carice pascus acutä. Geor. B. 3. 231.

On prickly leaves, and pointed rushes fed. WARTON.

Ovid applies the same epithet to the *juncus*, *acutä cuspide junci*. The word comes from *βου*, an ox, and *τεμνω* to cut, so called because the leaves of this plant are so sharp, that the tongue and lips of oxen, who are great lovers of it, are wounded by it. See Butomus in Miller.

In brazen vase fair Hylas went to bring
 Fresh fountain-water from the crystal spring
 For Hercules, and Telamon his guest;
 One board they spread, associates at the feast
 Fast by, in lowly dale, a well he found
 Beset with plants, and various herbage round,
 Cerulean celandine, bright maiden-hair,
 And parsley green, and bindweed flourish'd there;
 Deep in the flood the dance fair Naids led,
 And kept strict vigils, to the rustle's tread,
 Eunica, Malis form'd the festive ring,
 And fair Nychêa, blooming as the spring;
 When to the stream the hapless youth apply'd
 His vase capacious to receive the tide,
 The Naids seiz'd his hand with frantic joy,
 All were enamour'd of the Grecian boy;

49. *Cerulean celandine*] The Greek is, Κρανὴν χαλιδόνην.
 — *Bright maiden-hair*] Χλοῖον τ' ἀδαῖον, *Capillus Veneris*.

50. *Bindweed*] The Greek is, Εὐλυστὴν ἀγρῶν; as it is difficult
 to determine what plant Theocritus here means, I have rendered it
bind-weed, or *convolvulus*, which seems an exact translation of
 εὐλυστὴν.

55. *When to the stream*] The Greek is, Ἢτοι οὐ κερὸς ἐπαίχῃ ποτὶ
 πολυχάρδιον κρῶσθαι; instead of ποτὶ, Pierſon reads ποῦ, which is pro-
 bably right, being the same word which Apollonius Rhodius makes
 use of, when treating of the same subject. See B. 1. ver. 1234.

Αὐτὰρ οὐκ ἐκ ταπεινὰ ποῦ ἐν καλῇ ἡρώ.

He fell, he sunk, as from th' æthereal plain
 A flaming star falls headlong on the main;
 The boatswain cries aloud, 'Unfurl your sails;
 And spread the canvass to the rising gales;
 In vain the Naids sooth'd the weeping boy,
 And strove to lull him in their laps to joy;
 But care and grief had mark'd Alcides' brow,
 Fierce, as a Scythian chief, he grasp'd his bow,

59. *He fell*] Hylas falling into a well, was said to be snatched away by the Nymphs. Ovid, speaking of Phaeton, has something very similar to this passage;

Volvitur in præceps, longoque per aëra tractu
 Fertur; ut interdum de coelo stella sereno,
 Et si non cecidit, potuit cecidisse videri. Met. B. 2. 319.
 The breathless Phaeton, with flaming hair,
 Shot from the chariot, like a falling star
 That in a summer's evening from the top
 Of heav'n drops down, or seems at least to drop.

ADDISON.

60. *A star falls headlong*] These sort of meteors were reckoned prognosticks of winds,

Sæpe etiam stellas, vento impendente, videbis
 Præcipites ex alto labi. Geor. B. 1. 364.

61. *Unfur! your sails*] Solvite vela citi. Æn. 4. 374.

65. *But care and grief, &c.*] Virgil says of Hercules,
 Hic vero Alcides furiis exarserat atro
 Felle dolor; rapit arma manu, nodisque gravatum
 Robur. Æn. B. 8. 219.

Alcides seiz'd his arms, inflam'd with ire,
 Rage in his looks, and all his soul on fire;
 Fierce in his hands the ponderous club he shook. PITT.

And his rough club, which well he could command,
 The pride and terror of his red right hand;
 On Hylas thrice he call'd with voice profound,
 Thrice Hylas heard the unavailing sound,
 From the deep well lost murmurs touch'd his ear,
 The sound seem'd distant, though the voice was near,
 As when the hungry lion hears a fawn
 Distressful bleat on some far-distant lawn,
 Fierce from his covert bolts the savage beast,
 And speeds to riot on the ready feast.
 Thus, anxious for the boy, Alcides takes
 His weary way through woods and pathless brakes;

69. *On Hylas*] Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne senaret. Ec. 6. 44.
 And Spenser, And every wood, and every valley wide

He fill'd with Hylas' name, the Nymphs eke Hylas cride.

Fairy Queen, B. 3. c. 12.

Antoninus has given us an explanation of the circumstance of Hylas's name being so often repeated, which is so particularly insisted on by the poets: "Hercules, says he, having made the hills and forests tremble, by calling so mightily on the name Hylas; the Nymphs who had snatched him away, fearing lest the enraged lover should at last discover Hylas in their fountain, transformed him into Echo, which answered Hylas to every call of Hercules."

WARTON'S Observations.

73. *As when the hungry lion, &c.*] This simile seems to have pleased Apollonius so well, that writing on the same subject, the Rape of Hylas, he has imitated it twice; see Book 1. ver. 1243, &c. Ovid also had it in view;

Tigris ut, auditis diversâ vâlle duorum

Extimulata fame mugitibus armentorum, &c.

Met. B. 5. 164.

Ah wretched they that pine away for love!
 O'er hills he rang'd and many a devious grove
 The bold adventurers blam'd the hero's stay,
 While long equip the ready vessel lay;
 With anxious hearts they spread their sails by night;
 And wish'd his presence with the morning light:
 But he with frantic speed regardless stray'd,
 Love pierc'd his heart, and all the hero sway'd.
 Thus Hylas, honour'd with Alcides' love,
 Is number'd with the deities above,
 While to Amphitryon's son the heroes give
 This shameful term, *The Argo's fugitive*:
 But soon on foot the chief to Colchos came,
 With deeds heroic to redeem his fame.

79. Ah, virgo infelix, tu nunc in montibus erras! Ec. 6. 52.

87. Horace says, — Sic Jovis interest
 Optatis epulis impiger Hercules. B. 4. Ode. 8.

This *κατακλιμνησις* or fate of Hylas, as Heinſius observes, with which the poet concludes this charming poem, is extremely elegant and agreeable;

Οὗτω μὲν καλλίστως Ἕλῆς μακαρῶν ἀριθμείται,

Thus the beautiful Hylas is numbered among the blessed:

He would not say, Οὗτως ὁ Ἕλης γέθηκεν, thus Hylas died; but, thus he is numbered with the blessed. See his notes.

IDYLLIUM XIV.

CYNISCA'S LOVE.

A R G U M E N T.

Æschines being in love with Cynisca is despised by her, she having placed her affections on Lycus. Æschines accidentally meets with his friend Thyonichus, whom he had not seen of a long time, and tells him his lamentable tale, and that he is determined to turn soldier. Thyonichus advises him to enter into the service of Ptolemy Philadelphus, on whom he bestows a short but very noble encomium.

ÆSCHINES and THYONICHUS.

ÆSCHINES.

ALL health to good Thyonichus, my friend.

THYONICHUS.

May the same blessing Æschines attend.

ÆSCHINES.

I see you seldom.—**THY.** Well, what ails you now?

ÆSCHINES.

All is not well with me.—**THY.** You therefore grow

Thus Terence, *Salvere Hegionem plurimum Jubeo.*

Adelp. Act. 3. Sc. 3.

So much a sloven, so exceeding thin, 5
 Your hair untrimm'd, your beard deforms your chin.
 A poor Pythag'rist late I chanc'd to meet,
 Pale-fac'd, like you, and naked were his feet;
 He came from learned Athens, as he said,
 And was in love too—with a loaf of bread. 10

ÆSCHINES.
 You jest, but proud Cynisca makes me sad;
 Nay, I'm within a hair-breadth raving mad.

THYONICHUS.
 Such is your temper, so perverse you grow,
 You hope all smooth: but what affects you now? 15

ÆSCHINES.
 I and Cleonicus and the Greek agreed,
 With Apis, skill'd Thessalian colts to breed,
 In my green court, with wine to chear our souls:
 A sucking pig I dress'd, and brace of fowls:

6. — Vultus gravis, horrida sicca Sylva comæ.

Juven. Sat. 9. 12.

8. *Palefac'd, &c.*] He ridicules and distinguishes the Pythagorists by the same marks as Aristophanes does the disciples of Socrates,

Τῷ σχιματὶ, τῷ ἀνποδύτῃ λυγρῷ.

Plat. Aët. 1. Sc. 1.

You would say that they were palefac'd, and barefoot.

9. *Learned Athens*] — Mediis sed natus Athenis. Juv. Sat. 3.

17. *In my green court*] The Greek is, ἐν χορῷ καὶ αἰνῷ, which Heinsius corrects ἐν χορῷ καὶ αἰνῷ, that is, in that part of the house where the antients used to dine and sup; which being originally ἐν χορῷ, on the grass, well-adapted to the ancient shepherds, still retained

And fragrant wine produc'd, four summers old, Now
 Phœnicia's generous wine that makes us bold; 26
 Onions and shell-fish last the table crown'd;
 And gayly went the cheering cup around;
 Then healths were drank, and each oblig'd to name
 The lovely mistress that inspir'd his flame.
 Cynisca (she was by) then charm'd my soul, 25
 And to her health I drain'd the foaming bowl;
 She pledg'd me not, nor deign'd a kind reply:
 Think how my rage, inflam'd with wine, ran high.
 'What are you mute?' I said—a waggish guest,
 "Perhaps she's seen a Wolf," rejoin'd in jest: 30
 At this her cheeks to scarlet turn'd apace;
 Sure you might light a candle at her face.

retained its name, though it was afterwards surrounded with various apartments; therefore it probably means the inner court.

20. *Wine*] The Greek is, *βυβλίνοι οἶνοι*, which Athenæus, B. 1. chap. 28. allows to be Phœnician wine.

28. *Quid mihi tunc animi credis, germane, fuisse?*

Ovid. Epist. Can. to Macar.

30. *She's seen a Wolf*] That is, *Λυκος*, *Wolf*, her sweetheart.

— *Lupi Mœrini videre priores.*

Ec. 9. 54.

On which Dr. Martyn observes, 'that a notion obtained among the ancient Italians, that if a wolf saw any man first, it deprived him of his voice for the present; but, says he, Theocritus gives this story a contrary turn; as if the seeing a wolf, instead of being seen by him, made a person mute.' The doctor, and likewise Mr. Warton, did not observe our author's double meaning, viz. that *λύκος*, signified not only a wolf, but was likewise the name of Cynisca's lover.

Now Wolf is Laba's son, whom most men call
 A comely spark, is handsome, young and tall.
 For him she sigh'd; and this by chance I heard; 35
 Yet took no note, and vainly nurs't my beard.
 We four, now warm, and mellow with the wine,
 Arch Apis, with a mischievous design,
 Nam'd Wolf, and sung encomiums of the boy,
 Which made Cynisca fairly weep for joy, 40
 Like a fond girl, whom love maternal warms,
 That longs to wanton in her mother's arms.
 I swell'd with rage, and, in revengeful pique,
 My hand discharg'd my passion on her cheek :
 " Since thee, I cry'd, my love no more endears, 45
 " Go court some other with those tender tears."
 She rose, and, gathering in a knot her vest,
 Flew swiftly; as the swallow from her nest,
 Beneath the tiling skims in quest of food,
 To still the clamours of her craving brood. 50

36. *And vainly nurs't my beard*] *Ματαιῶς ἀρδοπα γένειον*, quod de illis dicebatur, quorum conjuges impune cum aliis solebant; quique hanc contumeliam leni & pacato animo ferebant. HEINSIUS.

47. *Gathering, &c.*]—Nodoque sinus collecta fluentes. *Æn.* 1. 324.

Close, in a knot, her flowing robes she drew. PITT.

48. *As swallows, &c.*] Virgil has plainly borrowed this simile from our author, though Mr. Warton says he is obliged to Apollonius for it: it is not improbable but that Virgil's may be the copy of the copier.

Nigra

Thus from her downy couch in eager haste,
 Through the first door, and through the gate she past,
 Where-e'er her feet, where-e'er her fancy led,
 The proverb says, 'The bull to wood is fled.'
 Now twenty days are past, ten, nine, and eight, 55
 Two and eleven add—two months compleat,
 Since last we met, and like the boors of Thrace,
 In all that time I never trimm'd my face.
 Wolf now enjoys her, is her sole delight;
 She, when he calls, unbars the door at night: 60

Nigra velut magnas domini cum divitis ædes
 Pervolat, & pennis alta atria lustrat hirando,
 Pabula parva legens, nidisque loquacibus escas,
 Et nunc porticibus vacuis, nunc humida circum
 Stagna sonat. Æn. B. 12. 473.

As the black swallow, that in quest of prey,
 Round the proud palace wings her wanton way,
 When for her children she provides the feast,
 To still the clamours of the craving nest;
 Now wild excursions round the cloyster takes;
 Now sportive winds, or skims along the lakes. PITT.

Virgil has spun this simile into more than four lines, whereas
 Theocritus comprehends it in two.

54. *The bull to wood is fled*] A proverb signifying that he will
 not return.

55. The literal interpretation is, And now twenty and eight,
 and nine, and ten days are past, to-day is the eleventh, add two
 more, and there will be two months. A similar but more perplexing
 method of numeration we meet with in the 17th Idyl. ver. 95.

While I, alas ! on no occasion priz'd,
 Like the forlorn Megareans am despis'd.
 Oh could I from these wild desires refrain,
 And love her less, all would be well again !
 Now like a mouse insnar'd on pitch I move, 65
 Nor know I any remedy for Love.
 Yet in Love's flames our neighbour Simus burn'd,
 Sought ease by travel, and when cur'd return'd ;
 I'll fail, turn soldier, and though not the first
 In fighting fields, I would not prove the worst. 70

THYONICHUS.

May all that's good, whate'er you wish, attend
 On Æschines, my favourite and friend.
 If you're resolved, and sailing is your plan,
 Serve Ptolemy, he loves a worthy man.

ÆSCHINES.

What is his character ? THY. a royal spirit, 75
 To point out genius, and encourage merit :

62. The Megareans entertaining a vain conceit that they were the most valiant of the Grecians, enquired of the oracle if any nation excelled them: the conclusion of the answer was,

Τῶν δ', Μεγαρίων, οὐτε τρίτοι, οὐτε τετάρτοι,
 Οὐτε δωδεκάτοι, οὐτ' αἱ λόγῳ, οὐτ' αἱ ἀριθμῷ.

Nor in the third, nor fourth, Megareans call,
 Nor in the twelfth, nor any rank at all.

65. Now like a mouse.] The Greek is, *ὡς μὲν γεμίβα πύσσας*,
like a mouse I have tasted pitch.

71. — Tibi Dī, quæcunque preceris, Commoda dent.

Hor. B. 2. Sat. 8.

The poet's friend, humane, and good, and kind,
 Of manners gentle, and of generous mind,
 He marks his friend, but more he marks his foe;
 His hand is ever ready to bestow:
 Request with reason, and he'll grant the thing,
 And what he gives, he gives it like a king.
 Go then, and buckle to your manly breast
 The brazen corslet, and the warrior vest;
 Go brave and bold, to friendly Ægypt go,
 Meet in the tented field the rushing foe.

82. To this noble encomium of Ptolemy by the Sicilian poet, I shall briefly show the favourable side of his character, as it is given by the historians. He was a prince of great learning, and a zealous promoter and encourager of it in others, an industrious collector of books, and a generous patron to all those who were eminent in any branch of literature. The fame of his generosity drew seven celebrated poets to his court, who, from their number, were called the Pleiades: these were Aratus, Theocritus, Callimachus, Lycophron, Apollonius, Nicander and Philicus. To him we are indebted for the Greek translation of the scripture, called the Septuagint. Notwithstanding his peculiar taste for the sciences, yet he applied himself with indefatigable industry to business, studying all possible methods to render his subjects happy, and raise his dominions to a flourishing condition. Athenæus called him the richest of all the princes of his age; and Appian says, that as he was the most magnificent and generous of all kings in laying out his money, so he was of all the most skilful and industrious in raising it. He built an incredible number of cities, and left so many other public monuments of his magnificence, that all works of an extravagant taste and grandeur were proverbially called Philadelphian works.

UNIVER. HIST.

Age soon will come, with envious hand to shed
 The snow of winter on the hoary head,
 Will sap the man, and all his vigor drain—
 'Tis ours to act while youth and strength remain.

90. *While youth, &c.* Dumque virent genna. Her. Epod. 131.

IDYLLIUM XV.

The SYRACUSIAN GOSSIPS.

A R G U M E N T.

Two Syracusan women, who had travelled to Alexandria, go to see the solemnity of Adonis's festival, which had been prepared by Arsinoe, the queen of Ptolemy Philadelphus: the humours of these gossips are naturally described. Theocritus, to gratify the queen, introduces a Grecian singing-girl, who rehearſes the magnificence of the pomp which Arsinoe had provided.

GORG0, EUNOE, PRAXINOE, OLD-WOMAN,
and STRANGER.

GORG0.

PRAY, is Praxinoe at home?

EUNOE.

Dear Gorgo, yes— how late you come!

PRAXINOE.

Well! is it you? Maid, bring a chair
And cushion. GOR. Thank you. PRAX. Pray sit there.

GORG0.

Lord bleſs me! what a buſtling throng!
I ſcarce could get alive along:

5

In chariots such a heap of folks !

And men in arms, and men in cloaks—

Besides I live so distant hence

The journey really is immense.

PRAXINOE.

My husband, heav'n his senses mend !

Here will inhabit the world's end,

This horrid house, or rather den,

More fit for savages than men:

This scheme with envious aim he labours,

Only to separate good neighbours—

My plague eternal !

GORGON.

Softly, pray,

The child attends to all you say ;

Name not your husband when he's by—

Observe how earnest is his eye !—

PRAXINOE.

Sweet Zopy ! there's a bonny lad,

Cheer up ! I did not mean your dad.

GORGON.

'Tis a good dad.—I'll take an oath,

The urchin understands us both.

17. *Softly, pray, &c.*] Nil dictu scdum, visuque, &c.

Juv. Sat. 14. 44.

Suffer no lewdness, or indecent speech

Th' apartment of the tender youth to reach. DRYDEN.

PRAXINOE. But tell me what you heard—

(Let's talk as if *some time ago*—)

And then we shall be safe, you know)

This person happen'd once to stop

To purchase nitre at a shop,

And what d' ye think? the silly creature

Bought salt, and took it for salt-petre.

My husband's such another honey,

And thus, as idly, spends his money;

Five fleeces for seven drachms he bought,

Coarse as dog's hair, not worth a groat.

But take your cloak, and garment grac'd

With clasps, that lightly binds your waste;

Adonis' festival invites,

And Ptolemy's gay court delights:

Besides our matchless queen, they say,

Exhibits some grand sight to-day.

40

PRAXINOE. No wonder—every body knows

Great folks can always make fine shows:

33. Drachms] A drachma is seven pence three-farthings.

35- Garment grac'd with clasps] Hence we learn, says Casaubon,

that the ladies formerly had an under garment, which was fastened

to the breast by clasps: the ladies of fashion had clasps of gold;

Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem. Æn. B. 4. 139.

A golden clasp her purple garment binds.

PITT.

But tell me what you went to see.

And what you heard—'tis new to me.

The feast now calls us hence away.

And we shall oft keep holiday.

Maid! water quickly—set it down—

Lord! how indelicate you're grown!

Disperse these cats that love their ease—

But first the water, if you please—

Quick! how she creeps; pour, hussy, pour;

You've spoil'd my gown—so, so—no more.

Well, now I'm wash'd—ye Gods be blest!

Here—bring the key of my large chest.

GORGON.

This robe becomes you mighty well;

What might it cost you? can you tell?

PRAXINOE.

Three pounds, or more; I'd not have done it,

But that I'd set my heart upon it.

GORGON.

'Tis wonderous cheap. PRAX. You think so?—maid,

Fetch my umbrella, and my shade;

So, put it on—fye, Zopy, fye!

Stay within doors, and don't you cry:

51. Quick] — Move vero ocyus Te, nutrix.

Ter. Eun. Act. 5.

The horse will kick you in the dirt—
 Roar as you please, you shan't get hurt.
 Pray, maid, divert him — come, 'tis late: 65
 Call in the dog, and shut the gate.

Lord! here's a buffle and a throng—
 How shall we ever get along!
 Such numbers cover all the way,
 Like emmets on a summer's day. 70

O Ptolemy, thy fame exceeds
 Thy godlike fire's in noble deeds!
 No robber now with Pharian wiles
 The stranger of his purse beguiles;
 No ruffians now infest the street, 75
 And stab the passengers they meet.

What shall we do? lo here advance
 The king's war-horses—how they prance!
 Don't tread upon me, honest friend—
 Lord, how that mad horse rears an end! 80
 He'll throw his rider down, I fear—
 I'm glad I left the child, my dear.

67. *Di boni, quid turbæ est!* Ter. Heaut. Act. 2.

70. *Like emmets, &c.]* Ac veluti ingentem formicæ, &c.
 Æn. 4. 401.

78. *War-horses]* Post bellator equus. Æn. 11. 89.

80. *Rears au end]* Tollit se arrectum quadrupes.
 Æn. 10. 892.

GORGO.

Don't be afraid; the danger's o'er;
The horses, see! are gone before.

PRAXINOE.

I'm better now, but always quake

Whene'er I see a horse or snake;

They rear, and look so fierce and wild—

I own, I've loath'd them from a child.

Walk quicker—what a crowd is this!

GORGO.

Pray, come you from the palace? OLD-WOMAN. Yes.

GORGO.

Can we get in, d'ye think? OLD-WO. Make trial—

The steady never take denial;

The steady Greeks old Ilium won;

By trial, all things may be done.

GORGO.

Gone, like a riddle, in the dark;

These crones, if we their tales remark,

Know better far than I or you know

How Jupiter was join'd to Juno.

86. *Snake*] The Greek is *φύξεν*, *phuxen*, a cold snake, thus Virgil,
Frigidus, o pueri, fugite hinc, latet anguis in herba.

And

Ec. 3. 93.

87. *Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis.* Ec. 8. 71.

97. Plautus seems to have imitated this.

Id quod in aurem rex reginæ dixerit

Sciunt; quod Juno fabulata est cum Jove.

Lo! at the gate, what crowds are there!

PRAXINOE.

Immense, indeed! Your hand, my dear:

And let the maids join hands, and close us,

Left in the bustle they should lose us.

Let's crowd together through the door—

Heav'n's blest me! how my gown is tore!

By Jove, but this is past a joke—

Pray, good sir, don't you rend my cloak.

MAN.

I can't avoid it; I'm so prest.

PRAXINOE.

Like pigs they jostle, I protest.

MAN.

Cheer up, for now we're safe and sound.

PRAXINOE.

May you in happiness abound;

For you have serv'd us all you can—

Gorgo!— a mighty civil man—

See how the folks poor Eunoe jostle!

Push through the crowd, girl!— bustle, bustle—

Now we're all in; as Dromo said,

When he had got his bride in bed.

117. Thus Telemachus expresses his surprize to Pisistratus at the magnificent furniture of Menelaus's palace at Sparta;

View'it thou unmov'd, O ever honour'd most!

These prodigies of art, and wondrous cost!

Above,

GORGON

Lo! what rich hangings grace the rooms—
Sure they were wove in heavenly looms.

PRAXINOS

Gracious! how delicately fine
The work! how noble the design!
How true, how happy is the draught!
The figures seem inform'd with thought—
No artists sure the story wove,
They're real men— they live, they move.
From these amazing works we find,
How great, how wise the human mind.
Lo! stretch'd upon a silver bed,
(Scarce has the down his cheeks o'erspread)

125

Above, beneath, around the palace shines
The sumless treasure of exhausted mines:
The spoils of elephants the roof inlay,
And studded amber darts a golden ray:
Such, and not nobler, in the realms above
My wonder dictates is the dome of Jove.

POPE'S Odyss. B. 4.

124. *They live, they move*] ——— Velut si

Re verâ pugnent, feriant, vitentque moventes

Arma viri.

Hor. B. 2. Sat. 7.

127. *Lo, stretch'd upon a silver bed, &c.*] At the feast of Adonis
they always placed his image on a magnificent bed; thus Bion,

127. *Βίη ἀνάνθη σίβας ἄ. τ. λ.*

Idyl. 1. 69.

——— Behold the stately bed,

On which Adonis, now depriv'd of breath,

Seems sunk in slumbers, beauteous ev'n in death.

F. F.

128. ——— Flaventem prima lanugine malas. Æn. B. 10. 324.

Adonis lies; O, charming show!

Lov'd by the fable Pow'rs below.

STRANGER.

Hift! your Sicilian prate forbear;

Your mouths extend from ear to ear,

Like turtles that for ever moan;

You stun us with your rustick tone.

GORGO.

Sure! we may speak! what fellow's this?

And do you take it, fir, amiss?

Go, keep Ægyptian slaves in awe:

Think not to give Sicilians law:

Besides, we're of Corinthian mould,

As was Bellerophon of old:

Our language is entirely Greek—

The Dorians may the Doric speak.

PRAXINOE.

O sweet Proserpina, sure none

Presumes to give us law but one!

To us there is no fear you shou'd

Do harm, who cannot do us good.

[134. *For fun us, &c.*] A citizen of Alexandria finds fault with the Syracusan gossips for opening their mouths so wide when they speak; the good women are affronted, and tell him, that as they are Dorians, they will make use of the Doric dialect: hence we may observe, that the pronunciation of the Dorians was very coarse and broad, and sounded harsh in the ears of the politer Grecians.

MARTYN'S Pref. to Virgil.

[145. Here I entirely follow the ingenious interpretation of Heinke.

GORGŌ.

Hark! the Greek girl's about to raise
 Her voice in fair Adonis' praise;
 She's a sweet pipe for funeral airs:
 She's just beginning, she prepares:
 She'll Sperchis, and the world excell,
 That by her prelude you may tell.

150

THE GREEK GIRL SINGS.

"O chief of Golgos, and the Idalian grove,
 And breezy Eryx, beauteous queen of Love!
 Once more the soft-foot hours approaching slow,
 Restore Adonis from the realms below;
 Welcome to man they come with silent pace,
 Diffusing benisons to human race.
 O Venus, daughter of Dione fair,
 You gave to Berenice's lot to share
 Immortal joys in heavenly regions blest,
 And with divine Ambrosia fill'd her breast.

160

151. *Sperchis*] A celebrated singer.

153. *Golgos*] Golgos was a small but very antient town in Cyprus, where Venus was worshipped. Catullus has translated this verse of Theocritus,

Quæque regis Golgos, quæque Idalium frondosum.

De Nup. Pel. & Theo.

154. *Eryx*] Eryx was a mountain in Sicily.

162. *With divine Ambrosia, &c.*] Ovid has imitated this passage; speaking of the deification of Æneas, he says,

—Am—

And now in due return, O heavenly born!
 Whose honour'd name a thousand fances adorn,
 Arsinoe pays the pompous rites divine,
 Rival of Helen, at Adonis' shrine;
 All fruits she offers that ripe autumn yields,
 The produce of the gardens, and the fields;
 All herbs and plants which silver baskets hold;
 And Syrian unguents flow from shells of gold:
 With finest meal sweet paste the women make,
 Oil, flowers and honey mingling in the cake:
 Earth and the air afford a large supply
 Of animals that creep, and birds that fly.

— Ambrosia cum dulci nestare mista
 Contigit os; fecitque Deum. Met. B. 14. 606.

164. *A thousand fances, &c.*] This is similar to the beginning of Sappho's first ode,

Ποικιλοδερμήϊσι καὶ ἄλκιμονι θεῷ
 Venus, bright goddess of the skies,
 To whom unnumber'd temples rise. F. F.

169. *All herbs and plants, &c.*] The Greek is *ἅπαντα κῆποι, soft gardens*; Archbishop Potter observes, that at the feast of Adonis, there were carried shells filled with earth, in which grew several sorts of herbs, especially lettuces, in memory that Adonis was laid out by Venus on a bed of lettuces: these were called *κῆποι*, gardens; whence *Adonis, κῆποι* are proverbially applied to things unfruitful, or fading, because those herbs were only sown so long before the festival, as to sprout forth, and be green at that time, and afterwards cast in the water. See *Antiquit. Vol. 3.*

Nam quotcumque serunt campi, quos Thessala magnis
 Montibus ora creat. CATULL. & de Pel. & Thet.

Green bow'rs are built with dill sweet-smelling crown'd,
And little Cupids hover all around; 176

And, as young nightingales their wings essay,
Skip here and there, and hop from spray to spray.

What heaps of golden vessels glittering bright!

What stores of ebon black, and ivory white! 180

176. Thus Bion, *Amor. de mir. x. v. 2.* Epit. Adon.

Surrounding Cupids heave their breasts with sighs:

And Moschus, The little loves, lamenting at his doom,

Strike their fair breasts, and weep around his tomb. F. F.

But, as Longipierre observes, images of Cupids were never omitted
at this festival. Ovid seems to have had this in view when he wrote,

Ecce puer Veneris fert everfamque pharetram,

Et fractos arcus, & sine luce facem.

Aspice demissis ut eat miserabilis alis;

Pectoraque infesta tundit aperta manu.

Excipiunt lacrymas sparsi per colla capilli,

Oraque singultu concutiente sonant. Amor. B. 3. El. 9.

See Venus' son his torch extinguish'd brings,

His quiver all revers'd, and broke his bow!

See, pensive how he droops with flagging wings,

And strikes his bared bosom many a blow!

Loose and neglected, scatter'd o'er his neck,

His golden locks drink many a falling tear;

What piteous sobs, as if his heart would break,

Shake his swol'n cheek? Ah, sorrow too severe!

178. *Skip here and there, &c.* Thus Bion, speaking likewise of
Cupid,

How here and there he skips, and hops from tree to tree,

In ivory carv'd large eagles seem to move,
 And through the clouds bear Ganymede to Jove.
 Lo! purple tapestry arrang'd on high
 Charms the spectators with the Tyrian dye,

181. *Large eagles, &c.*] Virgil has an image of this sort,
Intextusque puer ———— quem præpes ab Ida, &c.

Æn. B. 5.

There royal Ganymede, inwrought with art,
 O'er hills and forests hunts the bounding hart;
 The beauteous youth, all wondrous to behold;
 Pants in the moving threads, and lives in gold;
 From towering Ida shoots the bird of Jove,
 And bears him struggling through the clouds above;
 With outstretch'd hands his hoary guardians cry,
 And the loud hounds spring furious at the sky. *PITT.*

I transcribed this fine passage from Mr. Pitt's translation of Virgil, that I might lay before the reader Mr. Warton's note upon it. "The description of this beautiful piece of tapestry is extremely picturesque: the circumstances of the boy's panting, the old men lifting up their hands, and above all, the dogs looking up and barking after him, are painted in the liveliest manner imaginable. There is a very fine painting by Michael Angelo on this subject, who has exactly copied Virgil's description, except that he has omitted the circumstance of the dogs, which Spenser has likewise, in describing this story, as part of the tapestry with which the house of Busyrane was adorned."

————— When as the Trojan boy so faire
 He snatch'd from Ida hill, and with him bare,
 Wondrous delight it was, there to behold,
 How the rude shepherds after him did stare,
 Trembling through fear lest he down fallen should,
 And often to him calling to take surer holde.

F. Q. B. 3. c. 11.

Id. 15. THEOCRITUS. 145

The Samian and Milesian swains, who keep 185
 Large flocks, acknowledge 'tis more soft than sleep:
 Of this Adonis claims a downy bed,
 And lo! another for fair Venus spread!
 Her bridegroom scarce attains to nineteen years,
 Rosy his lips, and no rough beard appears: 190
 Let raptur'd Venus now enjoy her mate,
 While we, descending to the city gate,
 Array'd in decent robes that sweep the ground,
 With naked bosoms, and with hair unbound,
 Bring forth Adonis, slain in youthful years, 195
 Ere Phœbus drinks the morning's early tears.
 And while to yonder flood we march along,
 With tuneful voices raise the funeral song.
 Adonis, you alone of demigods,
 Now visit earth, and now hell's dire abodes: 200
 Not fam'd Atreides could this favour boast,
 Nor furious Ajax, though himself an host;
 Nor Hector, long his mother's grace and joy
 Of twenty sons, not Pyrrhus safe from Troy,
 Not brave Patroclus of immortal fame, 205
 Nor the fierce Lapithæ, a deathless name;

185. *Milesian*] Thus Virgil,

Quamvis Milesia magno

Vellera mutantur Tyrios incocta rubores.

Geor. B. 3. 306.

186. *More soft than sleep,*] See Idyl. v. ver. 58, and the note.

Nor sons of Pelops, nor Deucalion's race,
 Nor stout Pelasgians, Argos' honour'd grace,
 As now, divine Adonis, you appear
 Kind to our prayers, O bless the future year
 As now propitious to our vows you prove,
 Return with meek benevolence and love.

210. *O bless the future, &c.*] *Sis bonus & felixque tuis, Ec. s. 65.*
Sis felix, nostrumque leves quæcunque laborem. *En. 1. 330.*

Ver. 212. This superstitious mystery, of lamenting for Adonis, may be thus explained: Adonis was the sun; the upper hemisphere of the earth, or that which we think so, was anciently called Venus; the under Proserpine, therefore, when the sun was in the six inferior signs, they said, he was with Proserpine; when he was in the six superior, with Venus. By the Boar that slew Adonis, they understood Winter; for they made the Boar, not unaptly, the emblem of that rigid season. Or, by Adonis, they meant the fruits of the earth, which are for one while buried, but at length appear flourishing to the sight; when therefore the seed was thrown into the ground, they said, Adonis was gone to Proserpine; but when it sprouted up, they said, he had revisited the light and Venus. Hence probably it was that they sowed corn, and made gardens for Adonis. *Univerf. Hist. vol. ii.*

Milton has some fine melodious lines on this subject.

Thammuz came next behind,
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
 While smooth Adonis, from his native rock,
 Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded. *Par. Lost. B. 1.*

Give me leave here to insert the account given by the late Mr. Maundrel of this ancient piece of worship, and probably the first occasion of such a superstition. "We had the fortune to see what

G O R G O.

O, fam'd for knowledge in mysterious things!
 How sweet, Praxinoë, the damsel sings!
 Time calls me home to keep my husband kind, 215
 He's prone to anger if he has not din'd.
 Farewell, Adonis, lov'd and honour'd boy;
 O come, propitious, and augment our joy.

" may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion which Lucian relates, viz. That this stream (the river Adonis) at certain seasons of the year, especially about the feast of Adonis, is of a bloody colour; which the heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of sympathy in the river for the death of Adonis, who was killed by a wild boar in the mountains, out of which this stream rises. Something like this we saw actually come to pass; for the water was stained to a surprising redness; and as we observed in travelling, had discoloured the sea a great way into a reddish hue, occasioned doubtless by a sort of minium or red earth, washed into the river by the violence of the rain, and not by any stain from the blood of Adonis." The prophet Ezekiel saw the women at Jerusalem lamenting Tammuz, ch. 8. ver. 14. *He brought me to the door of the gate of the Lord's house, which was towards the north, and behold there sat women weeping for Tammuz.*

216. ——— *If he has not din'd.*] Thus Horace,
 Impransus non qui civem dignosceret hoste. B. 1. Ep. 15.

——— With hunger keen,
 On friends and foes he vented his chagrin. DUNCOMBE.

IDYLLIUM XVI.

THE GRACES, OR HIERO.

A R G U M E N T.

This Idyllium is addressed to Hiero, the last tyrant of Sicily. Theocritus having before celebrated this prince, without being recompensed for his trouble, composed this poem, in which he complains of the ingratitude of princes to poets, who can alone render their actions immortal. He observes, that not only the Lycian and Trojan heroes, but even Ulysses himself, would have been buried in oblivion, if their fame had not been celebrated by Homer.

IT fits the Muse's tongue, the poet's pen,
To praise th' immortal gods, and famous men:

This little piece abounds with so many beauties and graces, that it is with great propriety filed *Xapitoc*, or THE GRACES. Hiero, the subject of this poem, was the son of Hierocles, one of the descendents of Gelon the first king of Syracuse. Hiero succeeded to the throne of Syracuse 265 years before Christ. He was remarkable for his constant attachment to, and generous friendship for the Romans.

2. *To praise th' immortal gods, and famous men:]* In like manner Horace says,

Quem

The Nine are deities and gods resound,
 But bards ate men, and sing of men renown'd.
 Yet who that lives beneath heaven's cope regards 5
 The incense, or the sacrifice of bards?
 Who opens now the hospitable door,
 And makes the Muses richer than before?
 Barefoot, unpaid, indignant they return,
 Reproach my zeal, and unavailing mourn: 10

Quem virum, aut heroa, lyrâ, vel âcri
 Tibiâ fumes celebrare, Clio?

Quem Deum?

B. 1. Ode 12.

What man, what hero shall inspire,
 My Clio's life with sprightly lays?
 Or will she chuse to strike the lyre
 Devoted to the gods in hymns of praise?

5. Quis tibi Mecænas? quis nunc erit aut Procleius,
 Aut Fabius? quis Cotta iterum? quis Lentulus altër?

Juv. Sat. 7. 94.

All these great men were celebrated for their generosity and liberality to the Muses.

7. *Who opens, &c.* Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoquë juva-
 bit.

Juv. Sat. 3. 211.

Through the wide world a wretched vagrant roam,
 For where can starving merit find a home?
 In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
 While all neglect, and most insult your woes.

S. JOHNSON.

9. *Barefoot, unpaid, &c.* The protection of princes is the greatest incentive to the diligence of poets, and often of more avail than the inspiration of Apollo, *Es spes & ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum.* Juvenal says,

To the dark chest their labours they consign,
 And on cold knees the languid head recline;
 For none, alas! the race of men among,
 Receives the bard, or hears his lofty song;
 Men thirst not now for glory, as of old, 15
 But all their passions are confin'd to gold;
 To their mean breasts their thrifty hands they join,
 And scarce will give the canker of their coin.
 Hint at a recompence, they thus begin;
 ' Close is my shirt, but closer is my skin: 20
 ' My own I'll keep; and may the gods reward,
 ' And crown with honours every living bard.
 ' Homer's the prince of poets—sure 'tis sense,
 ' To read the noblest works, at no expence.'

Tædia tunc subeunt animos, tunc seque, suamque
 Terpsichoren odit facunda & nuda senectus. Sat. 7.

Last, crush'd by age, in poverty ye pine,
 And sighing curse the unavailing Nine. BUR. GREENE.

17. *To their mean breasts, &c.*] Illiberal persons were said to hold
 their hands in their bosoms.

20. *Close is my shirt, &c.*] The Greek is, *αυτοισιν η γονυ κναιμα*,
My leg is further off than my knee. I could not recollect an English
 proverb more correspondent to the original than what I have sub-
 stituted; the Romans have one similar,

Tunica pallio propior. Plaut.

My waistcoat is nearer than my cloak.

23. *Homer's the prince of poets—*]
 Priores Mæonius tenet
 Sedes Homerus.

Hor. B. 4. O. 9.

What profit, wretched churls, can gold afford,
 Which thus in coffers ye abundant hoard?
 The wise a different use for riches know,
 And love on men of genius to bestow,
 Part on themselves, to others part they spare,
 And some their friends, and some their kinsmen share: 30
 To every man their bounty shines display'd,
 And yet the offerings of the gods are paid.
 With prudent hospitality they spend,
 And kindly greeting speed the parting friend.

25. *What profit, &c.]*

Nullus argente color est, avari

Abditæ terris inimice lanæ

Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato

Splendeat usu.

Hor. B. 2. O. 2.

My Sallust's generous thoughts disdain

The sordid miser's hoarded gain;

Since silver with no lustre glows,

But what a moderate use bestows.

DUNCOMBE.

28. *Love on men of genius to bestow.]* Horace has something similar; *Cur eget indignus quisquam te divite? &c.* B. 2. S. 2.

Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray,

And shine that superfluity away.

Oh, impudence of wealth! with all thy store,

How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?

POPE.

34. *And kindly greeting, &c.]* Here are some admirable precepts for social life; some of them seem to be borrowed from Homer's *Odyssey*, B. 15. which I shall give in Mr. Pope's version.

True friendship's laws are by this rule express,

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

Which he has adopted in his imitation of the 2d satire of the 2d book of Horace.

But most the Muses' sons these honours claim,
 Whose deathless lays immortalize their name;
 Then will they never rove, in riotous fringes,
 (Like those who living labour'd with their spades)
 Along cold Acheron's infernal river,
 And mourn hereditary want for ever.
 Alcua and Antiochus, we're told,
 Reign'd rich, and mighty potentates of old;
 And to a thousand slaves, their menial train,
 In lots distributed the monthly grain:
 In Scopas' fields, yokedumber'd heifers fed,
 And bulls that proudly tof'd the rough-horn'd head;
 For good Creondas' use the shepherd-swains
 Fed flocks in myriads on Cranonian plains:

38. *Like those, &c.* The sense of the original is, *Like some ditcher, who by labouring hard with his spade, has rendered his hands callous.*

40. *Nunc et pauperiem & duros perferre labores.*

En. B. 6. 436.

41. Antiochus was king of Syria: the Alaudae and Stopada reigned in Thessaly and the neighbouring islands.

42. *Like those, &c.* Anciently the masters of families used to distribute to their slaves, every month, such a measure of corn as would keep them the month, which they called *Demogium*; thus Terence, *Quod illi utiendi vix de demogio sunt.* Solum defraudans genium, comparfit miser.

Phor. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

43. *Craneon* was a city of Thessaly, the son of Nebromus. There were Sarpidon and Glaucon; Cycnus; and Craneon.

These after death their sweet enjoyments lost;
 When in hell's spacious barge their ghosts had coast
 Th' infernal river, and upon their daff,
 To other heirs their vast possessions fall,
 And these among the miserable train
 Had long in darkness and oblivion lain,
 Had not the Cean muse extoll'd their name,
 Awak'd his sounding lyre, and giv'n them deathless fame.
 Verse crowns the laurel-horse with fair honour's meed,
 That in the field has signaliz'd his speed.
 Who had the Lycian chiefs, and Trojan known,
 Or Cychus, delicate with milk-white crown,

50. Et ferruginea subiectat corpora cymba.

52. To other heirs, &c.]

Linquenda tellus, & domus, & placens

Uxor —

Hor. B. 2. O. 14.

53. And these, &c.] — Omnes illachrymabiles

Urgentur, &c.

Hor. B. 4. O. 9.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!

They had no poet, and they dy'd.

In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!

They had no poet, and are dead:

55. Simonides, a native of Ceos, an island in the
 Egæan sea. He was a moving and a passionate writer, and suc-
 ceeded chiefly in elegies. He gained as much honour as he gave by
 his poems on the four celebrated battles at Marathon, Thermopylæ,
 Salamis and Platea.

59. Lycian chiefs.] These were Sarpedon and Glaucus: Cychus,
 the son of Neptune, was slain by Achilles, and turned into a swan:
 Hesiod.

Had not ~~THE BARD~~ delighted to rehearse
 Their bold achievements in heroic verse;
 Ulysses ne'er had endless glory gain'd,
 Though for ten tedious summers he sustain'd
 Unnumber'd toils, while he observant stray'd
 From clime to clime, and men and states survey'd;
 Ev'n though he escap'd the Cyclops' gloomy cell,
 And quick descended to the realms of hell:
 Philoctetus and Eumæus with the dead
 Had lain as nameless as the beasts they fed;
 And brave Laertes with his parting breath
 Had dy'd, but Homer snatch'd their names from death.

All human fame is by the Muses spread,
 And heirs consume the riches of the dead.

Hesiod, according to the scholiast, describes Cynus with a white head.

Thus Horace, — Multorum providus urbes,
 Et mores hominum inspexit, latumque per aequor,
 Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa
 Pertulit. — B. V. Ep. 2.

69. It is here worth observation, that after the enumeration of these great heroes, Theocritus does not forget his pastoral capacity, or omit to mention the swineherd Eumæus, and the neatherd Philoctetus. See Homer's *Odysey*.

73. All human fame, &c.] Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.
 Hor. B. 4. O. 8.

74. And heirs, &c.] — Exstructis in altum
 Divitiis potietur haeres. Hor. B. 2. O. 3.

Yet 'tis an easier task, when tempests rear,
 To count the waves that needlessly lash the shore,
 'Tis easier far to bleach the Ethiop's soul,
 Than turn the frown of the miser's fool.
 Curse on the wretch, that thus augments his store!
 And much possessing, may be wish for more!
 I still prefer fair fame, with better sense,
 And, more than riches, men's benevolence.
 And yet, alas! what guardian shall I chuse,
 What princely chief to patronize my muse?
 In perilous paths the race of poets rove,
 Dubious their fate, without the aid of Jove.
 But still the sun rolls glorious in the skies,
 And future victors in the race will rise.
 The chief will rise, who shall my numbers claim
 Equal to great Æacides in fame,

75. *'Tis an easier task, &c.*] Virgil seems to have imitated this passage. *Quem qui scire velit, &c.* *Georg. B. 2. 105.*

On tell the billows, as they beat the shores,
 When all th' Ionian sea with raging Boreas roars. *WARTON.*

88. *And your victims, &c.*] Thus Virgil,
Alter erit Tiphys, & altera quæ vehat Argo
Delectos heroas: erant etiam altera bella,
Atque iterum ad Trojam magnus mittetur Achilles. Ecl. 4.

Another Tiphys shall new seas explore,
 Another Argos land the chiefs on shore;
 New wars the bleeding nations shall destroy,
 And great Achilles find a second Troy. *DARBY and WAR.*

Equal to Ajax on the Phrygian plains,
 Where Ilus' tomb near Simois streams remains.
 The bold Phœnicians, sons of Libya far,
 Shrink at the rumour of approaching war!
 For lo! their spears the Syracusians wield,
 And bend the pliant fallow to a shield.
 These Hiero leads, superior to the rest,
 And on his helmet nods the horse-hair crest.

92. *Where Ilus' tomb?* Homer has,

— *ὅντιν' Ἰλίου στήλην.*

Iliad B. 11. 415.

From ancient Ilus' ruin'd monument.

POPE.

96. *And bend, &c.* Thus Virgil,

— *Flectuntque salignas*

Umbonum crages.

Æn. B. 7. 632.

And for the shield, the pliant fallow bend.

PITT.

Pindar seems to make an allusion to this circumstance, in his first Pythian Ode, which I shall give in the excellent translation of the late Gilbert West, Esq;

And do thou aid Sicilia's hoary lord,

To form and rule his son's obedient mind;

And still in golden days of sweet accord,

And mutual peace the friendly people bind.

Then grant, O son of Saturn, grant my pray'r!

The bold Phœnician on his shore detain, &c.

98. *And on his helmet, &c.* — *Crista hirsutus equina.*

High on his head the crested helm he wore.

PITT.

O Jupiter, and thou Minerva chaste,
 And Proserpine, to our protection haste,
 With Ceres thou delightest to partake
 Those fair built walls by Lysimelia's lake.
 Oh, may the fates, in pity to our woes,
 On the Sardonian main disperse our foes!
 And let the few that reach their country tell
 Their wives and children how their fathers fell!
 And let the natives dwell in peace and rest
 In all the cities which the foes possess!

99. O Jupiter, &c.] *Αἰ γὰρ, Ζεῦ καὶ πατρὶς κ. τ. λ.*

This verse is an imitation of that of Homer;

Αἰ γὰρ, Ζεῦ τι πάτερ Ἄδριαν, ὦ θεοὶ πόλιν

Sic pater ille deum faciat, sic altus Apollo.

Virg. *Æn.* 10. 875.

So may great Jove, and he, the god of light.

PITT.

100. *Proserpine and Ceres.*] These deities were worshipped by the Syracusians.

102. *Lysimelia.*] A lake not far from Syracuse.

104. *Our foes.*] These were the Carthaginians, who used frequently to invade Sicily.

105. *The few.*] The Greek is, *ἀριθμῶντος*, numerabiles, easy to be told, which is elegantly used for a few: Horace has the same expression, *Quo sane populus numerabilis, utpote parvus.*

Art. *Pict.* 206.

May swains, along the pastures, fat and fair,
 In flocks of thousands tend their bleating care;
 And lowing herds, returning to the stall,
 Wind o'er the plain, as flow as foot can fall!
 May the crops flourish, and with feeble voice,
 On leafy shrubs the grasshopper rejoice!
 While spiders stretch their webs along the shore,
 And war's dread name be never mentioned more!
 May godlike poets, in undying strain,
 Bear Hiero's praise beyond the Scythian main,
 Beyond the walls, with black bitumen made,
 Where proud Semiramis the sceptre sway'd!
 I am but one; Jove's daughters fair regard
 With sweetest favour many a living bard;

110. *Flocks of thousands, &c.*] Thus the Psalmist, *That our flocks may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets*; that is, in their pastures or walks; or, may they increase so as not only to fill our pastures, but the streets of our villages.

114. *Sole sub ardentis resonant arbuta cicadis.* Virg. *Ecl.* 2.

115. *In foribus laxis suspendit aranea cassis.*

Virg. *Geor.* 4. 247.

119. *Beyond the walls, &c.*] Thus Ovid;

Ubi dicitur altam

Cocclibus muris cinxisse Semiramis urbem. Met. 4. 57.

Where proud Semiramis, for state,

Rais'd walls of brick magnificently great. EUSDEN.

These shall Sicilian Antheus sing,
 The happy people, and the valiant king.
 Ye Graces Eteoclean, who reside
 Where Minyas, curst by Thebans, rolls his tide.
 Unask'd I'll rest; yet not, if call'd, refuse
 With you to bring my sweet associate muse:
 Without you, what to men can pleasures give?
 Oh! may I ever with the Graces live!

125. *Ye Graces Eteoclean.*] By the Graces are meant the Muses: Eteocles was the elder son of Oedipus by Jocasta: he is said to have first sacrificed to the Muses at Orchomenos; whence they are called the Eteoclean Deities, or Graces. Homer mentions the river Minyas. *Iliad* B. 11.

Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.

Forc.

130. *O may I ever with the Graces live.*] Milton seems to allude to this,

These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

There is a beautiful passage in my friend Mr. William Whitehead's excellent poem called *The danger of writing verse*, which I shall beg leave to transcribe, as the subject is the same with this Idyllium, and the last line refers to our next poem, *The Encomium of Ptolemy*: complaining that the great showed no regard to the Muses, he says,

Yet let ev'n these be taught in mystic rhyme,

'Tis verse alone arrests the wings of Time.

Fast to the thread of life, annex'd by fame.

A sculptur'd medal bears each human name:

O'er Lethe's streams the fatal threads depend.

The glittering medal trembles as they bend;

Close but the shears, when chance or nature calls,

The birds of rumour catch it as it falls;

A while

IDYLLIUM XVII.

PTOLEMY.

ARGUMENT.

Theocritus rises above his pastoral stile when he celebrates the praises of Ptolemy Philadelphus, the son of Ptolemy Lagus and Berenice: he derives his race from Hercules, enumerates his many cities, describes his immense treasures, and though he extols him for his military preparations, he commends his love of peace: but above all he commemorates his royal munificence to the sons of the Muses.

WITH Jove begin, ye nine, and end with Jove,
Whene'er ye praise the greatest God above:

The common title of this Idyllium is THE ENCOMIUM OF PTOLEMY. Heinſius makes no doubt but that the inſcription ſhould be ſimply PTOLEMY: for Theocritus had written two poems, one was called PTOLEMY, the other BERENICE; the firſt celebrated the virtues of that illuſtrious monarch, the ſecond thoſe of his royal mother, who at that time was enrolled among the gods. For Ptolemy's character, ſee Idyllium XIV. and the note on verſe 82.

1. *With Jove begin, &c.*] The Greek is, *Ex Διός ἀρχομεθα*, which are the very words with which Aratus begins his poem called *Phænomena*: as Theocritus and Aratus were intimate friends, and flouriſhed nearly at the ſame time, though the Sicilian bard was older, it is hard to ſay which borrowed from the other: Virgil has,

M

A Jove

But if of noblest men the song ye cast,
 Let Ptolemy be first, and midst, and last.
 Heroes of old, from demigods that sprung,
 Chose lofty poets who their actions sung:
 Well skill'd, I tune to Ptolemy my reed;
 Hymns are of gods above the honour'd need.
 To Ida, when the woodman winds his way,
 Where verdant pines their towering tops display,
 Doubtful he stands, with undetermin'd look,
 Where first to deal the meditated stroke:
 And where shall I commence? new themes arise,
 Deeds that exalt his glory to the skies.
 If from his fathers we commence the plan,
 19
 Lagus, how great, how excellent a man!

A Jove principium, Musa, Ecl. 3.
 A te principium, tibi desinet. Ecl. 8.
 With thee began my songs, with thee shall end. WART.

4. Let Ptolemy be first, and midst, and last.] Milton has,
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.

8 Milton has greatly improved this by adding; and without end; as
 he is celebrating God, and Theocritus only a man.

3. Hymns, &c.] Carmine Di superi placantur, carmine manes.
 Verse can the gods of heaven and hell appease.

16. Lagus] Ptolemy Lagus was one of Alexander's captains, who
 upon that monarch's death, and the division of his empire, had
 Egypt, Libya, and that part of Arabia which borders upon Egypt,
 allotted to his share: but at the time of his death, he held several
 other countries, which are enumerated below, see ver. 97, &c.

Who to no earthly potentate would yield
 For wisdom at the board, or valour in the field.
 Him with the gods Jove equals, and has given
 A golden palace in the realms of heaven:
 Near him sits Alexander, wife and great,
 The fell destroyer of the Persian state.
 Against them, thron'd in adamant, in view
 Alcides, who the Cretan monster slew,
 Reclines, and, as with Gods the feast he shares,
 Glories to meet his own descendant heirs,
 From age and pain's impediments reliev'd,
 And in the rank of deities receiv'd.

21. Near him, &c.] Quos inter Augustus recumbens.

Hor. B. 3. O. 3.

— wife, &c.] I would chuse to read, *αιδωμενος*, *varium consilium habens*, and not *αιδωμενος* with Calaubon.

24. Who slew, &c.] Tu Cressia mactas Prodigia. *Æn.* 8. 294.

You slew the bull, whose rage dispeopled Crete.

25. The feast be shew'd.] Sic Jovis interit.

Optatis epulis impiger Hercules.

26. His own descendant heirs.] The Greek is, *Αδελφούς οὐ καλυνταί*

Βοι πατρὸς γυναικῶν, which is rendered, *immortals*; *οὐ καλυνταί*, *Diis sine pudum usu facti*; and being formed without feet they are called immortal gods. It is amazing how a clear and elegant passage should be corrupted into such nonsense: Heinſius undoubtedly reads right; *οὐ καλυνταί*, that is, *αὐτοὶ πᾶσι θεοῖς*, *those that were his nephews*; he rejoices that his nephews are called (or are become) immortal.

For in his line are both these heroes class'd,
 And both deriv'd from Hercules the last.
 Thence, when the nectar'd bowl his love impress'd,
 And to the blooming Hebe he retires,
 To this his bow and quiver he allots,
 To that his iron club, distinct with knots;
 Thus Jove's great son is by his offspring led
 To silver-footed Hebe's rosy bed.

How Berenice shone! her parents' pride;
 Virtue her aim, and wisdom was her guide:
 Sure Venus with light touch her bosom press'd,
 Infusing in her soft ambrosial breast
 Pure, constant love: hence faithful records tell,
 No monarch ever lov'd his queen so well;
 No queen with such undying passion burn'd,
 For more than equal fondness he return'd.

When'er to love the chief his mind unbends,
 To his son's care the kingdom he commends.
 Unfaithful wives, dissatisfied at home,
 Let their wild thoughts on joys forbidden roam:

30. Julius a magni demissum nomen Iule.
 31. The nectar'd bowl. Purpureo bibic ore nectar.
 32. Hor. Epod. 13.
 33. To this his bow, &c.] Thus Ovid. Met. B. 3. 16.
 Nympharum tradidit uni

Armigerae jaculum, pharetramque arcusque reator.

45. To his son's care, &c.] Ptolemy made his son Philadelphus partner with him in the empire.

Their births are known, yet, of a numerous race,
 None shows the features of the father's face;
 Venus, than all the goddesses more fair,
 The lovely Berenice was thy care;
 To thee 'twas owing, gentle, kind and good,
 She past not Acheron's woe-working flood.
 Thou caught'st her e'er she went where spectres dwell,
 Or Charon, the grim ferryman of hell;
 And in thy temple plac'd the royal fair,
 Thine own high honour's privilege to share,
 Thence gentle love in mortals she inspires,
 And soft solitudes, and sweet desires.
 The fair Deïpyle to Tydeus bare
 Stern Diomed, the thunderbolt of war;
 And Thetis, goddess of the azure wave,
 To Peleus brought Achilles, bold and brave:

49. *Their births are known.* The Greek is, Παιδες δι γυναι, which
 is wrong translated, *pueriles quidem partus sunt*, their births are easy;
 whereas it should be rendered, as *Cesàrio* rightly observes, *their*
births are easily to be judged of, viz. that they are adulterous; the
 latter part of the verse explains the former, Παιδες δι γυναι, τινος δ'
non ex matre patris, their births are easy to be judged, for the children
do not resemble their fathers. The ancients imagined those children
 not to be legitimate who were unlike their parents, and therefore
 Hesiod reckons it among the felicities which attend good men, that

The wives bear sons resembling their own sires.

Τεκνῶν δι γυναικὸς εὐκρίτους τέκνα γυναικῶν.

Ver. 233.

56. *Portitor has horrendus aquas & flumina servat.*

Terribili squalore Charon.

En. B. 6. 298.

But Berenice nobler praise hath won,
 Who bore great Ptolemy as great a son,
 And sea-girt Cos receiv'd thee soon as born,
 When first thine eyes beheld the radiant morn,
 For there thy mother to Lucina pray'd,
 Who sends, to those that suffer child-bed, aid,
 She came, and friendly to the genial bed,
 A placid, sweet tranquillity she shed
 O'er all her limbs; and thus serene and mild,
 Like his lov'd fire, was born the lovely child,
 Cos saw, and fondling in her arms the boy,
 Thus spoke, transported, with the voice of joy,
 "Quick rise to light, auspicious babe be born!"

"And me with equal dignity adorn
 73. *A placid, &c.* Virgil has something similar,
 At Venus Afcanio placidam per membra quietem
 Irrigat, &c. *En. B. 1. 695.*

Mean time the goddess on Afcanius throws
 A balmy slumber; and a sweet repose;
 Lull'd in her lap to rest, &c. *Perr.*

75. *Cos saw, &c.* The personifying of this island is sublime
 and noble, and bears a great resemblance to that passage in Isaiah;
 "Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O forest, and every tree
 therein!" Virgil has,

Ipsi lætitiæ voces ad sidera jactant

Intonsi montes. *Ecl. 5. 62.*

And plain the mortal whom the Mates love

"As Phœbus Delos:—on fam'd Triops' brow,
 "And on the neighbouring Dorian race bestow 80
 "Just honours, and as favourably smile,
 "As the god views with joy Rhœnæa's fertile ile.
 The island spoke, and thrice the bird of Jove
 His pinions elang'd, resounding from above,
 Jove's omen thunder'd from his eagle's wings; 85
 Jove loves and honours venerable kings.
 But whom in infancy his care befriends,
 Him power, and wealth, and happiness attends;
 He rules below'd unbounded tracts of land,
 And various oceans roll at his command, 90

79. *Delos*,] An island in the Ægean sea, where Letœa was delivered of Apollo and Diana; it was once a floating island, but fixed by Apollo. *Quam pius Arcitenens, &c.* Virg. *Æn.* 3. 75.

Which Phœbus fix'd; for once she wander'd round
 The shores, and floated on the vast profound;
 But now, unmov'd the peopled region braves

The roaring whirlwinds, and the furious waves, PITT,

79. *Triops*] The scholiast says Triops was a king of Cœs, from whom the Promontory near Cnidus took its denomination.

82. *Rhœnæa*] An island separated from Delos by a narrow strait about three times as big as Delos.

86. *Jove loves, &c.*] Thus Callimachus, *Æ. de Jov. Regibus*, kings are from Jupiter, which Virgil has translated, *Ab Jove sunt reges*: but they all seem to have copied after Hesiod. Theog. ver. 50.

Εκ δὲ Διὸς βασιλῆς. Ο δ' ἐβλῆς οὐτινα Μῦσαι

Φιμῶνται.

Kings are deriv'd from Jove;

And blest the mortal whom the Muses love.

Unnumber'd nations view their happy plains,
 Fresh fertiliz'd by Jode's prolific rains;
 But none, like Egypt, can such plenty boast,
 When genial Nile o'erflows the happy coast.

94. *Genial Nile.*] The Nile is the greatest wonder of Egypt: as it seldom rains there, this river, which waters the whole country by its regular inundations, supplies that defect, by bringing a yearly tribute, the rains of the other countries. To multiply so beneficent a river, Egypt was cut into numberless canals, of a length and breadth proportioned to the different situation and wants of the lands; the Nile brought fertility every where with its salutary streams; it united cities one with another, and the Mediterranean with the Red-sea; maintained trade at home and abroad, and fortified the kingdom against the enemy; so that it was at once the nourisher and protector of Egypt. There cannot be a more delightful prospect than the Nile affords at two seasons of the year; for if you ascend some mountain, or one of the great pyramids of Grand Cairo, about the months of July and August, you behold a vast sea, in which a prodigious number of towns, villages, turrets, and spires appear, like the isles in the Aegean sea, with causeys leading from place to place, intermixed with groves and fruit-trees, whose tops only are visible; this view is terminated by mountains and woods, which, at a distance, form the most agreeable perspective that can be imagined. But in the winter, that is, in the months of January and February, the whole country is like one continued scene of beautiful meadows; enamelled with all kinds of flowers; you see on every side herds and flocks scattered over the plain, with infinite numbers of husbandmen and gardeners; the air is then embalmed with the great quantity of blossoms on the orange, lemon; and other sweet and fragrant plants, that is wholesome and most agreeable to the sense; in the world so that nature, which is then as it were dead in so many other climates, seems to revive only for the sake of such delightful prospects.

No realm for numerous cities thus renowned,
 Where arts and fam'd artificers abound;
 Three times as many towns as Egypt,
 Illustrious Phoenicia, Syria, Libya reigns,
 He o'er Phoenicia, Syria, Libya reigns,

Arabian deserts, Ethiopian plains,
 Pamphylians, and Cilicians bold in war,

And Carians brave, and Lycians fam'd afar;

The distant Cyclades confels his reign,

Whose fleets assert the empire of the main;

He has three hundred cities,

Add three thousand,

To thirty thousand,

Twice three,

And three times eleven,

I have made it the round number of thirty thousand.

We meet with an embarrassed method of numeration in the 14th Idyl, ver. 55.

Waller has a passage resembling this,

Where'er thy navy spreads her canvas wings,

Homage to thee, and peace to all she brings

Which Creec'h stuck in his translation, Ptolemy intended to en-

gross the whole trade of the east and west to himself, and therefore

sized out two great fleets to protect his trading subjects; one of these

he kept in the Red-sea; the other in the Mediterranean; the latter

was very numerous, and had several ships of an extraordinary size;

two of them in particular had thirty oars on a side, one of twenty,

four of fourteen, two of twelve, fourteen of eleven, thirty of nine,

thirty.

So far his ships their conquering flags display,
 Him seas, and lands, and sounding floods obey.
 Horsemen and spearmen guard the monarch round,
 Their arms resplendent send a brazen sound.
 Such tributes daily aggrandize his store,
 No king e'er own'd such boundless wealth before.
 His peaceful subjects ply at ease their toil,
 No foes invade the fertile banks of Nile,

thirty-seven of seven, five of six, seventeen of five, and besides these, an incredible number of vessels with four and three oars on a side. By this means, the whole trade being fixed at Alexandria, that place became the chief mart of all the traffick that was carried on between the east and the west, and continued to be the greatest emporium in the world above seventeen hundred years, till another passage was found out by the *Cape of Good Hope*; but as the road to the Red-sea lay cross the deserts, where no water could be had, nor any convenience of towns or houses for lodging passengers, Ptolemy, to remedy both these evils, opened a canal along the great road, into which he conveyed the water of the Nile, and built on it houses at proper distances; so that passengers found every night convenient lodgings, and necessary refreshments for themselves, and their beasts of burden.

Univ. Hist. vol. ix. 8vo. p. 383.

III. *His peaceful, &c.*] The amiable picture Theocritus here gives us of the happiness the Egyptians enjoyed under the mild administration of Ptolemy, very much resembles that which Paterculus gives of the happiness of the Romans, in the reign of Augustus, B. 2. Ch. 89. *Finita vicesimo anno bella civilia, sepulta externa, revocata pax, sopitus ubique armorum furor, restituta quoque legibus, judicis auctoritas, senatui majestas, &c. prisca illa & antiqua reipublica forma revocata; rediit cultus agris, sacris bonos, securitas hominibus, certa cuique rerum suarum possessio; leges emendatae utiliter, latae salubriter.*

Nor pitch their camps along the peaceful plains
 With war to terrify the village swains
 No pirates haunt the shore in quest of prey
 Nor bear by stealth the lowing herds away
 For graceful Ptolemy renown'd in arms
 Guards his extended plains from hostile harms
 Like a wise king, the conquests of his fire
 He knows to keep, and new ones to acquire.
 And yet he hoards not up his useless store,
 Like ants still labouring, still amassing more;
 The holy shrines and temples are his care,
 For they the first-fruits of his favour share:

Salubriter. In his twentieth year all wars, both civil and foreign,
 were happily extinguished; peace returned; the rage of arms
 ceased; vigour was restored to the laws; authority to the tribu-
 nals; majesty to the senate, &c. the ancient and venerable form
 of the republic revived; the fields were again cultivated; religion
 honoured, and every one enjoyed his own possessions with the ut-
 most security; the old laws were revised and improved, and excel-
 lent new ones added.

[18. *Guard, &c.*] Thus Horace;

Custode rerum Caesar, non furor

Civilis, aut vis exiget otium. B. 4. O. 15.

While Caesar reigns, nor civil jars

Shall break our peace, nor foreign wars. Duncanson.

[22. *Like ants, &c.*]

Ore trahit quodcumque potest, atque addit acervo.

Hor. B. 1. S. 7.

[23. *The holy shrines, &c.*] — — — *Tua larga*

Sæpe manu multisque oneravit limina donis.

Virg. Æn. B. 10. 619.

To mighty kings his bounties he extends, 175
 To states confederate, and illustrious friends,
 No bard at Bacchus' festival appears
 Whose lyre has power to charm the ravish'd ears,
 But he bright honours and rewards imparts,
 Due to his merits, equal to his arts: 180
 And poets hence, for deathless song renown'd,
 The generous fame of Ptolemy resound,
 At what more glorious can the wealthy aim,
 Than thus to purchase fair and lasting fame?
 The great Atrides this alone enjoy, 185
 While all the wealth and spoil of plunder'd Troy,
 That scap'd the raging flame, or whelming wave,
 Lies buried in oblivion's greedy grave.
 Close trode great Ptolemy, at virtue's call,
 His father's footsteps, but surpass them all. 190

To thy great name due honours has he paid,
 And rich oblations on thy altars laid. PITT.

And poets, &c.] The fame of Ptolemy's munificence drew several celebrated poets to his court. See page 130, the note.

139. *Close trode, &c.*] The original is a little perplexed, but I follow Heinſius, and take the ſenſe to be this; *Ptolemy alone treading close in the footsteps of his forefathers, yet none in the dust, deſcend over them.* Theocritus alludes to a conſtitution uſual among the ancients, wherein the antagoniſt uſed to place his right-foot in the left footſtep of his competitor, who went before him, and his left foot in the right footſtep, which if he could exceed, he would cry aloud, *Entepona, entepona, I have ſtept over you, I am beyond you.*

He rear'd the fragrant temple, and the shrine,
 And to his parents offer'd rites divine,
 Whose forms in gold and ivory are design'd,
 And worship'd as the guardians of mankind.
 There oft as circling moons divide the year,
 On the red altar bleeds the fatten'd steer,
 His hands the thighs for holy flames divide,
 Fair blooms the lov'd Arfinoë at his side;
 Than whom no nobler queen of mortal race,
 A greater prince detains in fond embrace,
 And, as kind nature the soft eye approves,
 Dearly the brother and the husband loves.
 Such are the nuptials in the blest abodes,
 And such the union of immortal gods.
 Iris, who still retains her virgin bloom,
 Whose radiant fingers breathe divine perfume,
 For Jove prepares the bed, where at his side
 Fair Juno sleeps, his sister and his bride.

you. Homer, speaking of Ulysses contending with Ajax in the race,
 has something very similar. *Iliad. B. 23. 630.*

130. Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,
 And treads each footstep e'er the dust can rise. *Rom.*
150. Virgil thus speaks of Venus embracing Vulcan;
 Niveis hinc atque hinc, &c. *Æn. B. 8. 187.*
 Her arms, that match the winter snows,
 Around her unresolving lord she throws. *Pitt.*

Hail, noble Ptolemy! illustrious king!
 Thee peer to mighty demigods I'll sing; D I 160
 And future ages shall the verse approve:
 Hail! and fair virtue only ask of Jove.

158. *His sister and his bride.*] Juno, speaking of herself, says,

Ast ego, quæ divum incedo regina, Jovisque

Et soror & conjux.

Æn. 1. 471

But I, who move supreme in heav'n's abodes,

Jove's sister-wife, and empress of the gods.

PITT.

162. *Fair virtue only ask of Jove.*] Theocritus having already celebrated Ptolemy's riches and power, which were so great, that he could not even wish an increase of them, nobly concludes his poem with this fine precept, *Ἀστὰς γὰρ μὲν ἐκ Διὸς αἴτιον, Ἀσὴν δὲ κτλ.* *Ask virtue of Jupiter*, as if he could not have too large a share of virtue, though eminently renowned for it: by this the poet proves himself an excellent moralist, and plainly hints at that maxim of the Stoicks, who maintained that virtue was entirely sufficient for a happy life.

W

The beautiful Helen to his bridal bed,

Twelve noble virgins, blooming young and fair,

With hyacinthine wreaths adorn'd their hair.

There were two sorts of Epithalamia, or Nuptial Songs, among the ancients: the first was sung in the evening, after the bride was introduced into the bride-chamber; it was named *Kanones*, and intended to dispose the married couple to sleep; the second was sung in the morning, termed *Ephimeræ*, and designed to awaken them: for the conclusion of this is this. At Theocritus lived at the polite court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, during the time that the seventy interpreters resided there, he would probably, by reading their translation of the Old Testament, borrow some beautiful images from the scriptures, conceived in oriental magnificence: a few specimens of these will be found in the notes on this Idyllium.

THE EPIITALMIUM OF HELEN.

A R G U M E N T.

Twelve Spartan virgins of the first rank are here introduced singing this song at the nuptials of Helen, before the bride-chamber: first they are jocular; then they congratulate Menelaus on his being preferred to so many rival princes, and made the son-in-law of Jupiter: they celebrate the beauty of Helen, and conclude with wishing the married couple prosperity.

WHEN Sparta's monarch, Menelaus, led
Theauteous Helen to his bridal bed,
Twelve noble virgins, blooming, young and fair,
With hyacinthine wreaths adorn'd their hair,

There were two sorts of Epithalamiums, or Nuptial Songs, among the ancients; the first was sung in the evening, after the bride was introduced into the bride-chamber, it was named *Κοιμητικόν*, and intended to dispose the married couple to sleep; the second was sung in the morning, termed *Εγχετικόν*, and designed to awaken them: see the conclusion of this Idyllium. As Theocritus lived at the polite court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, during the time that the seventy interpreters resided there, he would probably, by reading their translation of the Old Testament, borrow some beautiful images from the Scriptures, conceived in oriental magnificence; a few specimens of these will be found in the notes on this Idyllium.

And, pleas'd the vocal benison to shower,
 To the soft cithern dan'd before the bower;
 As bounding light in circling steps they move,
 Their feet beat time, and every heart beat love:
 This was the nuptial song — 'Why, happy groom,
 Steal you thus early to the genial room?
 Has sleep or wine your manly limbs oppress'd,
 That thus, thus soon you seek the bed of rest?
 If drowzy slumbers lull you to a drone,
 Go take refreshing sleep, but sleep alone;
 Leave Helen with her maiden mates, to play
 At harmless pastimes till the dawn of day:
 This might we claim, then yield her yours for life,
 From morn to night, from year to year, your wife.
 Hail happy prince! whom Venus wasted o'er,
 With prosperous omens, to the Spartan shore;
 To bless her bed, from all the princely crowd,
 Fair Helen chose you — Cupid sneez'd aloud,

6. Thus Horace, — Junctæque Nymphis Gratæ decentes

Alternò terram quatunt pede.

B. 1. O. 4.

22. *Cupid sneez'd, &c.*] Sneezing was sometimes reckoned a lucky omen. See Potter's *Archæologia*, Ch. 17. and Catullus de Acme & Septimio; — Hoc ut dixit, Amor sinistram, ut ante

Dextram, sternuit approbationem.

See also the note on *Idyllium* 7. ver. 115.

That new-married persons were attended by singers and dancers, Homer acquaints us in his description of the Shield of Achilles. *Iliad*, B. 18.

Here

Of all our demigods 'tis you alone,
 Alone, to call Saturnian Jove your sire:
 Jove's daughter now your warm embraces meets,
 The pride of Greece, between two dilly sheets.
 Sure will the offspring, from that soft carefs,
 The mother's charms in miniature express.
 Thrice eighty virgins of the Spartan race,
 Her equals we in years, but not in face,
 Our limbs diffusing with ambrosial oil,
 Were wont on smooth Eurota's banks to toil
 In manly sports; and though each nymph was fair,
 None could with her in beauty's charms compare.
 When Winter thus in night no longer lours,
 And Spring is usher'd by the blooming Hours,

Here sacred pomp, and genial feast delight,
 And solemn dance, and Hymeneal rite;
 Along the street the new-made brides are led,
 With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
 The youthful dancers in a circle bound

To the soft flute and cithern's silver sound:

Through the fair streets, the matrons in a row,

Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

Pope.

31. *Our limbs, &c.*] Thus the handmaids of Nausicaa in Homer anoint themselves with oil. *Odys. B. 6.*

Then with a short repast relieve their toil,

And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil.

Pope.

32. Thus Solomon Song, Ch. ii. Ver. 11. *Et, the rain is over and gone.*

The rising morning, with her radiant eyes,
 Salutes the world, and brightens all the skies.
 So shines fair Helen, by the Graces dress'd,
 In face, shape, size superior to the rest;
 As corn the fields, as pines the garden grace,
 As steeds of Theffaly the chariot-race,
 So Helen's beauties bright encomiums claim,
 And beam forth honour on the Spartan name.
 What nymph can rival Helen at the loom,
 And make fair art, like living nature bloom?
 The blended tints, in sweet proportion join'd,
 Express the soft ideas of her mind.
 What nymph, like her, of all the tuneful quire,
 Can raise the voice, or animate the lyre?
 Whether of Pallas, great in arms, she sings,
 Or Dian bathing in the silver springs.

37. *The rising morning, &c.*] *Who is she that looketh forth as the morning*, Solomon's Song, Ch. vi. Ver. 10. and in the book of Job, Ch. xli. Ver. 18. speaking of the Leviathan, we read, *His eyes are like the eye-lids of the morning*.

Here the marks of imitation appear very strong.
 41. *Pines the garden grace.*] Virgil has, *Fraxinus in sylvis pulcherrima, pinus in hortis*, Ecl. 7. 6.

42. *As steeds of Theffaly, &c.*] Theocritus still seems to borrow from the royal author; *I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots*, Solomon's Song, Ch. i. Ver. 10. The original literally signifies, *I have compared thee to my mare, &c.* Nor ought we to think the comparison coarse or vulgar, if we consider what beautiful and delicate creatures the eastern horses are, and how highly they are valued. See Percy on Solomon's Song.

A thousand little Loves in ambush lie,
 And shoot their arrows from her beaming eye.
 O lovely Helen, whom all hearts adore, 55
 A matron now you rise, a maid no more!
 Yet ere another sun shall gild the morn,
 We'll gather flowers, your temples to adorn,
 Ambrosial flowers, as o'er the meads we stray,
 And frequent sigh that Helen is away, 60
 Mindful of Helen still, as unwean'd lambs
 Rove round the pastures, bleating for their dams;
 Fair flowers of love we'll cull, that sweetly breathe,
 And on yon spreading plane suspend the wreath.

53. *A thousand little loves, &c.*

Thus Hero is described in Musæus,

Εἰς δὲ τὴν Ἥρην; Ὀφθαλμοὶ γέλαντο. x. τ. λ.

Ver. 64.

When Hero smiles, a thousand Graces rise,

Sport on her cheek, and revel in her eyes.

R. F.

63. *Flowers of love.*] Miller says the leaves of the lote-tree, or nettle-tree, are like those of the nettle; the flower consists of five leaves, expanded in form of a rose, containing many short stamina in the bosom; the fruit, which is a roundish berry, grows single in the bosom of its leaves. Dr. Martyn says, it is more probable, that the lotus of the Lotophagi is what we call zizyphus or the jube-tree; the leaves of this are about an inch and half in length, an inch in breadth, of a shining green colour, and serrated about the edges; the fruit is of the shape and size of olives; and the pulp of it has a sweet taste like honey; and therefore cannot be the nettle-tree, the fruit of which is far from that delicacy which is ascribed to

N 2

But first from silver shells shall unguents flow,
 Bedew the spreading plane, and all the flowers below
 And on the rind we'll write; that all may see,
 Here pay your honours, I am Helen's tree.
 Joy to the bride; and to the bridegroom joy,
 And may Latona bless you with a boy
 May Venus furnish both with equal love!
 And lasting riches be the gift of Jove!
 May these descend, and by possession grow,
 From fire to son, augmenting as they flow!

Now sweetly number, mutual love inspire,
 And gratify the fulness of desire:

the lotus of the antients. See *Martyn on the Geor.* B. 2. 84. But the lotus here spoken of is most probably an herb, the same which Homer describes in the *Odyssey*, B. 9. and which Eustathius takes to be an herb; he says, there is an Egyptian lotus which grows in great abundance along the Nile, in the time of its inundations. Prosper Alpinus, an author of good credit, who travelled into Egypt, assures us, that the Egyptian lotus does not at all differ from our great white water-lily.

67. The custom of writing on the bark of trees was very common among the antients, thus Virgil;

Certum est in sylvis, inter spelæa ferarum

Malle pati, tenerisque meos incidere amores

Arboribus: crescent illæ, crescetis amores.

Ecl. 10.

See *Ovid in Oenone*, *Propertius*, B. 1. Eleg. 18. &c.

Nothing can be more beautifully pastoral than this inscription on the bark of the plane-tree, as also the simile at the 61st and 62d verses.

75. *Mutual love inspire.*] Quæ spirabat amores. Hor. B. 4. O. 13.

But first from the blushing morning, nor forget
 Bedew the dew of Venus; and discharge the debt
 And on the ring-bell'd herald has begun
 To speak his early prologue to the day
 Here pay your vows to the joys with cheerful voice
 Joy to again we'll greet your joys with cheerful voice
 O Hymen, Hymen, at this match rejoice!

May Venus furnish both with equal love
 And lasting riches be the gift of love!
 81. *Again we'll greet, &c.* The chorus of virgins here promise
 to return early in the morning, and sing the Carmen Lychnis.

82. *O Hymen, &c.* Thus Catullus, *Carm. Nup.*

Hymen, O Hymen, Hymen, Hymen, Hymen, Hymen.

And gratify the fancies of desire.

great white water-lily.
 assures us, that the Egyptian lotus does not at all differ from our
 per Alpinus, an author of good credit, who travelled into Egypt,
 great abundance along the Nile, in the time of its inundations. Pro-
 be an herb; he says, there is an Egyptian lotus which grows in
 Homer describes in the *Odysses*, B. 9. and which Eustathius takes to
 the lotus here spoken of is most probably an herb, the same which
 the lotus of the ancients. See *Warton on the Gen. B. c. 84.* But

67. The custom of writing on the bark of trees was very com-
 mon among the ancients, thus Virgil;

Cerum est in Sylvis, inter spelæa secretum

Malle pati, tenebrisque meos incidere amores

Arboribus: crecent illis, crecentis amores. Eccl. 10.

See Ovid in *Ononis Propertius*, B. 1. Eleg. 18. &c.

Nothing can be more beautifully pastoral than this inscription on
 the bark of the plane-tree, as also the simile at the 61st and 62d
 verses.

72. *Mature love inspire.* *Quæ dâbat amores.* Hor. B. 4. O. 13.

IDYLLUM XIX.

THE HONEY-STEALER.

ARGUMENT.

As Cupid is stealing honey from a bee-hive, he is stung by a bee, on which he runs and complains to his mother, that so small an animal should inflict so great a wound; she immediately answers, that he himself is but little like a bee, yet the wounds he gives are grievous.

AS Cupid, the swiftest young wanton alive,
Of its hoard of sweet honey was robbing a hive,

In this small poem Theocritus has copied the 40th ode of Anacreon, in every thing but the measure of his verse: the original of this is in Hexameter, and therefore I thought it improper to give it Anacreontic numbers. I shall take the liberty to insert a translation of the Teian bard's little poem; that the English reader may have the pleasure to see the manner in which the ancient poets copied their predecessors.

Once as Cupid, tir'd with play,
On a bed of roses lay,
A rude bee, that slept unseen,
The sweet breathing buds between,
Stung his finger, cruel chance!
With its little pointed lance.
Straight he fills the air with cries,
Weeps, and sobs, and runs, and flies;

The sentinel bee buzz'd with anger and grief,
 And darted his sting in the hand of the thief.
 He sobb'd, blew his fingers, stamp'd hard on the ground,
 And leaping in anguish show'd Venus the wound;
 Then began in a sorrowful tone to complain,
 That an insect so little should cause so great pain.
 Venus smiling, her son in such taking to see,
 Said, "Cupid, you put me in mind of a bee;
 "You're just such a busy, diminutive thing,
 "Yet you make woeful wounds with a desperate sting."

Till the god to Venus came,

Lovely, laughter-loving dame:

Then he thus began to plain;

"Oh! undone—I die with pain—

"Dear Mamma, a serpent small,

"Which a bee the ploughmen call,

"Imp'd with wings, and arm'd with dart,

"Oh!—has stung me to the heart."

Venus thus replied, and smil'd:

"Dry those tears, for shame! my child;

"If a bee can wound so deep,

"Causing Cupid thus to weep,

"Think, O think, what cruel pains

"He that's stung by thee sustains!"

Once as Cupid, in a vain play,
 On a bed of roses lay,
 A rude bee, that slept unceas'
 The sweet breathing buds between,
 Stung his finger, cruel chance!
 With its little pointed lance.
 Straight he all the while cries,
 Weeps, and sobs, and tums, and flies.

“ Begone, you great booby, the city with a town,
“ Do you think, that I long to be kiss’d by a clown?”

IDYLLIUM XX

“ The sparks of the city my kisses esteem;
“ You never shall kiss me, nor I shall kiss you.”

“ You never shall kiss me, nor I shall kiss you.”

“ How pleasing your look! and how gently you play!

“ How soft is your voice! and what fine things you say!

ARGUMENT.

“ So near is your beard, and so comely your hair!

“ A rough neatherd complains of the pride and insolence

“ of a city girl, who refused to let him kiss her, and

“ rallied his awkward figure: he appeals to the neigh-

“ bouring shepherds, and asks them if he is not hand-

“ some; if his voice is not sweet, and his songs en-

“ chanting; and relates examples of goddeses that

“ have been enamoured of herdsmen. In this Idyllium

“ the poet is thought to be severe on those who with

“ arrogance despise the sweetness and simplicity of

“ bucolic numbers. It is strange, that the commen-

“ tators will not allow this piece to be styled a pastoral:

“ surely it is bucolical enough.

“ The constant effect of playing on the flutes,

“ which is used to this day in the Grecian islands, is making the

“ **W**HEN lately I offer’d Eunice to kiss,

“ She steer’d, and she flouted, and took it amiss;

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" Begone, you great booby, she cry'd with a frown,
 " Do you think, that I long to be kiss'd by a clown?
 " The sparks of the city my kisses esteem; 5
 " You never shall kiss me, no, not in a dream.
 " How pleasing your look! and how gently you play!
 " How soft is your voice! and what fine things you say!
 " So neat is your beard, and so comely your hair!
 " Your hands are so white, and your lips, a sweet pair! 10
 " But on your dear person, I never shall doat;
 " So pray keep your distance—you smell like a goat.
 Thus spoke the pert hussey, and view'd me all round
 With an eye of disdain, and thrice spit on the ground,

corrections, as I shall entirely omit it in the second edition of my
 work; above mentioned, which will shortly be published; the first
 having been very favourably received by the public.

5. *The sparks of the city, &c.*] The Greek is, *ἐκ τῆς πόλεως*
ἐκ τῆς πόλεως, *Didici urbana labra terere*, which Virgil seems to have
 had an eye to, when he says, *Calamo teruisse labellum*; on which Mr.
 Warton observes, there is a fondness in mentioning the circumstance
 of *wearing his lip*. The constant effect of playing on the *fflula*,
 which is used to this day in the Grecian islands, is making the lip
 thick and callous. Mr. Dawkins assured me he saw several shep-
 herds with such lips.

13. *View'd me all round.*] Virgil has something similar,

*Talia dicentem jamdudum averſa tuerur,
 Huc illuc volvens oculos, totumque pererrat
 Luminibus tacitis.*

14. *Thrice spit on the ground.*] The Greek is, *τρίς ἐπὶ τὴν γῆν ἐξέσπει*
τρίς ἐπὶ τὴν γῆν ἐξέσπει, and should be rendered, *She thrice spit into her bosom*. Arch-
 shop Potter observes, *see Theocritus, ch. i.* It was customary for the
 ancient

Look'd proud of her charms, with an insolent sneer, 15
And sent me away with a flea in my ear.

My blood quickly boil'd in a violent pique,
And, red as a rose, passion glow'd on my cheek;
For it vex'd me, that thus in derision she jeer'd
My looks, and my voice, and my hair, and my beard: 20

But, am I not handsome, ye shepherds, say true?
Or has any God alter'd my person anew?

For lately, on oaks like the ivy, with grace
My hair and my beard added charms to my face!

My eye-brows were sable, my forehead milk-white, 25
And my eyes, like Minerva's, were azure and bright;

And hence the ancient Grecians to spit three times into their bosoms at the sight of a madman, or one troubled with an epilepsy; this they did in defiance, as it were, of the omen; for spitting was a sign of the greatest contempt and detestation, whence *τῆρις*, to spit, is put for to contemn.

22. *Has any god alter'd, &c.*] The poet here seems to allude to a passage in Homer's *Odyss.* B. 13. where Minerva changes Ulysses into the figure of an old beggar.

She spake, and touch'd him with her powerful wand;

The skin shrunk up, and wither'd at her hand:

A swift old age o'er all his members spread;

A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head;

No longer in the heavy eye-ball shin'd

The glance divine, forth beaming from the mind. *POET.*

26. *And my eyes, &c.*] Theocritus seems to have Anacreon in view, *O.* 28.

All thy art her eyes require,

Make her eyes of living fire,

Glowing

My lips, sweet as cream, were with music replete,
 For from them flow'd sounds as the honey-comb sweet;
 My songs are enchanting: nor ought can exceed
 The tunes of my pipe, or the notes of my reed.
 The girls of the country, if they had their wills,
 Would kiss me, and press me to stay on the hills;
 For they say, that I'm fair: but this flint of the town
 Refus'd my sweet kisses, and call'd me a clown.
 Alas! she forgot, or perhaps did not know,
 That Bacchus fed herds in the valley below:
 That Venus a swain lov'd with hearty good will,
 And help'd him his cattle to tend on the hill;
 Adonis, while living, in groves she ador'd,
 And dead in the groves and on mountains deplor'd.
 If right my conjecture, Endymion, I ween,
 Like me too once tended his steers on the green;
 Yet the Moon in this neatherd took such a delight,
 That she met him at Latmos, and kiss'd him all night.

Glowing with celestial sheen,

Like Minerva's, bright and keen;

On her lips, that sweetly swell,

Let divine Persuasion dwell.

F. F.

27. *My lips, &c.*] This is entirely taken from Solomon's Song, ch. iv. 11. *Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue.*

40. *And dead, &c.*] See Bion's beautiful Idyllium on the death of Adonis.

41. *Endymion.*] Latinius Endymion non est tibi, Luna, rubori.

Ovid Art. Aman. 3. 85.

Ev'n Cybele mourn'd for a herdsman; and Jove 45
Snatch'd a boy from his herd to be waiter above.

But Eunice disdains me, nor lists to my vow;
Is she better than Cynthia, or Cybele, trow?
Does she think that in bloom, and the beauty of face
She is equal to Venus? if that be the case; 50
May she never behold sweet Adonis again
On the hill, in the vale, in the city or plain;
And may the proud minx, for her crime to atone,
If she can, sleep contented—but always alone!

54. *Always alone.*] Sappho, with the most elegant simplicity
complains, that she is deserted and left alone.

Διδου μιν ἄ σιλανα, κ. τ. λ.

See her Frag.

The Pleiads now no more are seen,

Nor shines the silver moon serene,

In dark and dismal clouds o'ercast;

The love-appointed hour is past;

Midnight usurps her sable throne,

And yet, alas! I lie alone.

F. F.

Even Cybele mourn'd for a herdsmen; and Jove
Snatch'd him from her bed; but never lov'd

But Eunice disdain'd me; nor lifts to my vow;

Is the better than Cybele, or Cybele, now?
THE FISHERMEN.

Does she think that in blood, and the beauty of face

She is equal to Venus? if that be the case;

ARGUMENT.

May the next behold twice Adonis again

This piece is a dialogue between two fishermen, which
for its singular simplicity of sentiment, as well as cha-
racter, is peculiarly beautiful and regular: one of
them relates his dream, which was, that he had
caught a large fish of solid gold; on which he
resolves to follow his laborious occupation no longer,
but live luxuriously: in the morning his fish
and his hopes vanish, and necessity compels him to
return to his accustomed labours. This Idyllium
admonishes every one to rest content with his lot;
and under the shadow of a golden dream, beauti-
fully displays the vanity of all human hopes and de-
sires.

NEEDE, Diophantus, ready wit imparts,
Is Labour's mistress, and the nurse of Arts:

1. *Need, &c.*] Thus Virgil,

Tum variæ venêre artes: labor omnia vincit

Improbis, & duris urgens in rebus egestas. Geor. 1. 145.

Then

Corroding cares the toiling wretch infest,
 And spoil the peaceful tenor of his breast;
 And if soft slumbers on his eye-lids creep,
 Some cursed care steals in, and murders sleep.

Two ancient fishers in a straw-chatcht shed,
 Leaves were their walls, and sea-weed was their bed,
 Reclin'd their weary limbs: hard by were laid
 Baskets, and all their implements of trade,
 Rods, hooks, and lines compos'd of stout horse-hairs,
 And nets of various sorts, and various snares,
 The seine, the cast-net, and the wicker maze,
 To waste the watery tribes a thousand ways:

Then all those arts that polish life succeed;
 What cannot ceaseless toil, and pressing need! WARRON.

And Persius, ProL

Quis expedit piscatō suū, xxi.
 Picalque docuit verba nostra conari?
 Magister arūs, ingenique largitor Venter.

Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
 Or with a voice endued the chattering pye?
 'Twas witty Want, fierce hunger to appease:

Want taught their masters, and their masters these. DRYD.

3. *Corroding cares.*]

Nec placidam membris dat cura quietem. VIRG.

5. *And if soft slumbers, &c.*] Juvenal has,

Nocte brevem si forte indulsit cura soporem. SAT. 13. 217.

6. *Some cursed care.*] — Sub noctem cura recurſat.

VIRG. EN. 8. 1.

A crazy boat was drawn upon a plank;
 Matts were their pillow, wave-officers dank,
 Skins, caps and rugged coats a covering made:
 This was their wealth, their labour, and their trade.
 No pot to boil, no watch-dog to defend;
 Yet blest they liv'd, with Penury their friend.
 None visited their shed, save, every tide,
 The wanton waves that wash'd its tottering side.
 When half her course the Moon's bright car had sped,
 Joint labour rous'd the tenants of the shed.
 The dews of slumber from their eyes they clear'd,
 And thus their minds with pleasing parley cheer'd:

ASPHALION.

I hold, my friend, that trite opinion wrong,
 That summer-nights are short, when days are long.
 Yes—I have seen a thousand dreams to-night,
 And yet no morn appears, nor morning-light:
 Sure on my mind some strange illusions play,
 And make short nights wear heavily away.

FRIEND.

Fair summer-seasons you unjustly blame,
 Their bounds are equal, and their pace the same;

19. *No watch-dog.*] The Greek is *αἰνῶς*, and is an emendation of the learned Johannes Auratus; before it was read *αἰνῶς* HEINSIUS.

33. *Fair summer-seasons; &c.*] Here I entirely follow the emendation of Heinſius; the text ſtands thus;

But cares, Asphalion, in a busy throng, 35
Break on your rest, and make the night seem long.

ASPHALION.

Say, hast thou genius to interpret right
My dream? I've had a jolly one to-night.
Thou shalt go halves, and more thou canst not wish,
We'll share the vision, as we share our fish. 40
I know thee shrewd, expert of dreams to spell;
He's the best judge, who can conjecture well.
We've leisure time, which can't be better spent
By wretched carles in wave-wash'd cabin pent,
And lodg'd on leaves; yet why should we repine, 45
While living lights in Prytaneum shine?

Ασφαλιον, μεμνη το καλον θερος, ο γαρ ο καιρος

Αυτοματος, παρβα τον τον θερον.

*Asphalion, you accuse the fair summer; for that season never willingly
passes its bounds: which is nonsense; but by transposing the first
word of each verse, thus*

Αυτοματος μεμνη το καλον θερος, ο γαρ ο καιρος

Ασφαλιον, παρβα τον τον θερον.

In vain, and without any reason you accuse the fair summer, &c.

42. *He's the best judge, &c.*] This seems to be taken from that
verse of Euripides, which we read in Plutarch,

Μαρις δ' αρις ος ηκαλει καλως

Which Tully has thus translated;

Qui bene coniecit, vatem perhibebo optimum.

45. *Prytaneum.*] The Prytaneum was a common-hall in the cities
of Greece, where those that had deserved well of their country were
maintained at the public charge; where also the fire consecrated to

Vulcan

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FRIEND.

To thy fast friend each circumstance recite,
And let me hear this vision of the night.

ASPHALION.

Last evening, weary with the toils of day,
Lull'd in the lap of rest secure I lay;
Full late we sup'd, and sparingly we eat;
No danger of a surfeit from our meat.
Methought I sat upon a shelfy steep,
And watch'd the fish that gambol'd in the deep:
Suspended by my rod, I gently shook 55
The bait fallacious, which a huge one took;

Vulcan was kept, as that sacred to Vesta was at Rome. Cicero de Orat. 1. 54. says, *Ut si victus quotidianus in Prytaneo publice præberetur*. If this be understood of the Prytaneum at Athens, Scaliger observes, that there is great impropriety in Sicilian fishermen mentioning places so far remote from the scene of their labours: but from what follows it appears, that there was a place in the neighbourhood, very commodious for fishing, named Prytaneum, on which nocturnal lamps were fixed, as was customary, for the convenience of fishing by night. Sannazarius was not ignorant of this custom, who in his second Piscatory Eclogue says,

Dumque alii notosque sinus, piscosaque circum
Æquora collustrant flammis.

While others on the well-known bay,
Or fishy seas their lights display.

55. *Suspended by my rod; &c.*] Ovid has something similar,

Nunc in mole sedens moderabar arundine limum.

Met. B. 13. 923.

(Sleeping we image what awake we wish;
 Dogs dream of bones, and fishermen of fish)
 Bent was my rod, and from his gills the blood,
 With crimson stream, distain'd the silver flood. 60
 I stretcht my arm out, lest the line should break;
 The fish so vigorous, and my hook so weak!
 Anxious I gaz'd, he struggled to be gone;
 'You're wounded—I'll be with you, friend, anon—
 'Still do you teize me?' for he plagu'd me fore; 65
 At last, quite spent, I drew him safe on shore,
 Then graspt him with my hand, for surer hold,
 A noble prize, a fish of solid gold!
 But fears suspicious in my bosom throng'd,
 Lest to the god of ocean he belong'd; 70
 Or, haply wandering in the azure main,
 Some favourite fish of Amphitrite's train.
 My prize I loos'd, and strictest caution took,
 For fear some gold might stick about the hook;
 Then safe secur'd him, and devoutly swore, 75
 Never to venture on the ocean more;

57. *Sleeping we image, &c.*] There is something very beautiful
 in what Ovid makes Sappho say to Phaon,

Tu mihi cura, Phaon; te somnia nostra reducunt;
 Somnia formoso candidiora die, &c.

Which Mr. Pope has greatly improved upon,

'O! night more pleasing than the brightest day,
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,
 And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms!

But live on land as happy as a king:
At this I waked: what think you of the thing?
Speak free, for know, I am extremely loth,
And greatly fear, to violate my oath,

80

FRIEND,

Fear not, old friend, you took no oath, for why?

You took no fish—your vision's all a lye.

Go search the shoals, not sleeping, but awake,

Hunger will soon discover your mistake;

Catch real fish; you need not, sure, be told,

85

Those fools must starve who only dream of gold.

77. *Happy as a king, &c.*] The expression in the original is remarkable, *ty xypa suvovnu, to reign in silver*, speaking of the happiness of the old Corycian farmer. Virgil says,

Regum aequabat opibus animis

Geor. 4. 132.

81. *Fear not.*] *Solve metus.*

Virg.

IDYLLIUM XXII.

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

A R G U M E N T.

This is a hymn, after the manner of the ancient Arcadians, in praise of Castor and Pollux. The first part describes the combat between Pollux and Amycus, the son of Neptune and king of the Bebrycians, who, valuing himself on his superiority in strength and the art of boxing, used to compel every stranger, that touched upon his coast, to take up the cæstus, and make trial of his skill in the management of that rude instrument of death; for so it proved to many, till Pollux, who arrived there with the Argonauts, encountered him and conquered; Apollonius says, he slew him, but this is denied by other authors.

THE sons of Leda, and of Jove, I sing.

Immortal Jove, the ægis-bearing king.

Virgil, in his description of the contest between Dares and Eneas, has borrowed some circumstances from this encounter between Amycus and Pollux, which shall be specified in their course: Apollonius Rhodius, in his second book of the Argonautics, has likewise described this last mentioned contest, but is, in the opinion of Casaubon, far surpassed by Theocritus; speaking of the first part of

this

Castor and Pollux, with the cæstus grac'd,
Which round his wrist thick thongs of bull-hide brac'd :

this Idyllium, he says, *Porro qui contulerit priorem partem, quæ Pollucis pugilatum cum Amyco describit, cum ijs quæ habet Apollonius, reperiet profecto Theocritum tantum excellere Apollonium,*

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi. ●

As lofty cypresses low shrubs exceed.

WARTON.

And yet Scaliger, in his dogmatical manner, gives the preference to Apollonius; *Splendore & arte ab Apollonio Theocritus superatur.* Poet. B. 5. C. 6. whose determination the ingenious translator of Virgil's Eclogues and Georgics has adopted; but I am inclined to think, that my friend Mr. Warton, who perhaps admires Apollonius more, and understands him better than any man in the kingdom, may be too partial to his favourite author: I shall not take upon me to decide in this point, but after the Epigrams of Theocritus, I propose to print a translation of the combat between Pollux and Amicus from Apollonius, which I hope will be acceptable to the curious reader, as it has never, that I know of, been translated into English; he will then have an opportunity of forming a comparison, and in some sort judging of the merits of the two originals: I profess, without any kind of partiality, I have endeavoured to do all the justice in my power to them both. It is to be observed, that Apollonius flourished in the reign of Ptolemy Evergetes, and therefore, as he wrote after Theocritus, he probably borrowed many things from him.

1. *The sons of Leda, &c.*] In the same manner Horace,
Dicam & Alcidem, puerosque Leda;
Hunc equis, illum superare pugnis
Nobilem.

B. 1. O. 12.

3. *Cæstus.*] "The Cæstus, says Gilbert West Esq; consisted of many thongs of leather, or raw hides of bulls, wound about the hand and arm up to the elbow: I must here observe, that none of the three Greek poets, Homer Il. B. 23; Apollonius, nor our author, who all have given us a description of the cæstus, make any mention of plates of lead or iron;" as Virgil has done,

In strains repeated shall my muse resound
 The Spartan Twins, with manly virtues crown'd;
 Safeguards of men distress'd, and generous steeds,
 When in the fields of death the battle bleeds;
 Safeguards of sailors, who the Twins implore,
 When on the deep the thundering tempests roar.
 These in the hollow vessel from the tide,
 Or head or helm, pour the high-swelling tide;
 Burst are the planks, the tackling torn, the mast
 Snapt, the sails rent before the furious blast:
 Suspended showers obscure the cheerful light,
 Fades the pale day before approaching night,
 Rise the rough winds, resounding storms prevail,
 And the vext ocean roars beneath the scourging hail.
 Still you the wreck can save, the storm dispel,
 And snatch the sailors from the jaws of hell.

—Tantum ingentia septem
 Terga boum plumbo infuso, ferroque rigebant. Æn. B 5.
 Seven thick bull-hides, their volumes huge disspread,
 Ponderous with iron and a weight of lead.

Amycus is said to have invented the combat of the castus.
 19. *Still you the wreck can save, &c.* Archbishop Potter observes,
 "When the two lambent flames, about the heads of Castor and
 Pollux, appeared together, they were esteemed an excellent omen,
 foreboding good weather:" thus Horace,

Clarum Tyndaridæ sidus, &c. B. 4. O. 8.

Thus the twin-stars, indulgent, save
 The shatter'd vessel from the wave. DUNCOMBE.

and

The winds disperse, the roaring waves subside,
 And smooth'd to stillness sleeps the lenient tide.
 When shine the Bears, and 'twixt the Asses seen,
 Though faint, their manger, ocean proves serene,
 O, friends of human kind in utmost need,
 Fam'd for the song, the lyre, the gauntlet, and the steed,
 Whose praises first shall my rapt muse rehearse?
 Both claim my praise, but Pollux first my verse.

When Argo reach'd (Cyane's islands past)
 Cold Pontus harass'd by the northern blast,
 Soon to Bebrycia, with the sons of fame,
 A freight of chiefs and demigods, she came.
 Forth from her sides, the country to explore,
 The crew descended to the breezy shore:
 On the dry beach they rais'd the leafy bed,
 The fires they kindled, and the tables spread.

And B. 1. O. 12. Quorum simul alba nautis Stella refusa, &c.

Soon as their happy stars appear,

Hush'd is the storm, the waves subside,

The clouds disperse, the skies are clear,

And without murmurs sleeps th' obedient tide.

24. *Their manger.*] According to Aratus, there is a little cloud in the shell of the crab, between the shoulders, on each side of which is a star, called the *Asses*, the intermediate cloud therefore is properly stiled their *Manger*.

29. *Cyane's islands.*] See Idyllium 13. v. 27, and note.

31. *Bebrycia.*] A country near Bithynia in Asia, bounded on the north by the Euxine sea.

35. *On the dry beach, &c.*]

Tunc littore curvo Extrinimus toros.

Virg.

Meanwhile the royal Brothers devious stray'd
 Far from the shore, and sought the cooling shade.
 Hard by, a hill with waving forests crown'd
 Their eyes attracted; in the dale they found 40
 A spring perennial in a rocky cave,
 Full to the margin flow'd the lucid wave:
 Below small fountains gush'd, and, murmuring near,
 Sparkled like silver, and as crystal clear:
 Above tall pines and poplars quivering play'd, 45
 And planes and cypress in dark green array'd:
 Around balm-breathing flowers of every hue,
 The bee's ambrosia, in the meadows grew.
 There sat a chief, tremendous to the eye,
 His couch the rock, his canopy the sky; 50
 The gauntlet's strokes, his cheeks and ears around,
 Had mark'd his face with many a desperate wound.
 Round as a globe and prominent his chest,
 Broad was his back, but broader was his breast:

37. *Meanwhile, &c.*] We may look upon every circumstance relating to this remarkable combat to commence here, the preceding lines being chiefly a noble encomium on these illustrious twin-sons of Jupiter, and then it is observable, that this conflict in Theocritus takes up 103 verses, and the Epifode on the same subject in Apollo-

37. *Meanwhile, &c.*] *Quæ pines ingens, albæque populus.* Hor.

39. *Tremendous to the eye.*] Virgil speaking of the Cyclops, says,

39. *Nec visu facilis, nec dictu affabilis ulli.* *Æn. 3. 621.*

39. *Tremendous to the eye.* *Pitt.*

Firm was his flesh, with iron sinews fraught, 55
 Like some Colossus on an anvil wrought.
 As rocks, that in the rapid streams abound,
 Are wash'd by rolling torrents smooth and round,
 The ridges rise, in crystal streams beheld:
 So on his brawny arms the rising muscles swell'd. 60
 A lion's spoils around his loins he draws,
 Beneath his chin suspended by the paws:
 Victorious Pollux, with attentive look,
 View'd, and complacent, thus the chief bespoke:

and views to POLLUX.

Peace, gentle friend! to wandering strangers tell 65
 What tribes, what nations in these regions dwell?

AMYCUS.

What peace to me, while on my native shore,
 I see strange guests I never saw before?

views to POLLUX.

Fear not; no foes, nor mean of birth are here.

AMYCUS.

Thou hast no cause to bid me not to fear.

70

57. *As rocks, &c.*] This is surely a new and noble thought, to compare the protuberant muscles of a giant to the rocky shelves under water, that are worn smooth and round by the transparent stream.

61. *A lion's spoils, &c.*] Diomed is thus arrayed. Il. B. 10.

This said, the hero o'er his shoulders flung
 A lion's spoils, that to his ankles hung.

Poss.

POLLUX.

Rude are your words, and wrongfully apply'd,
Your manners fierce, your bosom swoln with pride.

AMYCUS.

Thou see'st me as I am: these lands are mine;
I never yet have troubled thee on thine.

POLLUX.

Whene'er you come, you will a welcome find, 75
And presents, as befits a liberal mind.

AMYCUS.

Nor I thy welcome, nor thy gifts partake;
I give no welcome, and no presents make.

POLLUX.

May I not taste the stream that murmurs by?

AMYCUS.

I'll solve that question when thy throat is dry. 80

POLLUX.

Will gold, or other bribe the purchase gain?

AMYCUS.

Nought but to prove thy prowess on the plain;

Stand forth, let man oppos'd to man provoke,

With gauntlet-guarded arm, th' impending stroke;

Eye meeting eye, exert thy utmost might, 85

By feint or force to triumph in the fight.

POLLUX.

Whom must I fight? mine adversary who?

AMYCUS.

Thou see'st thy match, no despicable foe.

POLLUX.

But what reward shall the stout victor have?

AMYCUS.

The conquer'd man shall be the conqueror's slave.

POLLUX.

This is cock's play, and such the terms severe

In fight of scarlet-crested chanticleer.

AMYCUS.

Or be it cock's, or be it lion's play,

These are the fix'd conditions of the fray.

This said, his hollow conch he instant blew,

95

Quick through the coast the sounds alarming flew;

The signal rous'd the stout Bebrycian train,

Who join'd their chief beneath the shady plane.

95. *His hollow conch.*] Before trumpets were invented, conchs were used to sound the signal for battle. Virgil says of Misenus,

Sed tum forte cava dum personat aquora concha. *Æn.* B. 6.

97. *The signal rous'd, &c.*] Thus in Virgil, the rustics are stirr'd up to war by Alcibiades.

Tum vero ad vocem celeres, &c. *Æn.* 7. 539.

Then

Illustrious Castor from the neighbouring strand,
Call'd to the conflict: Argo's chosen band. 100
Meanwhile the combatants, of mind elate,
Drew on their hands the dreadful gloves of fate;
The leathern thongs, that brac'd their shoulders round,
Firm to their arms the ponderous gauntlets bound.
Amid the circle now the champions stood, 105
Breathing revenge, and vehement for blood.
Studious each strove the piercing light to shun,
And on his shoulders catch the gleaming sun:
You call'd, O Pollux, Prudence to your aid;
In Amycus ⁵his eyes the solar splendors play'd. 110
This did th' enormous chieftain's rage provoke
To strike at once some death-denouncing stroke;
But watchful Pollux dealt a weighty blow
Full on the check of his advancing foe:

Then the mad rustics caught the dire alarms,
And at the horrid signal flew to arms.

Nor less in succour of the princely boy,

Pour forth to battle all the troops of Troy.

PITT.

101. Satus Anchisæ cæsus pater extulit æquos, &c. *Æn.* 5. 424.

Then the great prince with equal gauntlets bound

Their vigorous hands, and brac'd their arms around. PITT.

105. *Amid the circle, &c.*] Theocritus has Homer frequently in view in describing the combat of the castrus. See II. 23. 685.

Ες μισθον πῦλκ.

Amid the circle now each champion stands.

POPE.

113. *But watchful Pollux, &c.]* *En. Nuptur-Clus-Burro,*

Kali dragostula wagneri stellen bei Dr. B. 23. 689.

At length, Epçus dealt a weighty blow.

Full on the cheek of his unwary foe.

POPE.

Incens'd more ardent to the fight he came, 115
And forward bent to take the firer aim.

Through the Bebrycian band loud clamours run,
Nor less the Greeks encourag'd Leda's son.

Yet rising fears their generous breasts appal,
Left on their friend the bulk of Amycus should fall: 120

Vain fears! for with both hands brave Pollux ply'd
His furious blows, and storm'd on every side,

The quick repeated strokes his rival stun,
And curb the force of Neptune's lawless son.

Giddy with blows the tottering hero stood, 125
And from his mouth discharg'd the purple blood.

Loud shouted the Greek warriors when they saw
Bebrycia's champion's batter'd cheeks and jaw.

His eyes, within their sockets deep impell'd,
Seem'd lessen'd, and his bruised visage swell'd: 130

Still the prince ply'd his mighty rival hard,
And feintful soon surpriz'd him on his guard.

Incens'd, &c. [Tant plus il s'efforçoit, &c.] 455.

Loud clamours, &c. [Il clamoroso, &c.] 451.

At once the Trojans and Sicilians rise,
And with divided clamours rend the skies, 460.

Creber utraque manu pulsat versatque Dareta, 460.

His mouth and nostrils pour the clotted gore, 461.

And Virgil, — Crassius utraque manu, 469.

And as he stagger'd, fall upon his brow
 With all his force he drove the furious blow,
 And maul'd his front; the giant with the wound 135
 Fell flat, and stretch'd his bulk unweildy on the ground,
 But soon his vigour and his strength return'd,
 He rose, and then again the battle burn'd:
 With iron hands their hollow sides they pound,
 And deal vindictive many a desperate wound. 140
 Fierce on his foe Bebrycia's monarch prest,
 And made rude onsets on his neck and breast;
 But Jove's unconquer'd son far better sped,
 Who aim'd his thunder at his rival's head.
 Fast down their limbs the sweat began to flow, 145
 And quickly lay the lofty champion low;
 Yet Pollux firmer stood, with nobler grace,
 And fresher was the colour of his face.

How Amycus, before Jove's offspring fell,
 Sing heaven-descended muse; for you can tell: 150

137. *But soon his vigour, &c.]* *Acrior ad pugnam, &c.* 454.
 Improv'd in spirit, to the fight he came. PITT.

139. *Multa viri nequicquam inter se vulnera jactant,*
Multa cavo lateri ingeminant, & pectore vastos
Dant sonitus. 433.

145. *Fast down their limbs, &c.]* — *Εἰς τὸ ἰδεῖν*
Παύροισιν ἢ μὲν. Il. B. 23. 688.
 And painful sweat from all their members flows. POPE.

150. *Sing heaven-descended muse, &c.]* These addresses to the
 Muses are frequent in the best poets,
 Pandite nunc Heliconæ, Deæ, &c. Æn. 7. 641.
 Et meministis enim, Divæ, & memorare potestis.

Your mandates I implicitly obey,
And gladly follow where you lead the way.

Resolv'd by one bold stroke to win renown,
He seiz'd on Pollux' left hand with his own;
Then bent oblique to guard against a blow,
And sped his right with vengeance on the foe;
In hopes to strike his royal rival dead,
Who scap'd the blow, declining back his head;
Then Pollux aim'd his weighty stroke so well,
Full on the crest of Amycus it fell.

And gor'd his temples with an iron wound;
The black blood issuing flow'd and trickled to the ground.
Still with his left he maul'd his faltering foe,
Whose mash'd teeth crackled with each boisterous blow;
With strokes redoubled he deform'd his face;
Bruis'd cheeks and jaws proclaim'd his foul disgrace.

156. And sped his right, &c. J. Virgil follows very close;

Offendit dextram infurgens Entellus, & alte
Extulit ille istam venientem a vertice velox
Prævidit, celerique elapsus corpore cessit. En. B. 5. 443.

163. He maul'd, &c. J. Erratque aures & tempora circum
Crebra manus, duro crepiscant sub vulnere malle.
With swift repeated wounds their hands fly round
Their heads and cheeks; their crackling jaws resound.

162. The Greek verse consists of seventeen syllables,

and was certainly intended to image the trickling of the blood,
which I have endeavoured to preserve in an Alexandrine.

All on the ground he measur'd out his length,
 Stunn'd with hard chwacks, and destitute of strength,
 And, hands uprais'd, with death presaging mind,
 At once the fight and victory declin'd. 170
 Brave son of Jove, though you the conquest gain'd,
 With no base deed the glorious day you stain'd:
 The vanquish'd by his father Neptune swore,
 That he would never, never injure strangers more.

169. *And, hands uprais'd, &c.*] It was customary in the antient combats for the vanquish'd person to stretch out his hands to the conqueror, signifying that he declined the battle, acknowledged he was conquered, and submitted to the discretion of the victor: thus Turnus in Virgil: *Vicisti, & victum tendere palmas Ausonii videre.*

Thine is the conquest; lo! the Latian bands
 Behold their general stretch his suppliant hands. PITT.

I shall finish my observations on this Idyllium, with a translation of a Greek epigram of Lucillius, showing that the consequences of these kind of battles were sometimes very terrible, though the combatants might escape with their lives and limbs.

On a Conqueror in the Cæstus; Anthol. B. 2.

This victor, glorious in his olive-wreath,
 Had once eyes, eye-brows, nose and ears, and teeth;
 But turning cæstus-champion, to his cost,
 These and still worse! his heritage he lost;
 For by his brother su'd, disown'd, at last
 Confronted with his picture he was cast.

IDYLLIUM XXII.

PART THE SECOND.

A R G U M E N T.

Castor and Pollux had carried off Phœbe and Talaira, the daughters of Leucippus, brother of deceased Aphareus, who were betrothed to Lynceus and Idas, the sons of Aphareus; the husbands pursued the ravishers, and claimed their wives, on this a battle ensued, in which Castor kills Lynceus, and Idas is slain by lightening. Ovid relates the event of this combat very differently; see the notes.

POLLUX, thy name has dignify'd my song;

To Castor now the lofty lays belong;
Fam'd for bright armour on th' embattled plain,
And forming steeds obedient to the rein.

The bold twin sons of Jove by stealth had led
Leucippus' daughters to their lawless bed.

5. Ovid's account of this battle begins at verse 700 of the 5th book of his *Fasti*; *Abstulerant raptas Phœben, &c.*

The sons of Tyndarus, with conquest crown'd,
For boxing one, and one for steeds renown'd,
Had stoln, injurious, as their lawful prey,
Leucippus' daughters from their mates away;

P

Lynceus

Lynceus and Idas, much for strength renown'd,
 Long since by promise to the damsels bound,
 Aphareus' sons, the foul dishonour view'd,
 And fir'd with wrath the ravishers pursued. 10
 But when they reach'd deceas'd Aphareus' tomb,
 Encompass'd round with venerable gloom,
 Each heroe leap'd impetuous from his car,
 All arm'd, and well appointed for the war.
 Lynceus aloud beneath his helmet spoke : 15

- ‘ Why will ye frantic thus the fight provoke?
 ‘ Of others wives why make unjust demands?
 ‘ Why gleam the naked falchions in your hands?

Lynceus and Idas claim superior right,
 Long since affianc'd, and prepare for fight.
 Love urges both to combat on the plain,
 These to retake, the others to retain.
 The brother-twins might well escape by speed.
 But held it base by flying to succeed.
 All on an open plain the champions stood,
 Aphidna nam'd, fit place for scenes of blood.
 Castor by Lynceus' sword receiv'd a wound
 Deep in his side, and lifeless prest the ground;
 Avengeful Pollux, quick advancing near,
 Thro' Lynceus' shoulders drove the forceful spear:
 On him prest Idas, but Jove's flaming brand
 Dash'd the pois'd javelin from his lifted hand. F. F.

16. *Why will ye, &c.] Quo, quo scelesti, ruitis? aut cur dexteris
 Aptantur enses conditi? Hor. Epod. 7.*

Say, ye vile race, what frenzy draws
 Your daring falchions in sedition's cause? DUNCOMBE.

- ' To us Leucippus has betroth'd them both
 ' Long since, and seal'd the contract with an oath: 20
 ' 'Tis base to make of others wives your prey,
 ' And bear their riches, mules and lowing herds away,
 ' To threat the fire with force, or bribe with wealth,
 ' And seize on others properties by stealth.
 ' Oft, though ungrac'd with eloquence and art, 25
 ' Thus have I spoke the language of my heart:
 " Princes, my friends, should not on any score
 " Solicit maids that are espous'd before:
 " Sparta for virgins, Elis for swift steeds
 " Are fam'd, large flocks and herds Arcadia breeds; 30
 " Messene, Argos numerous natives boast,
 " And fair looks Corinth on the sea-beat coast:
 " There nymphs unnumber'd bloom, a lovely race,
 " Acknowledg'd beauties both of mind and face:
 " There ye may gain the dames your fancies chuse; 35
 " No parents will the rich and brave refuse.
 " For you the love of noble deeds inspires;
 " Ye are the sons of honourable fires.
 " Let us our nuptials undisturb'd pursue,
 " And we'll unite to find fit brides for you." 40

33. *There nymphs unnumber'd bloom, &c.]* Thus Æneas says,
 Sunt alie innuptæ Latio & Laurentibus agris,
 Nec genus indecores. Æn. B. 12. 24.

38. *Ye are the sons, &c.]* Turnus avis atavisq; potens.
 Æn. 7. 56.

' My words ne'er mov'd your unrelenting minds,
 ' The waves receiv'd them from the driving winds.
 ' Yet now, ev'n now your deeds let justice guide;
 ' We both are cousins by the father's side.
 ' But if mad rage impels you not to yield, 45
 ' And arms must fix the fortune of the field;
 ' Let Idas and brave Pollux both refrain
 ' From the fell combat on the listed plain:
 ' And only I and Castor prove our might,
 ' By birth the youngest, in decisive fight. 50
 ' Why should we give our parents cause to grieve,
 ' And their fond arms of all their sons bereave?
 ' Let some survive our drooping friends to cheer,
 ' And mate the virgins whom they hold so dear.
 ' The wise with prudence their dissensions state, 55
 ' And lesser ills conclude the great debate.'
 Thus he, nor thus in vain; for on the ground
 Pollux and Idas plac'd their arms around.

47. *Let Idas, &c.] Teucrum arma quiescant*

Et Rutilum; nostro dirimamus sanguine bellum.

Æn. 12. 78.

The celebrated ballad called Chevy Chase, has the same thought;

Let thou and I the battle try,

And set our men aside, &c.

51. *Why should we give, &c.]* Thus Nisus addresses Euryalus in the same sense, *Neu matri miseræ tanti sibi causa doloris.* *Æn. 9. 216.*

Why should I cause thy mother's soul to know

Such heart-felt pangs! unutterable woe!

PITT.

Lynceus first march'd undaunted to the field,
 And shook his spear beneath his ample shield. 60
 Castor to war his brandish'd lance address;
 And on each helmet wav'd the nodding crest.
 First with their spears began the dreadful strife,
 Each chief explor'd the avenues of life.
 But thus unhurt the battle they maintain'd, 65
 Broke in their shields the spears sharp points remain'd:
 Then from their sheaths their shining swords they drew,
 And fierce to fight the raging heroes flew:
 On Lynceus' buckler Castor boldly prest,
 And his bright helmet with the treple crest; 70
 Lynceus, sharp-sighted, kept his foe at bay,
 And struck his helmet's purple plume away;

60. *And shook his spear, &c.*] Thus Mezentius in Virgil,

At vero ingentem quatiens Mezentius hastam
 Ingreditur campo. *Æn.* 10. 762.

63. *First with their spears, &c.*] In almost all heroic duels, the combatants first threw their spears, and then made use of their swords: Thus Hector and Achilles, *Iliad* B. 20 and 22. Menelaus and Paris, B. 3. and the rest of the heroes attack one another.

POTTER.

64. *Each chief explor'd, &c.*] Partes rimatur apertas,
 Quà vulnus lethale ferat. *Virg. Æn.* B. 11. 748.

67. *Then from their sheaths, &c.*] Vaginâque cavâ fulgentem diripit ens. *Æn.* B. 10.
 And from the sheath the shining falchion drew. PITT.

71. *Lynceus, sharp-sighted*] Horace says,
 Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus. B. 1. Ep. 1.
 P 3 Hence

Who quick retreating all his art display'd,
 And lopt the hand that held the glittering blade:
 Down dropt the sword; to his fire's tomb he flew,
 Where Idas sat the fatal fight to view;
 Close follow'd Castor, all his force apply'd,
 And furious drove the falchion in his side,
 Out gush'd his bowels through the gaping wound,
 And vanquish'd Lynceus prest the gory ground;
 In dim, dark mists the shades of death arise,
 And in eternal slumber seal his eyes.
 Nor was brave Idas by his mother led,
 Laocöossa, to the nuptial bed:

Hence the proverb of Lyncean eyes: Pindar tells us, Lynceus could discover Castor and Pollux hid in the trunk of a tree from the top of mount Taygetus; nay, he had so piercing a sight, that if we believe the poets, he could see what was doing in heaven and hell: the ground of the fable was, that he understood the secret powers of nature. Though it may admit of a doubt, whether this is the sharp-sighted Lynceus that attended the Argonautic expedition; from the poet's words, *Αγρίων οφθαλμῶν Λυγυεύς*, I think it manifest that he was.

72. *And struck, &c.*]

Summasq; excussit vertice cristas. *Æn.* 12. 492.

But the swift javelin strikes his plume away. *PITT.*

74. *And lopt the hand*]

Strymonio dextram fulgenti diripit ense. *Æn.* 8. 414.

The falchion lops his hand.

81. *In dim, dark mists, &c.*]

Olli dura quies oculos, & ferreus urget

Somnus; in æternum clauduntur lumina noctem. *Æn.* 10. 745.

For he, vindictive of fall'n Lynceus' doom, 85
 Tore up a column from Aphareus' tomb,
 Aiming at Castor, dreadfully he stood,
 The bold avenger of his brother's blood,
 Jove interpos'd, and with the forked brand
 Quick struck the polish'd marble from his hand, 90
 He wreath'd convulsive, scorch'd on every side,
 And in a peal of rattling thunder dy'd.

Thus shall the BROTHERS be with conquest crown'd,
 Brave of themselves, and sprung from chiefs renown'd,
 Hail, Leda's valiant sons! my muse inspire, 95
 And still preserve the honour of my lyre.
 Ye, and fair Helen, to all bards are dear,
 With joy the names of those bold chiefs they hear,
 Who in the cause of Menelaus drew

Their conquering swords, proud Ilium to subdue. 100
 Your praise, O kings, the Chian muse recites,
 Troy's famous city, and the Phrygian fights,

94. *Brave of themselves, &c.*] Fortes creantur fortibus.

Hor. B. 4. O. 4.

99. *Who in the cause, &c.*]

Quicumque Iliacos ferro violavimus agros. Æn. II. 255.

101. *Your praise, O kings, &c.*] I do not remember that Homer any where mentions Castor and Pollux, except in the third book of the Iliad, where the commemoration of them by their sister Helen is finely introduced, and in the true spirit of poetry: I shall beg leave to transcribe the whole passage in the admirable translation of Mr. Pope, because I think it as beautiful and pathetic as almost any part of the whole work:

He sings the Grecian fleet renown'd afar,
 And great Achilles, bulwark of the war,
 I bring the tribute of a feebler lyre, 105
 Sweet warbling what the rapturous Nine inspire,
 The best I may; verse to the gods belongs;
 The gods delight in honorary songs,

Yet two are wanting of the numerous train,
 Whom long my eyes have sought, but sought in vain;
 Castor and Pollux, first in martial force,
 One bold on foot, and one renown'd for horse:
 My brothers these; the same our native shore,
 One house contain'd us, and one mother bore.
 Perhaps the chiefs, from warlike toils at ease,
 For distant Troy refus'd to sail the seas:
 Perhaps their swords some nobler quarrel draws,
 Asham'd to combat in their sister's cause.
 So spoke the fair, nor knew her brother's doom,
 Wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb;
 Adorn'd with honours in their native shore,
 Silent they slept, and heard of wars no more.

— *The Chian muse*] As Theocritus both here and in the 7th Idyllium, styles Homer the Chian Bard, *Χίον Αοιδον*, we have reason to conjecture, that Chios has the honour of being the place of his nativity: Simonides in his Epigram on Human Life, calls him the *Man of Chios*; for quoting a verse of Homer he says,

Εν δὲ το καλλίστῳ Χίος εἰπεν ἀνὴρ.

The Chians pleaded these antient authorities for Homer's being born among them: they mention a race they had, called the Homeridæ, whom they accounted his posterity; they cast medals of him; they show to this day an Homerium, or temple of Homer, near Bo-lissus; and close their arguments with a quotation from the hymn to Apollo, (which is acknowledged for Homer's by Thucydides) where he calls himself, "The blind man that inhabits Chios." One cannot

cannot avoid being surprized at the prodigious veneration for his character, which could engage mankind with such eagerness in a point so little essential; that kings should send to oracles for the enquiry of his birth-place; that cities should be in strife about it; that whole lives of learned men should be employed upon it; that some should write treatises, others call up spirits about it; that thus, in short, heaven, earth and hell, should be sought to, for the decision of a question which terminates in curiosity only. Thus far Mr. Pope in his essay on Homer: Yet though this point is not essential, and only matter of curiosity, we may observe, that these enquiries, disputes, and contentions, plead strongly in favour of the Muses, and set the character of a Poet in the most eminent and exalted station.

IDYLLIUM XXXIII.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

A R G U M E N T.

An unhappy lover, despairing to gain the affections of his mistress, by whom he is despised, makes away with himself: the cruel fair is soon after killed by the image of Cupid that fell upon her as she was bathing.

AN amorous shepherd lov'd a cruel fair;
The haughty beauty plung'd him in despair:
She loath'd the swain, nor aught her breast could move,
She scorn'd the lover, and the god of love;
Nor knew the puissance of his bow and darts,
To tame the stubbornness of human hearts.

5

The argument of this Idyllium is similar to the argument of Virgil's second eclogue, though this is more tragical: I have taken the liberty to make a general transformation, which renders it a thousand times more natural, decent and gallant.

An amorous, &c.] Formosum pastor Corydon ardebat Alexim.

Virg. Ec. 2.

Young Corydon with hopeless love ador'd

The fair Alexis, favourite of his lord.

WARTON.

With cold disdain she griev'd the shepherd fore,
 The more he sigh'd, she scorn'd him still the more.
 No solace she afforded, no soft look,
 Nor e'er the words of sweet compassion spoke: 10
 Her eye, her cheek ne'er glow'd, her flame to prove,
 No kiss she gave, the lenient balm of love:
 But as a lion, on the desert plain,
 With savage pleasure views the hunter train;
 Thus in her scorn severe delight she took; 16
 Her words, her eyes were fierce, and death was in her look.
 She look'd her soul; her face was pal'd with ire;
 Yet she was fair; her frowns but rais'd desire.
 At length, he could no more, but fought relief
 From tears, the dumb petitioners of grief; 20
 Before her gate he wept, with haggard look,
 And, kissing the bare threshold, thus he spoke:

7. *With cold disdain, &c.*] Ovid says of Anaxareté,
 Spernit & irridet; fastisque inani tibus addit
 Verba superba ferox; & spe quoque fraudat amantem.
 Met. B. 14. 714.

16. *Death was in her look*] The Greek is, *Εὖ, θάνατος*, or as
 Heinsius more plausibly reads, *Εὖ, ἀνάγκη*, she looked necessity, that
 is, death or fate; thus Horace has,

Semotique prius tarda necessitas
 Lethi corripuit gradum. B. 1. O. 3.
 And, Te semper anteit seva necessitas. B. 1. O. 35.
 Which elegant use of the word *necessitas*, he has taken from the Gre-
 cians; Pindar has, *ἔκτα ἀνάγκη*; and Euripides, *θῆνη ἀνάγκη*, which
 is exactly the *dira necessitas* of Horace, B. 3. O. 24.

21. *Before her gate, &c.*] Thus Ovid speaking of Iphis,
 Non tulit impatiens longi tormenta doloris
 Iphis, & ante fores hæc verba novissima dixit. Met. B. 14.

- ' Ah, savage fair, whom no entreaties move!
 ' Hard heart of stone, unworthy of my love!
 ' Accept this cord, 'tis now in vain to live; 25
 ' This friendly gift, the last that I shall give;
 ' I go where doom'd; my love, my life are o'er,
 ' No more I grieve, and you are-teaz'd no more;
 ' I go the last kind remedy to prove,
 ' And drink below oblivion to my love. 30
 ' But, ah! what draughts my fierce desires can tame;
 ' Or quench the raging fury of my flame?
 ' Adieu, ye doors!-eternally adieu!
 ' I see the future, and I know it true.
 ' Fragrant the rose, but soon it fades away; 35
 ' The violet sweet, but quickly will decay;
 ' The lily fair a transient beauty wears;
 ' And the white snow soon weeps away in tears:
 ' Such is the bloom of beauty, cropt by time,
 ' Full soon it fades, and withers in its prime. 40

30. *And drink oblivion*] Virgil says of souls that endure transmigration, Lethæi ad fluminis undam

Securos latices, & longa oblivia potant. Æn. B. 6.

To yon dark streams the gliding ghosts repair,

And quaff deep draughts of long oblivion there. PITT.

34. *I see the future*] Haud ignara futuri. Virg. Æn. 4. 50.

36. *The violet sweet, &c.*] Thus Ovid in his Art of Love;

Nec violæ semper nec hiantia lilia florent;

Et riget amissâ spina relicta rosâ. B. 2. 115.

39. *Such is the bloom, &c.*] Thus Horace, Fugit retrò

Levis juvenas & decor. B. 2. O. 11.

- ' The days will come when your hard heart shall burn
 ' In scorching flames, yet meet no kind return.
 ' Yet grant this boon, the last that I implore :
 ' When you shall see, suspended at your door,
 ' This wretched corse, pass not unheeding by, 45
 ' But let the tear of sorrow dim your eye :
 ' Then loose the fatal cord, and from your breast,
 ' Lend the light robe, and skreen me with your vest :
 ' Imprint one kiss when my sad soul is fled ;
 ' Ah, grudge not thus to gratify the dead ! 50
 ' Fear not—your kisses cannot life restore :
 ' Though you relent, yet I shall wake no more.
 ' And last, a decent monument prepare,
 ' And bury with my love my body there ;
 ' And thrice repeat, " Here rests my friend his head ;" 55
 ' Or rather add, " My dearest lover's dead."
 ' With this inscription be the stone supplied ;
 " By Cupid's dart this hapless shepherd dy'd :
 " Ah! passenger, a little moment spare
 " To stop, and say, He lov'd a cruel fair." 60

46. *Let the tear of sorrow, &c.]* Debita sparges lacrymâ favillam
Vatis amici. Hor. B. 2. O. 6.

53. *And last a decent monument, &c.]* Thus Virgil,
Et tumulum facite, & tumulo superaddite carmen. Ec. 5.

With grateful hands his monument erect,
And be the stone with this inscription deck'd. WARTON.

55. *And thrice repeat]* Of the inclination at the tomb, Æneas
thus tells Deiphobus, Magnâ Manes ter voce vocavi. Æn. 6. 566.

This said, he tries against the wall to shove
 A mighty stone, and to a beam above
 Suspends the cord, impatient of delay,
 Fits the dire noose, and spurns the stone away;
 Quivering in air he hung, till welcome death 65
 Securely clos'd the avenues of breath.
 The fair one, when the pendent swain she saw,
 Nor pity felt, nor reverential awe;
 But as she pass'd, for not a tear she shed,
 Her garments were polluted by the dead. 70
 Then to the circus, where the wrestlers fought,
 Or the more pleasing bath of love she sought:
 High on a marble pedestal above,
 Frown'd the dread image of the god of love,
 Aiming in wrath the meditated blow, 75
 Then fell revengeful on the nymph below;
 With the pure fountain mix'd her purple blood—
 These words were heard emerging from the flood:

61. *This said, &c.*] The fate of Iphis in Ovid is very similar,
 Dixit, & ad postes, &c. Met. B. 14.

Then o'er the posts, once hung with wreaths, he throws
 The ready cord, and fits the fatal noose;
 For death prepares, and bounding from above,
 At once the wretch concludes his life and love. GARTH.

79. *Lovers, farewell, &c.*] Moschus, Idyl. 6. has nearly the same
 thought. Ταῦτα λεγὼ παρὼν κ. τ. λ.

Ye scornful nymphs and swains, I tell
 This truth to you; pray mark it well:
 "If to your lovers kind you prove,
 "You'll gain the hearts of those you love." F. F.
 The

“ Lovers, farewell, nor your admirers flight;
 “ Resign’d I die, for Heav’n pronounces right.” 80

The fate of this scornful beauty is similar to that of a youth who was killed by the statue of his step-mother falling upon him. See Callimachus, Epigr. 11. thus translated by Mr. Duncombe.

A youth, who thought his father's wife
 Had lost her malice with her life,
 Officious with a chaplet grac'd
 The statue on her tomb-stone plac'd;
 When, falling sudden on his head,
 With the dire blow it struck him dead:
 Be warn'd from hence, each foster-son,
 Your step-dame's sepulchre to shun.

IDYLLIUM XXIV.

THE YOUNG HERCULES.

A R G U M E N T.

This Idyllium is entirely narrative: it first of all gives an account how Hercules, when only ten months old, slew two monstrous serpents which Juno had sent to devour him; then it relates the prophecy of Tiresias, and afterwards describes the education of Hercules, and enumerates his several preceptors. The conclusion of this poem is lost.

WASH'D with pure water, and with milk well fed,
 To pleasing rest her sons Alcmena led,
 Alcides, ten months old, yet arm'd with might,
 And twin Iphiclus, younger by a night:
 On a broad shield of fine brass metal made, 5
 The careful queen her royal offspring laid;
 (The shield from Pterilus Amphitryon won
 In fight, a noble cradle for his son!)

7. *The shield from Pterilus, &c.*] Virgil says nearly the same thing of the coat of mail which was taken from Demoleus,

Loricam, quam Demoleo detraxerat ipse
 Victor apud rapidum Simoenta sub Ilio alto.

Æn. B. 5. 260.
 By

Fondly the babes she view'd, and on each head
She plac'd her tender hands, and thus she said: 10

" Sleep, gentle babes, and sweetly take your rest,

" Sleep, dearest twins, with softest slumbers blest;

" Securely pass the tedious night away,

" And rise refresh'd with the fair-rising day."

She spoke, and gently rock'd the mighty shield; 15
Obsequious slumbers soon their eye-lids seal'd.

But when at midnight sunk the bright-ey'd Bear,

And broad Orion's shoulder 'gan appear;

Stern Juno, urg'd by unrelenting hate,

Sent two fell serpents to Amphitryon's gate, 20

By observing the use this shield is put to, we have an agreeable picture presented to the mind: it is an emblem of the peace and tranquillity which always succeed the tumults of war; and likewise a prognostic of the future greatness of this mighty champion in embryo.

19. *Stern Juno, &c.*] Pindar in his first Nemean Ode tells this same story, which, as it may be a satisfaction to the curious to see how different writers manage the same subject, I shall take the liberty to give in Mr. West's translation.

Then glowing with immortal rage,

The gold-enthroned empress of the gods,

Her eager thirst of vengeance to alluage,

Strait to her hated rival's curs'd abodes

Bad her vindictive serpents haste.

They through the opening valves with speed

On to the chamber's deep recesses past,

To perpetrate their murderous deed:

And now, in knotty mazes to infold

Their destin'd prey, on curling spires they roll'd,

Q

His

Charg'd with severe commission to destroy
 The young Alcides, Jove-begotten boy:
 Horrid and huge, with many an azure fold,
 Fierce through the portal's opening valves they roll'd;
 Then on their bellies prone, high swoln with gore, 25
 They glided smooth along the marble floor;
 Their fiery eye-balls darted sanguine flame,
 And from their jaws destructive poison came.
 Alcmena's sons, when near the serpents prest
 Darting their forked tongues, awoke from rest; 30
 All o'er the chamber shone a sudden light,
 For all is clear to Jove's discerning sight.
 When on the shield his foes Iphiclus saw,
 And their dire fangs that arm'd each horrid jaw,

His dauntless brow when young Alcides rear'd,
 And for their first attempt his infant arms prepar'd,
 Fast by their azure necks he held,
 And grip'd in either hand his scaly foes;
 Till from their horrid carcases expell'd,
 At length the poisonous soul unwilling flows.

27. *Their fiery eye-balls, &c.*] The Greek is, *απ' οφθαλμων δε κατ
 ηον πυρ Ερχομενοις λαμπροισι*; a pernicious flame shot from their eyes as
 they approached: Pierson, (see his *Verisimilia*) reads with much
 more elegance and propriety *Διερχομενοις*, looking very keenly, as the
 eyes of serpents are always represented: Hesiod, speaking of dra-
 gons, uses the same word twice, *εκ κεφαλων πυρ καυστο διερχομενοις*.
 Theog. ver. 828, and in the shield of Hercules, ver. 145, *λαμπο-
 μενοισι δεδορκως*. He brings likewise the authorities of Homer, Æschy-
 lus and Oppian, to support this reading. Virgil has,
Ardentesq; oculi suffecti sanguine & igni,
Sibila lambebant linguis vibrantibus ora. Æn. B. 2. 210.

Aghast he rais'd his voice with bitter cry, 35
 Threw off the covering, and prepar'd to fly :
 But Hercules stretch'd out his arms to clasp
 The scaly monsters in his iron grasp ;
 Fast in each hand the venom'd jaws he prest
 Of the curst serpents, which ev'n gods detest. 40
 Their circling spires, in many a dreadful fold,
 Around the slow-begotten babe they roll'd,
 The babe unwear'd, yet ignorant of fear,
 Who never utter'd cry, nor shed a tear.
 At length their curls they loos'd, for rack'd with pain 45
 They strove to 'scape the deathful gripe in vain.
 Alcmena first o'er-heard the mournful cries,
 And to her husband thus: " Amphytrion, rise;
 " Distressful fears my boding soul dismay;
 " This instant rise, nor for thy sandals stay : 50
 " Hark, how for help the young Iphiclus calls!
 " A sudden splendor, lo! illumes the walls!
 " Though yet the shades of night obscure the skies;
 " Some dire disaster threatens; Amphytrion, rise."
 She spoke; the prince obedient to her word, 55
 Rose from the bed, and seiz'd his rich-wrought sword,

41. *Their circling spires, &c.*] Thus Virgil, speaking of the serpents that devoured Laocoon's sons,

— Parva duorum Corpora natorum, &c. *Æn.* B. 2. 213.

And first in curling fiery volumes bound
 His two young sons, and wrapt them round and round.

PITT.

Which, on a glittering nail above his head,
 Hung by the baldrick to the cedar bed.
 Then from the radiant sheath of lotos made;
 With ready hand he drew the shining blade; 60
 Instant the light withdrew, and sudden gloom
 Involv'd again the wide-extended room:
 Amphitryon call'd his train that slumbering lay,
 And slept secure the careless hours away.
 "Rise, rise, my servants, from your couches strait, 65
 "Bring lights this instant, and unbar the gate."
 He spoke; the train obedient to command,
 Appear'd with each a flambeau in his hand;
 Rapt with amaze, young Hercules they saw
 Grasp two fell serpents close beneath the jaw: 70
 The mighty infant show'd them to his fire,
 And smil'd to see the wreathing snakes expire;
 He leap'd for joy that thus his foes he slew,
 And at his father's feet the scaly monsters threw.
 With tender care Alcmena fondly prest, 75
 Half-dead with fear, Iphiclus to her breast,
 While o'er his mighty son Amphitryon spread
 The lamb's soft fleece, and sought again his bed.

64. *And slept secure, &c.*] The Greek is, *υπνω βαρυ, ακουσιματα*, similar to what Virgil says of Rhamnes, *Æn.* 9. 326.

— In slumbers deep he lay.

And, labouring, slept the full debauch away.

PITT.

75. *With tender care, &c.*] Thus Virgil.

Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos. Æn. B. 7. 518.

When thrice the cock pronounc'd the morning near,
Alcmena call'd the truth-proclaiming seer, 80
Divine Tiresias; and to him she told

This strange event, and urg'd him to unfold
Whate'er the adverse deities ordain;

' Fear not, she cried, but Fate's whole will explain;
' For well thou know'st, O! venerable seer, 85
' Those ills which Fate determines, man must bear.'

She spoke; the holy augur thus reply'd;

" Hail, mighty queen, to Perseus near ally'd;

" Parent of godlike chiefs: by these dear eyes,

" Which never more shall view the morning rise, 90

" Full many Grecian maids, for charms renown'd,

" While merrily they twirl the spindle round,

" Till day's decline thy praises shall proclaim,

" And Grecian matrons celebrate thy fame.

" So great, so noble will thy offspring prove, 95

" The most gigantic of the gods above,

84. *Fear not, &c.*] Thus Achilles says to Calchas, Il. B. 1.

From thy inmost soul

Speak what thou know'st, and speak without controul. POPE.

86. *These ills, &c.*] Homer puts a sentiment similar to this in the mouth of Hector, B. 6. which is finely translated by Mr. Pope;

Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,

And such the hard condition of our birth:

No force can then resist, no flight can save,

All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.

96. *The most gigantic, &c.*] The words of Theocritus are *αὐτὸς γίγαντι πλατύς ἥρως*, the broad-breasted hero; I am in doubt how it should

" Whose arm, endow'd with more than mortal sway,
 " Shall many men, and many monsters slay :
 " Twelve labours past, he shall to heav'n aspire,
 " His mortal part first purified by fire, 100
 " And son-in-law benam'd of that dread Power
 " Who sent these deadly serpents to devour
 " The slumbering child: then wolves shall rove the lawns,
 " And strike no terror in the pasturing fawns.

be rendered: Creech has translated it, *The noblest burthen of the bending sky*. In Homer's *Odyssey*, B. 11. Hercules is thus represented among the shades below,

Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
 A towering spectre of gigantic mold;
 A shadowy form! for high in heaven's abodes
 Himself resides, a god among the gods.

POPE.

On which Mr. Pope observes, 'The antients imagined, that immediately after death, there was a partition of the human composition into three parts, the *body*, *image* and *mind*: the *body* is buried in the earth; the *image*, or εἰδωλον, descends into the regions of the departed; the *mind*, or φηνη, the divine part is received into heaven; thus the body of Hercules was consumed in the flames, his image is in hell, and his soul in heaven.'

100. *His mortal part first purified by fire,*] The Greek is, θνήσκει δὲ πῦρτι πυρὴ Τραχυνὸς ἔστι, *The Trachinian pyre will consume his mortal part*; Trachin was a city of Thessaly built by Hercules, and the place to which he sent to Dejanira for the shirt which proved fatal to him, and was the occasion of throwing himself into the fire that consumed him; hence therefore, probably, Theocritus calls it the Trachinian pyre.

103. *Then wolves, &c.*] Virgil has, Nec lupus infidias pecori, &c. Both authors seem to have borrowed from Isaiah, chap. ii. ver. 6. *The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid.*

- “ But, O great queen! be this thy instant care, 105
 “ On the broad hearth dry fagots to prepare,
 “ Aspalathus, or prickly brambles bind,
 “ Or the tall thorn that trembles in the wind;
 “ And at dark midnight burn (what time they came
 “ To slay thy son) the serpents in the flame. 110
 “ Next morn, collected by thy faithful maid,
 “ Be all the ashes to the flood convey’d,

105. *But, O great queen, &c.*] Archbishop Potter observes, sometimes the ominous thing was burnt with *ligna infelicia*, that is, such sort of wood as was in tutelâ inferûm deorum avertentium-que, sacred to the gods of hell, and those which averted evil omens, being chiefly thorns; and such other trees, as were fit for no other use than to be burned. Sometimes the prodigy, when burnt, was cast into the water; and particularly into the sea, as Theocritus has described. Chap. 17.

107. *Aspalathus;*] A plant called the Rose of Jerusalem, or our Lady's Thorn. JOHNSON'S Dict.

— *Prickly brambles;*] The Greek is *παλιurus*, *paliurus*; which Martyn says, is most probably the plant which is cultivated in our gardens under the name of Christ's Thorn, and is supposed to be the thorn, of which the crown was made, that was put upon our Saviour's head. Notes on Virg. Ecl. 5.

108. *Or the tall thorn, &c.*] The Greek is, *ἡ στεφάνη διδομένηται ἀνὰ ἀχέρδου*, or the dry acherdus which is agitated by the wind; it is uncertain what plant will answer to the acherdus of the ancients. Homer in the *Odyssæy*, B. 11. ver. 10. has fenced the sylvan lodge of Eumæus with acherdus; *καὶ στεφάνησι ἀχέρδου*.

The wall was stone, from neighbouring quarries born, Encircled with a fence of native thorn. BOHE.

111. *Next morn, &c.*] The most powerful of all incantations was to throw the ashes of the sacrifice backward into the water, thus Virgil, *Fer cineres, Amarylli, foras; rivoq; fluenti*.

Transque caput jace; ne respexeris.

Ecl. 8.

" And blown on rough rocks by the favouring wind,
 " Thence let her fly, but cast no look behind.
 " Next with pure sulphur purge the house, and bring
 " The purest water from the freshest spring, 116
 " This, mix'd with salt, and with green olive crown'd,
 " Will cleanse the late contaminated ground.
 " Last let a boar on Jove's high altar bleed,
 " That ye in all achievements may succeed." 120

Thus spoke Tiresias, bending low with age,
 And to his ivory carr retir'd the reverend sage.
 Alcides grew beneath his mother's care,
 Like some young plant, luxuriant, fresh and fair,
 That screen'd from storms defies the baleful blast, 125
 And for Amphitryon's valiant son he past.
 Linus, who claim'd Apollo for his fire,
 With love of letters did his youth inspire,
 And strove his great ideas to enlarge,
 A friendly tutor, faithful to his charge. 130
 From Eurytus his skill in shooting came,
 To send the shaft unerring of its aim.
 Eumolpus tun'd his manly voice to sing,
 And call sweet music from the speaking string.
 In lifted fields to wrestle with his foe, 135
 With iron arm to deal the deathful blow,

124. *Like some fair plant, &c.*] Theocritus has borrowed this from Homer, Il. B. 18. Thetis, speaking of her son, says,

Τον μὲν ἐγὼ θειψάσα, φυτὸν ὡς γυνὴ ἀλάνης.

Like some fair plant, beneath my careful hand,
 He grew, he flourish'd, and he grac'd the land. POPE.

And each achievement where fair fame is sought,
 Harpalycus, the son of Hermes, taught,
 Whose look so grim and terrible in fight,
 No man could bear the formidable sight. 140
 But fond Amphitryon, with a father's care,
 To drive the chariot taught his godlike heir,
 At the sharp turn with rapid wheels to roll,
 Nor break the grazing axle on the goal;
 On Argive plains, for generous steeds renown'd, 145
 Oft was the chief with race-won honours crown'd;
 And still unbroke his antient chariot lay,
 Though cankering time had eat the reins away.
 To lanch the spear, to rush upon the foe,
 Beneath the shield to shun the falchion's blow, 150
 To marshal hosts, opposing force to force,
 To lay close ambush, and lead on the horse,
 These Castor taught him, of equestrian fame,
 What time to Argos exil'd Tydeus came,

140. *No man could bear, &c.*] Virgil says of Dares,

——— *Nec quisquam ex agmine tanto*

Audet adire virum, manibusq; inducere cæstus. *Æn. B 5.*

144. *Nor break, &c.*] In the chariot-race, the greatest care was to be taken to avoid running against the goal; Nestor in the 23d book of the Iliad, very particularly cautions his son in regard to this point; and Horace says,

——— *Metaque fervidis Evitata rotis.*

Od. 1.

154. *What time to Argos, &c.*] The Greek is,

Κατὰς Ἰππαιδᾶς ἰδὼν, Φυγὰς Ἀργεὺς εἶδων,
 Οὐποκα κλέρον ἀπάντα καὶ οἰοπέδον μέγα Τυδείης
 Ναι, παρ' Ἀδραστῆος λαβὼν ἱππιδάταρ Ἀργεὺς.

These

Where from] Adrastus he high favour gain'd, 155
 And o'er a kingdom, rich in vineyards, reign'd:
 No chief like Castor, till consuming time
 Unnerv'd his youth, and crop'd the golden prime:

Thus Hercules, his mother's joy and pride,
 Was train'd up like a warrior: by the side 160

These accomplishments Castor, skilled in horsemanship, taught him, when he came an exile from Argos, at the time that Tydeus ruled over the whole kingdom famed for vineyards, having received Argos from Adrastus. There is great inconsistency in this passage, which nobody, that I know of, has observed or tried to remedy: we have no account in history, that Castor came a fugitive to Argos, but that Tydeus did, we have indisputable authority. See Homer's Il. B. 14. ver. 119: Diomed says of his father, πατὴρ δ' ἔμμος Ἀργεῖ ἵασθαι, κ. τ. λ.

My fire: from Calydon expell'd

He past to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;

The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)

He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd:

There rich in fortune's gifts his acres till'd,

Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yeild,

And numerous flocks that whiten'd all the field. POPE. }

On which Eustathius observes; " This is a very artful colour: " Diomed calls the flight of his father, for killing one of his brothers, travelling and dwelling at Argos, without mentioning the " cause or occasion of his retreat." Might I venture to offer an emendation, I would read, φεγγας Ἀργεῖ ἔλθων, and then the construction might be, *Castor taught him these accomplishments, at the time that Tydeus reigned over the kingdom of Argos, whither he had fled an exile, having received the sovereignty from Adrastus.* Thus the passage becomes correspondent with Homer, with good sense and history; for Tydeus fled from Calydonia to Argos for manslaughter, where he married Deipyle, the daughter of Adrastus, and it should seem by this passage, afterwards succeeded him in the kingdom.

Of his great father's his rough couch was spread,
A lion's spoils compos'd his grateful bed.
Roast-meat he lov'd at supper to partake,
The bread he fancied was the Doric cake,
Enough to satisfy the labouring hind ;
But still at noon full sparingly he din'd.
His dress, contriv'd for use, was neat and plain,
His skirts were scanty, for he wore no train.

165

The Conclusion of this Idyllium is wanting in the original.

164. *Doric cake,*] A coarse bread like those cakes which the Athenians called *παραγοί*.

IDYLLIUM XXV.

HERCULES THE LION-SLAYER.

A R G U M E N T.

Hercules, having occasion to wait upon Augéas king of Elis, meets with an old herdsman, by whom he is introduced to the king, who, with his son Phyleus, had come into the country to take a view of his numerous herds: afterwards Hercules and Phyleus walk together to the city; in the way the prince admiring the monstrous lion's skin which Hercules wore, takes occasion to enquire where he had it; this introduces an account how Hercules slew the Nemean lion.

The Beginning is wanting.

THE good old herdsman laid his work aside,
And thus complacent to the chief reply'd:

Though this noble Idyllium is by far the longest of any that Theocritus has left us, containing, exclusive of the beginning which is lost, no less than 281 verses, yet the commentators, Scaliger, Casaubon and D. Heinsius, have not left us one single emendation or note upon it; and therefore I shall trouble the reader with but few observations: yet these grey old criticks have been lavish of their remarks upon the 27th Idyllium, infinitely the most obscure of all the pieces that have been attributed to Theocritus. One remark is very obvious, that the first part of this Idyllium, as far as

ver.

- ' Whate'er you ask, O stranger, I'll impart,
 ' Whate'er you wish, and with a cheerful heart;
 ' For much I venerate the son of May, 5
 ' Who stands rever'd in every publick way:
 ' Those most he hates, of all the gods on high,
 ' Who the lone traveller's request deny.
 ' The numerous flocks your eyes behold around,
 ' With which the vales are stor'd, the hills are crown'd,
 ' Augéas owns; o'er various walks they spread, 11
 ' In different meads, in different pastures fed;
 ' Some on the banks of Elisfuntus stray,
 ' Some where divine Alphæus winds his way,

ver. 178 in the translation, is entirely pastoral and bucolic, containing beautiful descriptions of meadows, pastures, hills, vales, rivers, shepherds, herdsmen, and their stalls and dogs, flocks and herds innumerable: the second part is an account of a famous exploit performed by Hercules, and therefore the whole must surely belong to the Arcadian poetry.

6. *Who stands rever'd, &c.*] The antients erected statues to Mercury in the public roads, as guides to travellers, which they called Hermæ; they were of marble and four square, nothing but the head was finished: thus Juvenal, Sat. 8. 53.

Truncoque simillimus Hermæ.

Nulla quippe alio vinctis discrimine, quam quod
 Illi marmoreum caput est, tua vivit imago.

13. *Elisfuntus*] A river near Elis.

14. *Alphæus*] A famous river of Arcadia near Elis, which the antients feigned to have sunk under ground, and so passed thro' the sea, without mixing its streams with the salt waters, till arriving at Sicily, it mingled its current with the fountain Arethusa near Syracuse. Thus Virgil, *Æn.* 3. 694, *Alpheum fama est, &c.*

Hither

- ' Some in Buprasium, where rich wines abound, ' 15
 ' And some in this well-cultivated ground.
 ' And though exceeding many flocks are told,
 ' Each separate flock enjoys a separate fold.
 ' Here, though of oxen numerous herds are seen,
 ' Yet springs the herbage ever fresh and green 20
 ' In the moist marsh of Menius: every mead,
 ' And vale irriguous, where the cattle feed,
 ' Produce sweet herbs, embalm'd in dewy tears,
 ' Whose fragrant virtue fattens well the steers.
 ' Behold that stall beyond the winding flood, 25
 ' Which to the right appears by yonder wood

Hither, 'tis said, Alphæus from his source
 In Elis' realms, directs his watery course:
 Beneath the main he takes his secret way,
 And mounts with Arethusa up to day.

PITT.

15. *Buprasium*] A city and country of Achaia near Elis, from Buprasius its founder.

Those where fair Elis and Buprasium join. Pope's *Il. B. 2.*

20. *Yet springs, &c.*]

Non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramina defunt.

Geor. 2. 200.

There for thy flocks fresh fountains never fail,

Undying verdure cloaths the grassy vale.

WARTON.

27. *Wild olive*] This tree was sacred to Apollo; and substituted as a temple where presents were offered to him: Virgil speaking of an olive tree, *Æn. 12. 766*, says,

Servati ex undis ibi figere dona solebant
 Laurenti divo.

The shipwreck'd sailors, on the hallow'd wood,
 Hung their devoted vests in honour of the god.

PITT.

- ' Where the wild olive, and perennial plane
 ' Grow, spread, and flourish; great Appollo's fane,
 ' To which the hinds, to which the shepherds bow,
 ' And deem him greatest deity below! 30
 ' Next are the stalls of swains, whose labours bring
 ' Abundant riches to the wealthy king;
 ' Four times each year the fertile soil they plow,
 ' And gather thrice the harvests which they sow;
 ' The lab'ring hinds, whose hands the vineyards dress, 35
 ' Whose feet the grapes in purple autumn press,
 ' Know well the vast domain Augéas owns,
 ' Rich fields whose lap the golden ear imbrovns,
 ' Or shaded gardens, far as yonder hills,
 ' Whose brows are water'd by resplendent rills; 40
 ' This spacious tract we tend with daily care,
 ' As fits those swains who rural labours share.
 ' But say, (and all my service you shall claim)
 ' Say for what cause you here a stranger came:
 ' Would you the king or his attendants see? 45
 ' I can conduct you; only trust to me.
 ' For such your form, and such your manly grace,
 ' You seem deriv'd from no ignoble race:

33. *Four times, &c.*] Virgil says that the soil for vines, Quotannis Terque quaterque solum scindendum. Geor. B. 2.

Thrice and four times the soil, each rolling year,
 The ponderous ploughs, and heavy drags must bear. WAR.

49. *Sure thus the gods, &c.*]

Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus esse deorum. Virg.

- ' Sure thus the gods, that boast celestial birth,
 ' Appear majestic to the sons of earth.' 50
 He spoke, and thus Jove's valiant son reply'd;
 " My wandering steps let some kind shepherd guide
 " To king Augéas, whom these realms obey;
 " To see Augéas am I come this way.
 " But if fair justice the good monarch draws 55
 " To Elis, to administer the laws;
 " Conduct me to some honourable swain,
 " Who here presides among his rural train,
 " That I to him my purpose may disclose,
 " And follow what his prudence shall propose: 60
 " For heaven's eternal wisdom has decreed,
 " That man of man should ever stand in need."
 Thus he; the good old herdsman thus reply'd:
 ' Sure some immortal being is your guide:
 ' For lo! your business is already done; 65
 ' Last night the king, descendant of the sun,
 ' With royal Phyleus, from the town withdrew,
 ' His flocks unnumber'd, and his herds to view.
 ' Thus when great kings their own concerns explore,
 ' By wise attention they augment their store. 70

54. *To see Augéas, &c.*] Evandrum petimus. Æn. B. 8.

55. *But if fair justice, &c.*] Thus Dido in Virgil,
 Jura dabat legesq; viris, operumque laborem
 Partibus æquabat justis. Æn. B. I. 511.

64. *Sure, &c.*] Dis equidem auspibus reor, & Junone secundâ,
 Huc cursum Iliacas vento tenuisse carinas. Æn. 4.

‘ But let me quick, for time is on the wing,
 ‘ In yonder tent conduct you to the king.’

This said, he walk’d before his royal guest,
 Much wondering, much revolving in his breast,
 When at his back the lion’s spoils he saw, 75
 And in his hand the club infusing awe.
 He wish’d to ask the hero, whence he sprung?
 The rising query dy’d upon his tongue:
 He fear’d the freedom might be deem’d a fault:
 ’Tis difficult to know another’s thought. 80

The watchful dogs, as near the stalls they went,
 Perceiv’d their coming by their tread and scent,
 With open mouths from every part they run,
 And bay’d incessant great Amphitryon’s son,
 But round the swain they wagg’d their tails and play’d, 85
 And gently whining secret joy betray’d.
 Loose on the ground the stones that ready lay
 Eager he snatch’d, and drove the dogs away;

81. *The watchful dogs, &c.*] Here Theocritus imitates Homer,
 see Odyf. B. 14. 20.

Soon as Ulysses near th’ enclosure drew,
 With open mouths the furious mastives flew POPE.
 On which Mr. Pope observes, ‘ What Homer speaks of Ulysses,
 Theocritus applies to Hercules: a demonstration that he thought
 it to be a picture of nature, and therefore inserted it in that heroic
 Idyllium.’

88. *And drove the dogs away,*] Thus also Eumæus did,
 With show’rs of stones he drives them far way,
 The scattering dogs around at distance bay. POPE.

With his rough voice he terrified them all,
 Though pleas'd to find them guardians of his stall. 90
 ' Ye gods! (the good old herdsman thus began)
 ' What useful animals are dogs to man?
 ' Had heav'n but sent intelligence to know
 ' On whom to rage, the friendly or the foe,
 ' No creature then could challenge honour more, 95
 ' But now too furious, and too fierce they roar.'

He spoke; the growling mastives ceas'd to bay,
 And stole obsequious to their stalls away.
 The sun now westward drove his radiant steeds,
 And evening mild the noontide heat succeeds; 100
 His orb declining from the pastures calls
 Sheep to their folds, and oxen to their stalls.
 Herd following herd, it joy'd the chief to see
 Unnumber'd cattle winding o'er the lea.
 Like watery clouds arising thick in heaven, 105
 By the rough South, or Thracian Boreas driven;

100. *And evening mild, &c.*] Thus the herds in Virgil return home in the evening,

Vesper ubi e pastu vitulos ad tecta reducit. Geor. 4. 433.

When evening homewards drives the calves and sheep. WARTON.

105. *Like watery clouds, &c.*] This simile finely represents the unnumber'd herds of Augéas, and is very like a passage in Homer's 11. B. 4. which I shall beg leave to transcribe;

In one firm orb the bands were rang'd around,
 A cloud of heroes blacken'd all the ground.
 Thus from a lofty promontory's brow,
 A swain surveys the gathering storm below;

Slow

So fast the shadowy vapours mount on high,
 They cover all the region of the sky;
 Still more and more the gathering tempest brings,
 And weightier burdens on its weary wings. 110
 Thus thickening march the cattle o'er the plain,
 More than the roads or meadows can contain,
 The lusty herds incessant bellowing keep,
 The stalls are fill'd with steers, the folds with sheep.
 Though numerous slaves stand round of every kind,
 All have their several offices assign'd. 116
 Some tie the cow's hind legs, to make her stand
 Still, and obedient to the milker's hand:
 Some give to tender calves the swelling teat,
 Their sides distend with milky beverage sweet. 120
 Some form fat cheeses with the housewife's art,
 Some drive the heifers from the bulls apart.
 Augéas visited the stalls around,
 To see what stores in herds and flocks abound;
 With curious eye he mov'd majestic on, 125
 Join'd by Alcides and his royal son.

Slow from the main the heavy vapours rise,
 Spread in dim streams, and fall along the skies,
 Till black as night the swelling tempest shows,
 The clouds condensing as the west-wind blows. POPE.

122. Thus Virgil says in regard to the management of bulls;

Aut intus clausos saturo ad præsepia servant. *Geor.* 3. 214.

126. *Join'd by Alcides, &c.* Thus Virgil,

—— Ibat rex oblitus ævo;

Et comitem Æneam juxta natumque tenebat,

B. 3.

Here Hercules, of great and steady soul,
 Whom mean amazement never could controll,
 Admir'd such droves in myriads to behold,
 Such spreading flocks, that never could be told, 130
 Not one king's wealth he thought them, nor of ten,
 Though greatest of the rulers over men :
 The Sun his fire this privilege assign'd,
 To be in flocks and herds more rich than all mankind :
 These still increas'd; no plague e'er render'd vain 135
 The gainful labour of the shepherd-swain ;
 Year following year his industry was blest,
 More calves were rear'd, and still the last were best.
 No cows e'er cast their young, or e'er declin'd,
 The calves were chiefly of the female kind. 140
 With these three hundred bulls, a comely fight,
 Whose horns were crooked, and whose legs were white,
 And twice an hundred of bright glossy red,
 By whom the business of increase was sped :
 But twelve, the flower of all, exulting run 145
 In the green pastures, sacred to the sun ;

133. *The Sun his fire, &c.*] We may here observe, that Theocritus makes the great increase of the herds of Augéas, to arise from the gift and influence of the Sun, his father.

140. *The calves, &c.*] This circumstance must occasion a prodigious propagation: thus exceedingly increased the cattle of Jacob. Genesis, xxx. 30—43. *Thy cattle is now increased to a multitude: and the man increased exceedingly, and had much cattle:* and chap. xxxi. 38. Jacob says, *This twenty years have I been with thee; thy ewes and thy she-goats have not cast their young.*

The stately swan was not so silver white,
 And in the meads they took ineffable delight :
 These, when gaunt lions from the mountain's brow
 Descend terrific on the herds below, 150
 Rush to the war, the savage foe they gore,
 Their eyes look death, and horribly they roar.
 But most majestic these bold bulls among
 Stalk'd Phaëton, the sturdy and the strong ;
 So radiant, so refulgent from afar, 155
 The shepherd-swains compar'd him to a star.
 When round the shoulders of the chief he spy'd,
 Alarming sight ! the lion's tawny hide,
 Foul at his flank he aim'd his iron head,
 And proudly doom'd the matchless hero dead : 160
 But watchful Hercules, devoid of fear,
 Seiz'd his left horn, and stopp'd his mad career ;
 Prone to the earth his stubborn neck he prest,
 Then writh'd him round, and bruise'd his ample chest,
 At one bold push exerted all his strength, 165
 And high in air upheld him at arm's length.
 Through all the wondering train amazement ran,
 Silent they gaz'd, and thought him more than man.

149. *Lions*] The Greek word is *leontes*, and in this place properly signifies *lions*, as it does also in the *Iliad*, B. 15. ver. 586; and the bull Phaëton's being alarmed at seeing the skin of the Nemean lion, ver. 158. seems in a very agreeable manner to determine this construction.

Phyleus and Hercules (the day far spent)
 Left the rich pastures, and to Elis went, 170
 The footpath first, which tow'rd the city lay,
 Led from the stalls, but narrow was the way;
 Through vineyards next it past, and gloomy glades,
 Hard to distinguish in the greenwood shades.
 The devious way as noble Phyleus led, 175
 To his right shoulder he inclined his head,
 And slowly marching through the verdant grove,
 Thus mild bespoke the progeny of Jove:
 ' By your last bold achievement it appears,
 ' Great chief, your fame long since has reach'd my ears.
 ' For here arriv'd a youthful Argive swain, 181
 ' From Helicé that borders on the main,
 ' Who for a truth among th' Epæans told,
 ' That late he saw a Grecian, brave and bold,
 ' Slay a fell lion, fell to husbandmen, 185
 ' That in the Nemean forest made his den;
 ' Whether the chief from sacred Argos came,
 ' Or proud Mycené, or Tirynthé claim

182. *Helicé*] Was once a city of Achaia, three quarters of a league from Corinth, but swallowed up by the sea.

186. *That in the Nemean forest, &c.*] Thus Virgil,
 Tu mactas vastum Nemeâ sub rupe leonem. *Æn.* 8. 294.
 Beneath thy arm the Nemean monster fell. *PITT.*

188. *Tirynthé*] A city near Argos where Hercules was nursed, whence he is called Tirynthius.

- ' His birth, I heard not; yet he trac'd his line,
 ' If true my tale, from Perseus the divine. 190
 ' No Greek but you could such a toil sustain;
 ' I reason from that mighty monster slain,
 ' A perilous encounter! whose rough hide
 ' Protects your shoulders, and adorns your side.
 ' Say then, if you are he, the Grecian bold, 195
 ' Of whom the Argive's wonderous tale was told:
 ' Say, what dread weapon drank the monster's blood,
 ' And how he wander'd to the Nemean wood.
 ' For not in Greece such savages are found,
 ' No beasts thus huge infest Achaian ground; 200
 ' She breeds the ravenous wolf, the bear, the boar,
 ' Pernicious monsters! but she breeds no more.
 ' Some wonder'd at accounts so strange and new,
 ' Thought the Greek boastful, and his tale untrue.
 Thus Phyleus spoke, and as the path grew wide, 205
 He walk'd attentive by the hero's side,
 To hear distinct the toil-sustaining man,
 Who thus, obsequious to the prince, began:

190. *Perseus*] Was grandfather to Amphitryon, the husband of Alcmena.

200. *No beasts thus huge,*] Thus Horace,

Quale portentum neque militaris
 Daunia in latis alit esculetis, &c.

B. 1. Od. 32.

202. *She breeds no more,*] At rabidæ tigres absunt, & sæva leonum
 Semina.

Virg. Geor. 2. 151.

" Son of Augéas, what of me you heard
 " Is strictly true, nor has the stranger err'd. 210
 " But since you wish to know, my tongue shall tell,
 " From whence the monster came, and how he fell:
 " Though many Greeks have mention'd this affair,
 " None can the truth with certainty declare.
 " 'Tis thought some god, by vengeful anger sway'd, 215
 " Sent this fore plague for sacrifice unpaid,
 " To punish the Phoroneans; like a flood
 " He delug'd the Pisæan fields with blood:
 " The Bembinæans, miserable men,
 " Felt his chief rage, the neighbours to his den, 220
 " The hardy task, this hideous beast to kill,
 " Eurystheus first enjoin'd me to fulfill,

211. *But since, &c.*]

At si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros. *Æn. B. 2. 19.*

217. *Phoroneans*] Inhabitants of a city in Argos; Phoroneus, the son of Inachus, succeeded his father, enlarged his territories, and gathered the people who were before dispersed about the country into one city, which was called from him Phoronium.

Universal Hist. B. 1. Ch. 16.

—*Like a flood* :] Virgil compares Pyrrhus to a flood. *Æn. 2. 496.*

Not half so fierce the foamy déluge bounds,
 And bursts resistless o'er the levell'd mounds;
 Pours down the vale, and roaring o'er the plain,
 Sweeps herds and hinds, and houses to the main. *PITT.*

222. *Eurystheus, &c.*] — Ut duros mille labores

Rege sub Eurystheo, fatis Junonis iniquæ,
 Pertulerit. *Æn. B. 8. 291.*

The thousand labours of the hero's hands,
 Enjoin'd by proud Eurystheus' stern commands. *PITT.*

- " But hop'd me slain: on the bold conflict bent,
 " Arm'd to the field with bow and darts I went:
 " A solid club, of rude wild olive made, 225
 " Rough in its rugged rind my right hand sway'd:
 " On Helicon's fair hill the tree I found,
 " And with the roots I wrench'd it from the ground.
 " When the close covert I approach'd, where lay
 " The lordly lion lurking for his prey, 230
 " I bent my bow, firm fix'd the string, and strait
 " Notch'd on the nerve the messenger of fate:
 " Then circumspect I pry'd with curious eye,
 " First, unobserv'd, the ravenous beast to spy.
 " Now mid-day reign'd; I neither could explore 235
 " His paw's broad print, nor hear his hideous roar;
 " Nor labouring rustic find, nor shepherd-swain,
 " Nor cowherd tending cattle on the plain,
 " To point the lion's lair: fear chill'd them all,
 " And kept the herds and herdsmen in the stall. 240
 " I search'd the groves and saw my foe at length;
 " Then was the moment to exert my strength.

224. *Arm'd to the field, &c.*] Virgil says of Hercules;

—— Rapiſt arma manu, nodisque gravatum

Robur.

ÆN. B. 8. 220.

232. *Notch'd on the nerve, &c.*] Thus Pandarus in Homer, Il. 4.

—— Couching low,

Fits the sharp arrow to the well-strung bow.

POPE.

239. *Fear chill'd them all, &c.*] Ovid speaking of the Calydonian bear, ſays, Diffugiunt populi; nec ſe, niſi mœnibus urbis,

Effie putant tutos.

MET. B. 8. 298.

- " Long ere dim evening clos'd, he fought his den,
 " Gorg'd with the flesh of cattle and of men :
 " With slaughter stain'd his squalid mane appear'd,
 " Stern was his face, his chest with blood besmear'd,
 " And with his pliant tongue he lick'd his gory beard. }
 " Mid shady shrubs I hid myself with care,
 " Expecting he might issue from his lair.
 " Full at his flank I sent a shaft, in vain, 250
 " The harmless shaft rebounded on the plain.
 " Stunn'd at the shock, from earth the savage rais'd
 " His tawny head, and all around him gaz'd;
 " Wondering from whence the feather'd vengeance flew,
 " He gnash'd his horrid teeth, tremendous to the view.
 " Vex'd that the first had unavailing fled, 256
 " A second arrow from the nerve I sped :
 " In his broad chest, the mansion of his heart,
 " I lanch'd the shaft with ineffectual art;
 " His hair, his hide the feather'd death repell; 260
 " Before his feet it innocently fell.
 " Enrag'd, once more, I try'd my bow to draw,
 " Then first his foe the furious monster saw :
 " He lash'd his sturdy sides with stern delight;
 " And rising in his rage prepar'd for fight. 265

256. *Vex'd that the first, &c.*] Thus Hector is vexed, that his lance did not penetrate the armour of Ajax, Il. B. 14.

Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,
 And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew.

Pope.

- " With instant ire his mane erected grew,
 " His hair look'd horrid, of a brindled hue;
 " Circling his back, he seem'd in act to bound,
 " And like a bow he bent his body round:
 " As when the fig-tree skilful wheelers take, 270
 " For rolling chariots rapid wheels to make;
 " The fellies first, in fires that gently glow,
 " Gradual they heat, and like a circle bow;
 " Awhile in curves the pliant timber stands,
 " Then springs at once elastic from their hands. 275
 " On me thus from afar, his foe to wound,
 " Sprung the fell lion with impetuous bound.
 " My left hand held my darts direct before,
 " Around my breast a thick strong garb I wore;

264. *He last'd his sturdy fides, &c.*] There is an image in Virgil very similar to this; B. 12. ver. 6. *Tum demum, &c.*

As, pierc'd at distance by the hunter's dart,
 The Libyan lion rouses at the smart;
 And loudly roaring traverses the plain;
 Scourges his fides; and rears his horrid mane;
 Tugs furious at the spear; the foe defies,
 And grinds his teeth for rage, and to the combat flies.

PITT.

270. *Fig-tree*] The Greek is *spinus, caprificus*, a wild fig-tree: the same word occurs in Homer, Il. B. 21, 37, which Mr. Pope renders a sycamore;

As from a sycamore, his founding steel
 Lopp'd the green arms, to spoke a chariot wheel.

278. *My left hand, &c.*] Thus Cadmus encountering with the dragon; *Instantisque ora retardat*

Cuspide prætentâ.

Ovid. Met. B. 3.

" My right, club-guarded, dealt a deadly blow 280
 " Full on the temples of the rushing foe:
 " So hard his skull, that with the sturdy stroke,
 " My knotted club of rough wild-olive broke:
 " Yet ere I clos'd, his savage fury fled,
 " With trembling legs he stood, and nodding head; 285
 " The forceful onset had contus'd his brain,
 " Dim mists obscur'd his eyes, and agonizing pain.
 " This I perceiv'd; and now, an easy prey,
 " I threw my arrows and my bow away,
 " And ere the beast recover'd of his wound, 290
 " Seiz'd his thick neck, and pinn'd him to the ground;
 " With all my might on his broad back I prest,
 " Lest his fell claws should tear my adverse breast;
 " Then mounting, close my legs in his I twin'd,
 " And with my feet secur'd his paws behind; 295
 " My thighs I guarded, and with all my strength
 " Heav'd him from earth, and held him at arm's length,
 " And strangled thus the fellest of the fell;
 " His mighty soul descending sunk to hell.

297. *Heav'd him from earth, and held him at arm's length.*] The construction of this passage is perplex'd, but I hope I have hit upon the right, as the circumstance of Hercules's heaving the lion from the ground, is exactly the same as happen'd to the bull Phaëton,

And high in air upheld him at arm's length. Ver. 166.

Indeed the words in the original are very similar.

298. *Fellest of the fell.*] Thomson, in his *Seasons*, joins this epithet to the hyena: The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.

" The conquest gain'd, fresh doubts my mind divide, 300

" How shall I strip the monster's shaggy hide?

" Hard task! for the tough skin repell'd the dint

" Of pointed wood, keen steel, or sharpest flint:

" Some god inspir'd me, standing still in pause,

" To slay the lion with the lion's claws. 305

" This I accomplish'd, and the spoil now yields

" A firm security in fighting fields:

" Thus, Phyleus, was the Nemean monster slain,

" The terror of the forest and the plain,

" That flocks and herds devour'd, and many a village }

" swain."

310

306. Aventinus, the son of Hercules, is represented by Virgil in the same dress.

Ipse pedes tegmen torquens immane leonis, &c. Æn. B. 7. 666.

He stalk'd before his host; and, wide dispread,

A lion's teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head;

Then fought the palace in the strange attire,

And look'd as stern, and dreadful as his fire.

PITT.

IDYLLIUM XXVI.

BACCHÆ.

A R G U M E N T.

This Idyllium contains a short account of the death of Pentheus, king of Thebes; who refusing to own the divinity of Bacchus, and endeavouring to prohibit his orgies, is torn in pieces by his own mother Agavé, and by his aunts Ino and Autonoe.

AUTONOE, and Agavé, whose rough cheeks
 Resembled the ripe apple's ruddy streaks,
 With frantic Ino had resolv'd to keep
 Three holy revels on the mountain's steep:
 Green ivy, and sweet asphodel they took,
 And leafy branches from the shagged oak,

5

Mr. Warton observes, "That Euripides, in his *Bacchantes*, has given a very fine description of the Bacchanalian women tearing Pentheus in pieces, for secretly inspecting their mysteries, which is worked up with the greatest fire, and the truest poetical enthusiasm, Theocritus has likewise nobly described this event."

1. *Autonoe, Agavé, Ino*] These were all sisters and the daughters of Cadmus and Harmonia.

5. *Green ivy, &c.*] Anacreon, Epig. 4. describes three Bacchæ, and ivy is one of their oblations to Bacchus:

First

With these the madding Bacchanalians made
 Twelve verdant altars in an opening glade;
 Three to fair Semele they rais'd, and nine
 To youthful Bacchus, jolly god of wine.
 From chests they take, and joyful shouting, lay
 Their offerings on the fresh erected spray;
 Such rites they practis'd, and such offerings brought,
 As pleas'd the god, and what himself had taught.
 Lodg'd in a lentisk-tree, conceal'd from sight,
 Astonish'd Pentheus saw the mystic rite;

First Heliconias with a thyrsus past,
 Xanthippe next, and Glauca was the last;
 Lo! dancing down the mountains they repair,
 And grateful gifts to jolly Bacchus bear;
 Wreaths of the rustling ivy for his head,
 With grapes delicious, and a kid well fed. F. F.

3. *Twelve altars, &c.*] Thus Virgil, Ec. 5.

En quatuor aras:

Ecce duas tibi, Daphni, duoque altaria Phœbo.

15. The story of Pentheus is told by Ovid in the *Metam.* B. 3. in a manner something different, which I shall give in Mr. Addison's translation.

Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,

The howling dames and mystic orgies spies,

His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,

And kindled into madness as she view'd:

Her leafy javelin at her son she cast,

And cries, "The boar that lays our country waste!

"The boar, my sisters! aim the fatal dart,

"And strike the brindled monster to the heart."

Pen-

Autonoë first the latent monarch spy'd,
 With horrid yellings down the hill she hy'd,
 The orgies of the frantic god o'erthrew,
 Which no profane, unhallow'd eye must view. 20
 Maddening she rag'd, the rest all rag'd; and dread
 Supplied with pinions Pentheus as he fled;
 He hop'd by flight their fury to elude;
 With robes tuck'd up they eagerly pursued:
 Then Pentheus thus; "What means this rage? forbear; 25
 Autonoë thus; 'You'll feel before you hear.'

Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
 And sees the yelling matrons gathering round,
 He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
 And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
 "Help! help! my aunt Autonoë, he cry'd;
 "Remember how your own Aëtaon dy'd:"
 Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
 One stretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops.
 In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
 And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:
 His mother howl'd, and heedless of his prayer,
 Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
 "And this, she cry'd, shall be Agavé's share;"
 When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
 And in her hands the ghastly visage bore.
 With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;
 Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
 As starting in the pangs of death it lay.
 Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
 Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
 With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
 And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.

His mother roar'd, and snatch'd his head away,
 Loud as the female lion o'er her prey :
 Ino, her foot upon his breast display'd,
 Wrench'd off his shoulder, and the shoulder-blade; 30
 Autonoe steep'd her hands in royal gore;
 And all the monarch limb from limb they tore :
 Thus drench'd in blood the Theban towers they fought,
 And grief, not Pentheus, from the mountain brought.

Be warn'd; let none the jolly god offend, 35
 Left forer penalties the wretch attend;
 Let none behold his rites with eyes impure;
 Age is not safe, nor blooming youth secure.
 For me, the works of righteousness I love,
 And may I grateful to the righteous prove! 40 }
 For this is pleasing to almighty Jove.
 The Pious blessings on their sons derive;
 But can the children of the impious thrive?
 Hail Bacchus, whom the ruler of the sky,
 Great Jove, inclos'd, and foster'd in his thigh! 45

27. *And snatch'd his head away,]*

Quid? caput abscissum demens cum portat Agave
 Nati infelicis, sibi tum furiosa videtur? Hor. B. 2. Sat. 3.

34. *And grief, not Pentheus, &c.]* There is great beauty in the original, Εξ οὐρανοῦ πένθημα, καὶ ἡ Πενθηα, φερούσαι, which arising from the similarity of the words πένθημα and Πενθηα, cannot be kept up in the translation.

45. *Jove, inclos'd, &c.]* Ovid mentions the same thing, Met. B.

3. 310. Imperfectus adhuc infans genetricis ab alvo
 Eripitur, patrioque tener (si credere dignum)
 Insuitur femori, maternaque tempora complet.

Hail, with thy sisters, Semele renown'd!
 Offsprings of Cadmus, with bright praises crown'd,
 In hymns of heroines: let none defame
 This act; from Bacchus the incentive came:
 'Tis not for man the deeds of Deities to blame. 50

46. *Semele*] She was the mother of Bacchus, and sister to Ino,
 Agavé and Autonoe.

50. *'Tis not, &c.*] There is a similar thought in Bion, *Idyl. 6.*

Καὶνὸν καὶ ἀνθρώποις ἀνὰ θεῶν βροτοῖσι.

It ill becomes frail mortals to define

What's best and fittest of the works divine.

F. F.

IDYLLIUM XXVII

IS by the commentators generally attributed to Moschus, and therefore I may well be excused from translating it as the work of Theocritus. Were that not the case, it is of such a nature that it cannot be admitted into this volume: Scaliger, Casaubon, and Dan. Heinsius, have left more notes upon it in proportion, than upon any of the other Idylliums. Creech has *done it* into English, but the spirit is evaporated, and nothing remains but a *caput mortuum*. Dryden generally improves and expatiates upon any subject that is ludicrous, and therefore the tenor of his translation will be found very different. The last five lines in Greek, he has expanded into fourteen.

IDYLLIUM XXVIII.

THE DISTAFF.

A R G U M E N T.

Theocritus going to visit his friend Nicias, the Milesian physician, to whom he has addressed the 11th and 13th Idylliums, carries an ivory distaff as a present for Theugenis, his friend's wife, and accompanies it with these verses, in which he modestly commends the matron's industry and virtue.

O DISTAFF, friend to warp and woof,

Minerva's gift in man's behoof,

Whom careful housewives still retain,

And gather to their households gain;

With me repair, no vulgar prize,

Where the fam'd towers of Nileus rise,

Where Cytherea's swayful power

Is worshipp'd in the reedy bower.

[The towers of Nileus.] That is, Miletus, a famous city of Ionia, lying south of the river Mæander on the sea-coast; it was founded, according to Strabo, by Nileus the son of Codrus, king of Athens, when he first settled in that part of Asia. See Universal History. The fine garments made of Milesian wool were in great esteem with the Roman ladies: Horace has, *Mileti textam chlamydem*, B. 1. Ep. 17. and Virgil, *Milesia vellera*, Geor. 3.

Thither, would Jove kind breezes send,

I steer my course to meet my friend,

10

Nicias, the Graces honour'd child,

Adorn'd with sweet persuasion mild;

That I his kindness may requite,

May be delighted, and delight.

Thee, ivory distaff, I provide,

15

A present for his blooming bride.

With her thou wilt sweet toil partake,

And aid her various vests to make.

For Theugenis, the shepherds shear

The sheep's soft fleeces twice a year.

20

So dearly industry she loves,

And all that wisdom points approves.

I ne'er design'd to bear thee hence

To the dull house of Indolence:

For in that city thou wert fram'd

25

Which Archias built, Corinthian fam'd,

Fair Syracuse, Sicilia's pride,

Where troops of famous men abide.

25. *In that city*] Syracuse, once the metropolis of all Sicily, and a most flourishing commonwealth, was, according to Tully, the greatest and most wealthy of all the cities possessed by the Greeks.

Thucydides equals it to Athens, when that city was at the height of its glory; and Strabo calls it one of the most famous cities of the world for its advantageous situation, the stateliness of its buildings, and the immense wealth of its inhabitants. It was built by Archias, one of the Heraclids, who came from Corinth into Sicily, in the second year of the eleventh Olympiad. *Urbis Hist.*

with the Roman ladies: Horace has, *Utinam velletis, Geor.* 3. 1. 17. and Virgil, *Mille velletis, Georg.* 3. 1. 17.

Dwell thou with him whose art can cure
Each dire disease that men endure ; 30
Thee to Miletus now I give,
Where pleasure-crown'd Ionians live,
That Theugenis by thee may gain
Fair honour with the female train ;
And thou renew within her breast 35
Remembrance of her muse-charm'd guest.
Admiring thee each maid will call
The favour great, the present small ;
For love the smallest gift commends,
All things are valued by our friends. 40

38. Inest sua gratia parvis.

IDYLLIUM XXIX.

THE MISTRESS.

A R G U M E N T.

This is an expostulation with his mistress for her infidelity in love. In the original it is called Παιδνικα: I have taken the liberty to make a change in the application of it, which renders it far more obvious and natural.

WINE, lovely maid, and truth agree;
 I'm mellow—learn this truth from me;
 And hear my secret thoughts; “I find,
 “You love me not with all your mind.”
 Your beauty life and vigour gives,
 In you my half-existence lives;
 The other half has sadly sped,
 The other half, alas! is dead.
 Whene’er you smile auspicious love,
 I’m happy as the gods above;

5

10

1. *Wine and truth*] In vino veritas.

6. *Half-existence*] Thus Horace,
 Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.

B. 1. Od. 3.

10. *I'm happy, &c.*]

Deorum vitam adepti fumus.

Ter. Heaut. Act. 4. Sc. 3.

Whene'er your frowns displeasure show,
I'm wretched as the fiends below.

Sure 'tis unmeet with cold disdain

To torture thus a love-sick swain:

But could my words your thoughts engage,

15

Experience is the boast of age,

Take counsel, and when crown'd with store

Of blessings, then you'll praise me more.

"Build in one tree a single nest,

"Which no curs'd reptile can infest."

20

Fond and unfix'd you wander now

From tree to tree, from bough to bough.

If any youth your charms commends

You rank him with your faithful friends,

Your first true lovers set aside;

25

This looks like vanity and pride.

Would you live long and happy too,

Love some kind equal that loves you.

This will esteem and favour gain,

Such love will never give you pain;

30

This wins all hearts, and will controul

The stubborn temper of my soul.

If with my counsel you agree,

Give me sweet kisses for my fee.

This little poem is a fine imitation of Anacreon. Theocritus had before in his nineteenth Idyll a copy of the delicate matter in every thing but the measure of his verse. Bion was a most beautiful Idyllist on the same subject. Longepierre says of this Ode of Theocritus, Certe petite pièce est si tendre, si jolie, que je croy qu'on ne peut donner plus d'un tel exemple.

16. Experience, &c.] — Seris venit usus ab annis!

Consilium ne sperne meum.

Ovid, Met. B. 6.

IDYLLIUM XXX.

THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

A R G U M E N T.

Venus orders the Cupids to bring the boar that had slain Adonis before her: she severely upbraids him with his crime, but being satisfied that it was accidentally done, she orders him to be released. The measure of the verse is Anacreontic.

WHEN Venus saw Adonis dead,
 And from his cheeks the roses fled,
 His lovely locks distain'd with gore:
 She bad her Cupids bring the boar,
 The boar that had her lover slain,
 The cause of all her grief and pain.
 Swift as the pinion'd birds they rove
 Through every wood, through every grove:
 And when the guilty boar they found,
 With cords they bound him, doubly bound.

This little poem is a fine imitation of Anacreon: Theocritus had before in his nineteenth Idyllium copied that delicate master in every thing but the measure of his verse. Bion has a most beautiful Idyllium on the same subject. Longepierre says of this Ode of Theocritus, *Cette petite pièce m'a toujours paru si jolie, que je croy qu'on me pardonnera aisément si j'en donne icy une traduction.*

One with a chain, secure and strong,
 Haul'd him unwillingly along;
 One pinch'd his tail to make him go,
 Another beat him with his bow:
 The more they urg'd, the more they dragg'd,
 The more reluctantly he lagg'd.
 Guilt in his conscious looks appear'd;
 He much the angry goddesses fear'd.
 To Venus soon the boar they led—
 “O cruel, cruel beast! she said,
 “Durst thou that thigh with blood distain?
 “Hast thou my dearest lover slain?”
 Submissive he replies; ‘I swear
 ‘By thee, fair queen; by all that’s dear;
 ‘By thy fond lover; by this chain;
 ‘And by this numerous hunter-train;
 ‘I ne’er design’d, with impious tooth,
 ‘To wound so beautiful a youth:

14. *Another beat him with his bow*] Thus Ulysses drives the horses of Rhesus with his bow, II. B. 10.

Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,
 And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins;
 These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along.

POPE.

23. *I swear by thee, fair Venus, &c.*] Thus Sinon in Virgil,
 Vos, æterni ignes, &c.

You, the eternal splendors, he exclaims,
 And you divine inviolable flames,
 Ye fatal swords, and altars, which I fled,
 Ye wreaths which circled this devoted head;
 All, all attest.

PITT.

' No ; but with love and frenzy warm,
 ' (So far has beauty power to charm!)
 ' I long'd, this crime I'll not deny,
 ' To kiss that fair, that naked thigh.
 ' These tasks then punish, if you please,
 ' These are offenders, draw out these.
 ' Of no more use they now can prove
 ' To me, the votaries of love!
 ' My guilty lips, if not content,
 ' My lips shall share the punishment.
 These words, so movingly express'd,
 Infus'd soft pity in her breast;
 The queen relented at his plea,
 And bad her Cupids set him free:
 But from that day he join'd her train,
 Nor to the woods return'd again;
 And all those teeth he burnt with fire,
 Which glow'd before with keen desire.

45. *And all those teeth, &c.* The Greek is, *Εκαι τοις αμορις, εξ-
 υσσιτ αμορες, i. e. amatorios dentes.*

The End of the IDYLLIUMS.

You, the divine invariable Rames,
 Ye last swords, and stars, which I shed,
 Ye wreaths which circled this devoted head,
 All, all attend.

For thy rude hand ne'er pluck'd the jowly roset,
That on the mountain of Parnus blows

and sapphine, Frag. 1.

their favourite rose the Muses praise,

In faded song, and tattered lay.

Muses, appears from *Antiquities*, Ode 2, *Epigram* *De Mousis*.

I. 2. *the flower*, &c. that the rose was consecrated to the

acts, and delicate simplicity of the ancient Greek epigram.

fix that first perfect themselves, use a true model of the rustic sweet-

These Epigrams were never translated into English before. The

That loves to crop the pine-tree's pendant bough,

And there to trace the stag's he-goat I vow,

Thus art thou honour'd at the Delphic shrine;

The bay, Apollo, with dark leaves is thine;

Are sacred to the Heliconian Mute;

These wild thyme, and these roses, moist with dew,

Offerings to the Muses and Apollo

T. 1. O. G. R. 1. T. 2.

P. I. G. R. A. M. 2.

100

THE
EPIGRAMS
OF
THEOCRITUS.

I.

OFFERINGS TO THE MUSES AND APOLLO.

THIS wild thyme, and these roses, moist with dews,
Are sacred to the Heliconian Muse ;
The bay, Apollo, with dark leaves is thine ;
Thus art thou honour'd at the Delphic shrine ;
And there to thee this shagg'd he-goat I vow,
That loves to crop the pine-tree's pendent bough.

These Epigrams were never translated into English before. The six that first present themselves, are a true model of the rustic sweetness, and delicate simplicity of the antient Greek epigram.

I. 2. *Are sacred, &c.*] That the rose was consecrated to the Muses, appears from Anacreon, Ode 53. *χαρίη φυτόι τῇ Μουσῇ.*

In fabled song, and tuneful lays,
 Their favourite rose the Muses praise.

And Sappho, Frag. 2.

For thy rude hand ne'er pluck'd the lovely rose,
That on the mountain of Pieria blows.

F. F.

5. Virgil

II.

AN OFFERING TO PAN.

Daphnis the fair, who with bucolic song,
 And pastoral pipe could charm the listening throng,
 To Pan presents these emblems of his art,
 A fawn's soft skin, a crook, and pointed dart,
 Three rural pipes, adapted to his lip,
 And for his homely food a leathern scrip.

III.

TO DAPHNIS SLEEPING.

On earth's soft lap, with leafy honours spread,
 You, Daphnis, lull to rest your weary head;
 While on the hill your snares for birds are laid,
 Pan hunts your footsteps in the secret shade,
 And rude Priapus, on whose temples wave
 Gold ivy's leaves, resolv'd to find your cave:

5. Virgil and Horace have something similar: — Illius aram

Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.

Ecl. 1.

Voveram album Libero caprum.

B. 3. O. 8.

II. 1. *Daphnis*.] This Daphnis was probably the son of Mercury, the same whose story is sung in the first Idyllium: Diodorus Siculus supposes him to be the author of bucolic poetry; and agreeable to this, Theon, an old scholiast on Theocritus, in his note on the first Idyllium, ver. 141. mentioning Daphnis, says, *Kado, πρῶτος, ὑπάρχει τοῦ Βουκολίου, ὡς ἂν ἦ ὁ ἐκείνου ὁ ἐφευρέτης*, *Inasmuch as he was the inventor of Bucolica*; however that be, probably this Daphnis was the first subject of bucolic songs.

III. 6. *Gold ivy's leaves, &c.*] The Greek is, *κρονοντα κισσόν*: This is probably the pallens, or alba hederæ of Virgil, on which Dr.

Martyn

Ah! fly these revellers, at distance keep,
And instant burst the silken bands of sleep.

IV.

A VOW TO PRIAPUS.

If by those oaks with roving step you wind,
An image fresh of fig-tree form'd you'll find;
Though cloath'd with bark, three-legg'd and void of ears,
Prompt for the pranks of pleasure he appears.

Springs gush perennial from the rocky hill, 5

And round the grotto roll their sparkling rill:

Green myrtles, bays, and cypress sweet abound,

And vines diffuse their circling arms around.

The vernal ousels their shrill notes prolong,

And modulate the loudly-varied song;

Sweet nightingales in soft-opponent strain,

Perch'd on the spray melodiously complain.

Repose you there, and to Priapus pray,

That Daphne may no more my bosom sway:

Martyn observes, (see his notes on Ecl. 7. ver. 28.) it is most likely that sort of ivy with yellow berries, which was used in the garlands with which poets used to be crowned, and Ecl. 8. ver. 13. The poetical ivy is that sort with golden berries, or *hedera daccis aureis*.

IV. 2. *Of fig-tree*] The ancients often hewed the image of Priapus out of a fig-tree.

Olim truncus eram ficulnus, &c. Hor Sat. 3. B. 1.

14. *That Daphne, &c.*] I have taken the liberty to address this Epigram to Daphne, instead of Daphnis, *puelle & non pastor*.

Grant this, a goat shall at his altar bleed ; 15
 But if I gain the maid, three victims are decreed ;
 A stall-fed lamb, a goat, and heifer fair :
 Thus may the god propitious hear my prayer.

V.

THE CONCERT.

Say wilt thou warble to thy double flute,
 And make its melody thy music suit ?
 Then, by the Nymphs I swear, I'll snatch the quill,
 And on the rural lyre essay my skill :
 The herdsman, Daphnis, on his reed shall play, 5
 Whose sprightly numbers make the shepherds gay :
 Fast by yon rugged oak our stand we'll keep,
 And rob th' Arcadian deity of sleep.

VI.

THYRSIS HAS LOST HIS KID.

What profit gain you, wretched Thyrsis, say,
 Thus, thus to weep and languish life away ?
 Lost is your favourite kid ; the wolf has tore
 His tender limbs, and feasted on his gore :
 Your very dogs exclaim, and cry, " What gain, 5
 " When neither bones, nor ashes now remain ?"

15. *Grant this, &c.*] Here I follow the ingenious interpretation of Dan. Heinsius.

V. 8. *And rob, &c.*] In the first Idyllium the shepherds are afraid of disturbing the Arcadian god's repose. See ver. 20.

VII.

ON THE STATUE OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

At fam'd Miletus, Pæon's son the wise
Arriv'd; with learned Nicias to advise,
Who to his shrine with dally offerings came;
And rais'd this cedar statue to his fame;
The cedar statue by Eëtion wrought;
Illustrious artist! for large sums he bought;
The work is finish'd to the owner's will,
For here the sculptor lavish'd all his skill.

VIII.

ORTHON'S EPITAPH.

To every toping traveller that lives,
Orthon of Syracuse this warning gives;
With wine o'erheated, and depriv'd of light,
Forbear to travel on a winter's night;
This was my fate; and for my native land
I now lie buried on a foreign strand.

VII. 1. *Pæon's son*] Æsculapius, the son of Apollo, was called Pæon or *Ilæon*, because of his art in asswaging and curing diseases.

VIII. 5. *And for my native land, &c.*] I here follow the ingenious emendation of Heinsius.

IX

ON THE FATE OF CLEONICUS.

O stranger! spare thy life so short and frail,
 Nor, but when times are seasonable, fall
 Poor Cleonicus, innocent of guile,
 From Syria hasten'd to rich Thafos' ile;
 The Pleiads sunk as he approach'd the shore,
 With them he sunk; to rise, alas! no more.

X

ON A MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MUSES.

Here Xenocles hath rais'd this marble shrine,
 Skill'd in sweet music, to the tuneful Nine:
 He from his art acquires immortal fame,
 And grateful owns the fountain whence it came.

IX. In all the editions of Theocritus in the original, there is only the first distich of this Epigram; but in Pieron's *Verisimilia*, I find two more added from a MS. in the Palatine library, which was collated by D. Ruhnkenius; as I have translated, I likewise take the liberty to transcribe, the whole.

Ανθρωπι, ζωης περιφειδο, μηδε παρ ωραν

Ναιπιδας ισθαται ο πολυς ανθρωπος. H. IX.

Ευλειαν Κλειονικι, ου δ' εις λιπαρον Θασον, H. IX.

Ηπειγου κολης εμπορος εκ Συριης.

Εμπορος, ο Κλειονικι, ουςιν δ' απο πλιαδος αυτης, H. IX.

Πορτοπαρον αυτης πλιαδος συγκαταδους.

4. *Thafos*] An island near Thrace, formerly famous for gold, marble and wine.

XI.

EPITAPH ON EUSTHENES THE PHYSIOGNOMIST.

To Eusthenes, the first in wisdom's list,
Philosopher and Physiognomist,
This tomb is rais'd: he from the eye could scan
The cover'd thought, and read the very man.
By strangers was his decent bier adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by poets mourn'd:
Whate'er the Sophist merited he gain'd,
And dead, a grave in foreign realms obtain'd.

XII.

ON A TRIPOD DEDICATED TO BACCHUS BY DEMOTELES.

Demoteles, who near this sacred shrine
This tripod plac'd, with thee, O god of wine!
Whom blitheest of the deities we call,
In all things prov'd, was temperate in all:
In manly dance the victory he gain'd,
And fair the tenor of his life maintain'd.

XI. Heinfius has rendered this Epigram intelligible, whose emendations I follow.

XII. 6. *And fair the stnqr. &c.* The Greek is,

Και το καλον, καὶ το πρακτικον, αρεν.

Thus Horace,

Quid verum, atque decens, curo & rogo, & omnis in hoc sum.

B. I. Ep. I. II.

XIII.

ON THE IMAGE OF THE HEAVENLY VENUS.

Here Venus, not the vulgar, you survey;
 Stile her celestial, and your offering pay:
 This in the house of Amphicles was plac'd,
 Fair present of Chrylogona the chaste:
 With him a sweet and social life she led,
 And many children bore, and many bred.
 Favour'd by thee, O venerable fair,
 Each year improv'd upon the happy pair;
 For long as men the deities adore,
 With large abundance heav'n augments their store.

XIV.

EPITAPH ON EURYMEDON.

Dead in thy prime, this tomb contains,
 Eurymedon, thy dear remains;
 Thou, now with pious men inshrind,
 Hast left an infant heir behind;
 The state due care of him will take,
 And love him for his father's sake.

XV.

ON THE SAME.

O traveller, I wish to know
 If you an equal praise bestow

XIII. 1. *Venus, not the vulgar, &c.* Plato in *Charonius* says, there were two Venuses, one was the daughter of Cælus, which we call οὐρανία or celestial; the other the daughter of Jupiter and Dione, which we call παρθενη or popular.

On men of honourable fame,
Or to poltroons you give the fame:
Then "Fair befall this tomb," you'll cry, 5
As oft you pass attentive by,
"Eurymedon, alas! is dead;
"Light lie the stone upon his head."

XVI.

ON ANACREON'S STATUE.

With curious eye, O traveller, survey
This statue's form, and home-returning say,
"At Teos late with infinite regard,
"I saw the image of the sweetest bard,
"Anacreon; who, if antient poets claim 5
"The meed of praise, deserves immortal fame;"
Add this; "He lov'd (for this with truth you can)
"The fair, the gay, the young," you'll paint the very man.

XVII.

ON EPICHRMUS.

The stile is Doric; Epicharmus he,
The poet who invented Comedy:

XVII. 1. *Epicharmus*] Was brought to Sicily when an infant from the island of Cos, and is therefore called a Sicilian; he was the disciple of Pythagoras, and said to be the first inventor of Comedy. *Plautus* imitated him, according to *Horace*.

Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi.
B. 2. Ep. 1. 58.
T. 3. Even

This statue, Bacchus, sacred stands to you;
 Accept a brazen image for the true.
 The finish'd form at Syracuse is plac'd,
 And, as is meet, with lasting honours grac'd.
 Far-fam'd for wisdom, the preceptive bard
 Taught those who gave the merited reward:
 Much praise he gains who form'd ingenuous youth,
 And show'd the paths to virtue, and to truth.

Even Plato himself borrow'd many things from him. He presented fifty-five, or as some say, thirty-five plays, which are all lost. He lived, according to Lucian, 97 years. Laertius has preserved some verses which were inscribed on one of his statues, which, as they are a testimony of the high esteem antiquity had for his worth, I shall transcribe.

Εἰ τι παραλάσσει φαιδρὸν μέγας ἄλιος ἄγων,
 Καὶ ποτὸς πόντος μείζον ἔχει δυνάμιν
 Φαμί τοσούτων ἔχει δαΐφρων πρῶτος ἄνθρωπος,
 Ὁν πατρὶς ἐφάνωσ' ἀδὲ Συρακοσίων.

As the bright sun outshines the starry train,
 And streams confess the empire of the main;
 We first in wisdom Epicharmus own,
 On whom fam'd Syracuse bestow'd the crown.
 Much praise, &c.] The Greek is,

Πολλὸν γὰρ ἴσταντο τοῖς πασι χεῖρον
 Μεγαλὰ χάρις αὐτοῦ.

Mr. Upton, in his observations on Shakspeare, instead of *reads*, reads *was*, *all mankind*; which is plausible, for the philosopher-comedian spoke what was useful for all mankind to know, and fitting for common life; and then the translation may run,
 Much praise, much favour he will ever find,
 Whose useful lessons mended all mankind.

XVIII.

EPITAPH ON CLITA, THE NURSE OF MEDÆUS.

Medæus rais'd, inspir'd by grateful pride,

This tomb to Clita by the high-way side:

We still commend her for her fostering care;

And praise the matron when we praise the heir.

XIX.

ON ARCHILOCHUS.

Archilochus, that antient bard, behold!

Arm'd with his own iambicks keen and bold;

Whole living fame with rapid course has run

Forth from the rising to the setting sun.

The Muses much their darling son approv'd,

The Muses much, and much Apollo lov'd;

So terse his stile, so regular his fire,

Composing verse to suit his sounding lyre.

XX.

ON THE STATUE OF PISANDER, WHO WROTE A
POEM STILED, THE LABOURS OF HERCULES.

This statue fam'd Pisander's worth rewards,

Born at Camirus, first of famous bards

XIX. [Archilochus] He was a Greek poet, born at Paros, in the third Olympiad. His invectives against Lycambes (who after having promised his daughter in marriage, gave her to another) were so keen and severe, that they made him hang himself. He is said to have been the inventor of iambic verse. Thus Horace,

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.

Who sung of Hercules, the son of Jove,
 How with the lion he victorious strove,
 And all the labours of this hero told
 The faithful bard in lofty numbers told.
 The state regardful of the poet's name,
 Hath rais'd this brazen statue to his fame.

XXI.

EPITAPH ON THE POET HIPPONAX.

Old Hipponax the satirist lies here;
 If thou'rt a worthless wretch, approach not near:
 But if well bred, and from all evil pure,
 Repose with confidence, and sleep secure.

XX. Pisander was a native of Camirus, a city of Rhodes; he is mentioned by Strabo and Macrobins, as the author of a poem filed Heraclea, which comprehended in two books all the exploits of Hercules: he is said to have been the first that represented Hercules with a club.

UNIV. HIST. B. 2. Ch. 1.

XXI. Hipponax was a witty poet of Ephesus; but so deformed, that the painters drew hideous pictures of him; particularly Bupalus and Anthernus, two brothers, eminent statuarys, made his image so ridiculous, that in resentment he dipped his pen in gall, and wrote such bitter iambics against them, that, it is said, they dispatched themselves: at least they left Ephesus upon the occasion. Horace calls Hipponax, *Acis testis Bupalus*. Bpod. 6.

Alcaeus on Hipponax. Anthol. B. 3. Ch. 25.

No vines the tomb of this old bard adorn
 With lovely clusters, but the pointed thorn,
 And spiry brambles that unseen will tear
 The eyes of passengers that walk too near:

Let

XXII. Who sung of Hercules, the king of love,

THEOCRITUS ON HIS OWN WORKS.

A Syracusan born, no right I claim
To Chios, and Theocritus my name;
Praxagoras' and fam'd Philina's son;
All praise I scorn'd but what my numbers won,

XXX

Let travellers that safely pass request,
That still the bones of Hipponax may rest.

Leonidas on the same. Ibid.

Softly this tomb approach, a cautious guest,
Lest you should rouse the hornet in his nest;
Here sleeps at length old Hipponax's ire,
Who bark'd sarcastic at his harmless fire.
Beware; stay not on this unhallow'd ground;

His fiery satires ev'n in death will wound.

XX. Bion was a native of Cantharus, a city of Rhodes; he is mentioned by Sappho and Theocritus as the author of a poem.

Another on the same. Ibid.

Fly, stranger, nor your weary limbs relax
Near the tempestuous tomb of Hipponax,
Whose very dust, deposited below,

Stings with iambics Bupalus his foe.

Rouse not the sleeping hornet in his cell;

He loads his limping lines with satires fell;

His anger is not pacified in hell.

XXI. Hipponax was a native of Ephesus, a city of Ionia; he is mentioned by Sappho and Theocritus as the author of a poem.

The End of the Epigrams.

Alcman on Hipponax. Anthol. B. 3. Ch. 25.

No vines the tomb of this old bard adorn
With lovely clusters, but the pointed thorn

And your pramplies that snakes will wound

And your pramplies that snakes will wound

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE

THE

BETWEEN

POLLUX AND AMYCUS*

FROM APOLLONIUS, BOOK II.

FAST by the beach oxalls and tents were spread
By bold Boetians, Amycus their head,
Whom, on the precincts of the winding shore,
A fair Bithynian Hamadryad bore
To genial Neptune, in late commerce join'd,
Proud Amycus, most barbarous of mankind,
Who made his stern, unquarrelable law,
That from his realm no stranger should withdraw,
Till first with him compell'd in fight to wield
The dreadful gauntlet in the list'd field:
Unnumber'd guests his matchless prowess flew;
Stern he accosts swift Argo's valiant crew,

5

10

* See this combat described by Theocritus, page 196, &c.

THE
COMBAT
BETWEEN
POLLUX AND AMYCUS*.

FROM APOLLONIUS, BOOK II,

FAST by the beach oxstalls and tents were spread
By bold Bebrycians, Amycus their head,
Whom, on the precincts of the winding shore,
A fair Bithynian Hamadryad bore
To genial Neptune, in base commerce join'd, 5
Proud Amycus, most barbarous of mankind.
Who made this stern, unequitable law,
That from his realm no stranger should withdraw,
Till first with him compell'd in fight to wield
The dreadful gauntlet in the lifted field: 10
Unnumber'd guests his matchless prowess slew:
Stern he accosts swift Argo's valiant crew,

* See this combat described by Theocritus, page 196, &c.

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Curious the reason of their course to scan,
 Who, whence they were: and scornful thus began:
 ' Learn what 'tis meet ye knew, ye vagrant host, 15
 ' None that e'er touches on Bebrycia's coast,
 ' Is hence by law permitted to depart,
 ' Till match'd with me he prove the boxer's art,
 ' Chuse then a chief that can the gauntlet wield,
 ' And let him try the fortune of the field: 20
 ' If thus my edicts ye despise and me,
 ' Yield to the last immutable decree.'
 Thus spoke the chief with insolent disdain,
 And rous'd resentment in the martial train:
 But most his words did Pollux' rage provoke, 25
 Who thus, a champion for his fellows, spoke:
 " Threat not, whoe'er thou art, the bloody fray;
 " Lo, we obsequious thy decrees obey!
 " Unforc'd this instant to the lists I go,
 " Thy rival I, thy voluntary foe." 30
 Stung to the quick with this severe reply,
 On him he turn'd his fury-flaming eye;
 As the grim lion pierc'd by some keen wound,
 Whom hunters on the mountain-top surround;

33. Mr. Paul Whitehead has written a spirited poem, called the *Gymnasiad*, and besides several other things, seems to have borrowed this simile;

Like the young lion wounded by a dart,
 Whose fury kindles at the galling smart;
 The hero rouses with redoubled rage,
 Flies on his foe, and foams upon the rage.

POLLUX AND AMYCUS. 35

Though close hemm'd in, his glaring eye-balls glance
 On him alone who threw the pointed lance.
 Then Pollux don'd his mantle richly wrought,
 Late from the Lemnian territory brought,
 Which some fair nymph who had her name avow'd,
 The pledge of hospitable love bestow'd:
 His double cloak, with claps of sable hue,
 Bebrycia's ruler on the greenword threw,
 And his rough sheep-hook of wild-olive made,
 Which lately flourish'd in the woodland shade.
 Then fought the heroes for a place at hand
 Commodious for the fight, and on the strand
 They plac'd their friends, who saw, with wondering eyes,
 The chiefs how different, both in make and size,
 For Amycus like fell Typhceus stood
 Enormous, or that miscreated brood
 Of mighty monsters, which the heaving earth,
 Incens'd at Jove, brought forth, a formidable birth.
 But Pollux shone like that mild star on high
 Whose rising ray illumines the evening sky.
 Down spread his cheek, ripe manhood's early sign,
 And in his eye fair beam'd the glance divine:
 Such seem'd Jove's valiant son, supremely bright,
 And equal to the lion in his might.
 His arms he poiz'd, advancing in the ring,
 To try if still they kept their pristine spring:
 If pliant still and vigorous as before,
 Accustom'd to hard toil, the labour of the oar.

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But Amycus aloof and silent stood,
 Glar'd on his foe, and seem'd athirst for blood:
 With that his squire Lycóreus in full view, 64
 Two pair of gauntlets in the circle threw,
 Of barbarous fashion, harden'd, rough and dried;
 Then thus the chief, with insolence and pride:
 ' Lo, two stout pair, the choice I give to thee;
 ' Accuse not fate, the rest belong to me. 70
 ' Securely bind them, and hereafter tell
 ' Thy friends how much thy prowess I excell:
 ' Whether to make the cestus firm and good,
 ' Or stain the cheeks of enemies with blood.
 Thus spoke he boastful; Pollux nought reply'd, 75
 But smiling chose the pair which lay beside.
 Castor his brother both by blood and fame,
 And Talaüs the son of Bias came;
 Firm round his arms the gloves of death they bind,
 And animate the vigour of his mind. 80
 To Amycus Aratus, and his friend
 Bold Ornytus, their kind assistance lend:
 Alas! they little knew, this conflict o'er,
 Those gauntlets never should be buckled more.
 Accounted thus each ardent hero stands, 85
 And raises high in air his iron hands,
 With clashing gauntlets fiercely now they close,
 And mutual meditate death-dealing blows.
 First Amycus a furious onset gave,
 Like the rude shock of an impetuous wave, 90

That, heap'd on high by driving wind and tide,
 Bursts thundering on some gallant vessel's side;
 The wary pilot by superior skill
 Foresees the storm, and shuns the menac'd ill,
 Thus threatening Amycus on Pollux prest,
 Nor suffer'd his antagonist to rest:
 But Jove's brave son observes each coming blow,
 Quick leaps aside, and disappoints the foe;
 And where a weak unguarded part he spies,
 There all the thunder of his arms he plies.
 As busy shipwrights stoutly labouring strive
 Through sturdy planks the piercing spikes to drive,
 From head to stern repeated blows go round,
 And ceaseless hammers send a various sound.
 Thus from their batter'd cheeks loud ecchoes sprung,
 Their dash'd teeth crackled, and their jawbones rung:
 Nor ceas'd they from the strokes that threaten'd death,
 Till faint with toil they fairly gasp'd for breath:
 Then first awhile remit the bloody fray,
 And panting wipe the copious sweat away.
 But adverse soon they meet, with rage they glow,
 Fierce as two bulls fight for some favourite cow,
 Then Amycus, collecting all his might,
 Rose to the stroke, resolv'd his foe to smite,

112. Mr. Whitehead has improved upon his original,

As when two monarchs of the brindled breed
 Dispute the proud dominion of the mead,
 They fight, they foam, then, wearied in the fray,
 Aloof retreat, and lowering stand at bay.

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And by one blow the dubious war conclude; 115
His wary foe, the ruin to elude,
Bent back his head; defeated of its aim
The blow impetuous on his shoulder came.
Then Pollux with firm step approaching near,
Vindictive struck his adversary's ear; 120
Th' interior bones his ponderous gauntlet broke;
Flat fell the chief beneath his dreadful stroke;
The Grecians shouted, with wild rapture fir'd,
And, deeply groaning, Amycus expir'd.



F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

The reader is desired to correct the following Errata, which were occasioned by the author's living at a distance from the press, and not having an opportunity of seeing the last revise. Preface, page 16, read ἀμύλας; p. 19, note 1, instead of *that* read *which*, and for *which* read *that*; p. 24, note 59, read *signifies*; p. 24, note 60, read *matres*; p. 28, verse 143, read *disclose*; p. 35, ver. 19, read *Ob! were I made, &c.* p. 55, ver. 103, read *acorns*; p. 114, ver. 26, read *Ev'n in Elysium would such tidings cheer*; p. 176, ver. 17, read *This night, &c.* p. 195, note, read *Regum æquabat opes animis*; p. 226, note 27, l. 10, read Διπνομαυος; p. 230, ver. 101, read *be nam'd*; p. 239, ver. 28, read *Apollo's fane*; p. 239, ver. 31, read *labours*; p. 241, note, ver. 88, read *He drives them far away*.

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